

REVISED FINAL

# M\*A\*S\*H

THE BIRTHDAY GIRLS

DECEMBER 1, 1981



TWENTIETH  
CENTURY-FOX  
TELEVISION

M\*A\*S\*H

"THE BIRTHDAY GIRLS"

Written by

Karen Hall

REVISED FINAL  
December 1, 1981

CAST LIST

HAWKEYE

B.J.

POTTER

HOT LIPS

CHARLES

KLINGER

MULCAHY

LEE SEUNG-CHUL (FARMER)

X

SCAVELLI

KELLYE

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

KLINGER'S OFFICE

POTTER'S OFFICE

SWAMP

MESS TENT

SUPPLY ROOM

SUPPLY TENT

EXTERIORS:

COMPOUND

SHOWER

ROAD

"THE BIRTHDAY GIRLS"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

1

UNDER TITLES we SEE KLINGER, holding the telephone receiver to his ear. He is not talking, but rather looking through some mail on his desk. HOT LIPS anxiously paces the floor.

HOT LIPS

Klinger...

KLINGER

It's ringing, it's ringing. I can't make them answer. Hey, look! A letter from my Aunt Salomé. What a lady! Sixty years old and she can still spit into a thimble from thirty paces!

HOT LIPS

How long can it take to put through one phone call?

KLINGER

I think the record is three weeks.

HOT LIPS

Stupid moron idiots!

KLINGER

Major, just a hunch, but are you a little edgy about something?

HOT LIPS

No! Mind your own business and make somebody answer that phone!

KLINGER

Whatever you say, your Calmness.  
(brightening; into phone)

Hello, I-Corps?  
(to Hot Lips)

It worked.  
(into phone)

What took you so long?...Well, did you ever think of putting an extension in the latrine?

(beat)  
Just a minute, I'll check.  
(to Hot Lips)

Who do you want?

HOT LIPS  
(grabbing phone  
out of his hand)  
I want the phone.

Klinger is left standing there holding an empty, cupped hand to his cheek.

KLINGER  
She'll be with you in a moment.

HOT LIPS  
Hello? This is Major Houlihan.  
I'd like to speak to...

Klinger has begun to shuffle papers in a transparent attempt to eavesdrop on Hot Lips' conversation.

HOT LIPS  
(into phone)  
...Excuse me.  
(to Klinger)  
Corporal, I'm sure you have  
something you could be doing  
right now.

KLINGER  
Not really.

HOT LIPS  
Then do it somewhere else!

He gets up and starts out, miffed.

HOT LIPS  
And don't forget you're taking  
me to Kimpo Airport tomorrow at  
sixteen hundred hours.

KLINGER  
How could I forget? I'm living  
for it.

He EXITS. The door swings closed behind him. Hot Lips speaks into the phone in hushed tones:

HOT LIPS  
Could you get me General Heiser,  
please? Yes, I'll hold.

She waits; she looks over at the door where Klinger exited. Still holding the phone, she goes quietly over, looks at it, then hauls off and gives the door a swift kick.

Cont.

KLINGER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Ooooooooooh!

Hot Lips hears the General's voice.

HOT LIPS

(brightening;  
suddenly very  
sweet; into  
phone)

Oh, Doug. Hi. This is Margaret.  
I'm fine. I just got your letter  
and I'm so glad you can make it  
to Tokyo this weekend! I've got  
it all planned...I know a great  
restaurant that you'll just love,  
and then we can go see the Kabuki.  
I want this to be an extra special  
birthday for me. We're going to  
have a wonderful time. I'll see  
you tomorrow!

She hangs up the phone and sighs, visibly pleased.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

2

HAWKEYE and B.J. are crossing the Compound amidst routine daily activity. They spot MULCAHY approaching with LEE SEUNG-CHUL (FARMER) who has a rather feeble-looking pregnant cow in tow. X

HAWKEYE

(spots them)

Say Beej, did you order a cow?

B.J.

No, I ordered a rope. The cow  
must be delivering it.

MULCAHY

Excuse me. This farmer just  
wandered in looking for a  
doctor.

HAWKEYE

Well, I just happen to have  
one on me.

Cont.

FARMER  
I am Lee Seung-Chul.

HAWKEYE  
I'm Dr. Pierce. What is your problem?

FARMER  
No, it is not for me.

HAWKEYE  
Oh.  
(comprehending)  
Oh...Is there a problem with the pregnancy?

X

MULCAHY  
That's only part of the problem.

The Farmer indicates the cow's abdomen and Hawkeye and B.J. move around to take a look. They are immediately concerned by what they see.

B.J.  
Oh, boy...What happened?

FARMER  
Bombs very close to my home.  
Our family able to get cover,  
but animals not so lucky. She  
is only one left.

X

Hawkeye takes a closer look.

HAWKEYE  
These wounds look pretty deep.

FARMER  
She will give birth soon. I  
am worried for safety of her  
and calf.

MULCAHY  
I'm afraid their family needs  
both of them very badly.

HAWKEYE  
Well, we'll do what we can. As  
soon as we can figure out where  
to start.

Cont.

He and B.J. start to examine the cow. Or, at least, to look like they are examining the cow.

B.J.

Hawk, do you know how to make a cow say 'ah?'

HAWKEYE

Not without getting emotionally involved.

B.J.

(to Farmer)

I'm afraid cows are a little out of our field. We specialize in patients who have two legs and one stomach.

HAWKEYE

She doesn't seem to be in any immediate danger, but we're gonna need some help.

X  
X  
X

B.J.

Let's go find Colonel Potter. An old farm hand like him should know just what to do.

X

INT. POTTER'S OFFICE - DAY

3

Hawkeye and B.J. are with POTTER who sits behind his desk.

X

POTTER

(rises; crosses to the door)

Boys, I know just what to do. (calls through the door)

Klinger, get on the phone to I-Corps and see if you can track down that veterinarian.

X

HAWKEYE

I thought stuff like that was supposed to be second nature to farm folk.

POTTER

There was one thing my father taught me 'bout birthin' bovines -- it's serious business. Even under the best of circumstances, you always call the vet.

X

Cont.

Hot Lips ENTERS.

HOT LIPS  
Colonel, you wanted to see me?

POTTER  
Yes, indeedy, Major. The Surgeon General's office has just given us permission to begin using Levophed. So, you'll have to brief the nurses on administering it.

HOT LIPS  
Fine. I'll do it first thing Monday morning.

POTTER  
Sorry, Major, the drug and the instructions are due in tomorrow afternoon and your staff's got to be primed immediately.

X

HOT LIPS  
But, Colonel, I'm going on R and R tomorrow. You gave me a three-day pass, remember?

POTTER  
And you still got it. You'll just have to postpone it a couple of days.

HOT LIPS  
But, that's not fair!

HAWKEYE  
What's the difference, Margaret? In Korea, every day is a holiday.

Before she can reply, Klinger ENTERS.

KLINGER  
Congratulations, Doctors. I have just put through the call. Dr. Landau will hear you now.

Cont.

B.J.  
Good, I'll take it.

X

Potter, Hawkeye, B.J. and Klinger head for Klinger's office.  
Hot Lips moves to cut Potter off.

HOT LIPS  
Colonel...

POTTER  
Excuse me, Margaret. This is  
bigger than all of us.

HOT LIPS  
If I could get someone else to  
give the lecture for me, could  
I still go tomorrow?

POTTER  
Fine by me. But regs say it's  
got to be done by someone who's  
at least a Major.

He follows the others out, leaving Hot Lips to ponder.

CUT TO:

INT. SWAMP - CLOSE ON A MAJOR'S GOLD CLUSTER - DAY 4

PULL BACK TO REVEAL CHARLES, sitting on his bunk, reading. The  
PHONOGRAPH is PLAYING CLASSICAL MUSIC. Hot Lips TAPS on the  
DOOR and ENTERS.

HOT LIPS  
Good afternoon, Charles.

CHARLES  
(not looking up)  
Major...

HOT LIPS  
Am I disturbing you?

CHARLES  
Not yet.

HOT LIPS  
I just wanted to talk to you  
about...

CHARLES  
(snapping book shut)  
Now you are.

Cont.

HOT LIPS

I'm sorry, I see this is a bad time, but I have to ask now, because later...it will be... too late...it will be tomorrow.

CHARLES

Margaret. Since you seem to have your heart set on disturbing me, at least do it with dispatch.

HOT LIPS

Certainly. Oh, that's such lovely music. So bright and cheerful. That's Mozart, right?

CHARLES

Mussorgsky. But you're only a hundred years off, and both their names do begin with an 'M.' Should there, by any chance, be a point to this conversation, would you please get to it.

HOT LIPS

Oh, it's nothing much, really. You see, there's this little lecture I'm supposed to deliver to my staff tomorrow on administering Levophed, and I was wondering if you would mind doing it for me.

CHARLES

Major, correct me if I'm wrong. What you are asking me to do sounds dangerously close to a nurse's duty.

HOT LIPS

Yes, but I am supposed to go to Tokyo tomorrow...

CHARLES

Margaret, even Winchester women do not do women's work.

Hot Lips begins to react angrily to this, then makes every attempt to compose herself and a smile returns to her face.

Cont.

HOT LIPS

Well that's certainly understandable. But it has to be done by at least a Major. And think what it would mean to my nurses to be able to learn from a man of your caliber.

CHARLES

Margaret, you are perceptive, if not sincere. Suppose we examine this from a Winchester point of view. What's in it for me?

HOT LIPS

What do you want? Name it.

CHARLES

Let's see...Lately I have had this craving to hear Beethoven's Emperor Piano Concerto.

HOT LIPS

If I get it, you'll do it?

CHARLES

Of course, it must be the legendary Artur Schnabel playing the solo.

HOT LIPS

Of course. Schnabel.

CHARLES

Not the nineteen-forty-seven release. It's much too tentative. On the other hand, the nineteen-thirty-two release with its fiery legatos, dynamic octave passages, its...

HOT LIPS

Charles, where the hell am I supposed to find that?

CHARLES

Come now, Margaret. This should be no problem at all for a person with your knowledge of classical music.

She looks at him, thinks about it and musters all her determination.

Cont.

## HOT LIPS

You're absolutely right. If I can't find that record, I'll find that Schnabel guy and bring him here to play for you personally.

With great determination she strides out the door.

INT. MESS TENT - DAY

5

Mulcahy and the Farmer are eating lunch.

FARMER

Excuse me. Can a person go back for more?

MULCAHY

Gee, I don't know. Nobody ever tried.

Hawkeye and B.J. ENTER and spot the Farmer. They move to him.

FARMER

Did you speak with animal doctor?

They sit.

HAWKEYE

Yeah. We're still doing nothing, but now we know it's the right thing to do.

X

B.J.

He says that if it's possible, we shouldn't try to remove the fragments until after the calf is born.

HAWKEYE

We'd have to use anesthesia and that could kill the calf.

X

Klinger approaches from the chow line with a tray.

MULCAHY

Oh, dear.

FARMER

Do you know how soon calf will be born?

Cont.

B.J.

According to the vet, it should  
be within the next day or two.

KLINGER

Next day or two? Gentlemen, I  
have just had a stroke of genius.

HAWKEYE

Please, keep us in suspense.

KLINGER

A calf lottery. I'll sell a  
hundred chances at a buck a  
piece. Whoever guesses the time  
of birth will win fifty; which  
means I'll also win fifty, no  
matter when it's born.

B.J.

Klinger, you may not be a genius,  
but I definitely think you've  
had a stroke.

X

KLINGER

Excuse me, gentlemen,  
opportunity knocks and I am the  
doorman!

X

He excitedly hurries off.

INT KLINGER'S OFFICE - NEXT AFTERNOON

6

The door bursts open and Hot Lips ENTERS. She is carrying  
her duffel bag and is dressed for her trip. She is glowing  
with expectation, but when she finds the room empty, she  
becomes angry. She drops the duffel bag on the floor and  
storms out.

EXT. SHOWER - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

7

From inside the shower, we HEAR Klinger:

KLINGER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Okay, Scavelli, you're down for  
eleven twenty-eight tomorrow.  
Great time to have a calf.  
Careful, you're dripping on the  
sign-up sheet.

X

Cont.

At this point, Hot Lips comes into the picture and comes to an immediate halt as she HEARS Klinger:

KLINGER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

What about you, Davidson?  
Saturday afternoon's wide open.  
I realize you don't have a  
buck on you, but I'll carry  
you till...

X

At this point, Hot Lips stomps into the shower.

HOT LIPS' VOICE

(o.s.)

Klinger, you jerk!

SCAVELLI'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Hey, there's a woman in here.

KLINGER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

See guys? She can't even wait  
to place her bet.

X

Hot Lips comes barging out, dragging Klinger. He's carrying his sign-up sheet and a pencil.

HOT LIPS

You Arabian aardvark, you're  
supposed to be driving me to  
the airport right now!

KLINGER

No, I'm not. That's not until...

(checking watch)

...sixteen...

(realizing)

...hundred. Oops.

HOT LIPS

Oops your face! You have exactly  
five seconds to get the Jeep  
and get me out of here!

KLINGER

But Major...

HOT LIPS

Four!

Cont.

KLINGER

I was right in the middle of a hot business transaction.

HOT LIPS

I'm not going to miss my plane over some crazy cow contest! Now move it!

KLINGER

You don't understand. I haven't even cleared the break-even point! If I don't sell any more tickets, I could lose several shirts! Can't you find anybody else...

HOT LIPS

I don't want anybody else! You're the only one who knows these roads! And you promised three days ago!

KLINGER

Okay, just let me sell a few more tickets.

HOT LIPS

No! If I miss my plane, I'm gonna take a very heavy object and make your face look like a pizza.

KLINGER

One more ticket?

She reaches in her pocket and stuffs a dollar in his hand.

HOT LIPS

Here. Now get my Jeep!

KLINGER

What time?

HOT LIPS

Now!

KLINGER

No, I mean for the lottery.

HOT LIPS

Make up a time. Now scram!

Cont.

KLINGER

Scramming Sir!

He takes off running while attempting to scrawl a time on his sheet. As he passes the Swamp, CAMERA STOPS and TIGHTENS.

INT. SWAMP - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

8

Charles is at his desk thumbing through a pharmaceutical pamphlet which accompanied the shipment of Levophed and jotting down some notes on a pad.

HAWKEYE'S VOICE

(o.s.; blurting)

Back...behind...

ANGLE ON HAWKEYE AND B.J.

9

They are playing charades. B.J. is pointing to his rear and with each guess Hawkeye makes, B.J. shakes his head "no."

HAWKEYE

Rumpelstiltskin...tush...tuchus...  
Spar-tuchus!!!

CHARLES

Gentlemen. Must we have this  
mindless child's game while I  
am attempting to prepare a  
lecture?

X

HAWKEYE

Sure, you've got something to  
occupy yourself with. We've got  
nothing to do but sit around and  
wait. We're on cattle call. We  
could be fathers any minute now.

CHARLES

Then why don't you go wait in  
the maternity barn.

HAWKEYE

All right, we'll knock it off,  
but first I gotta get this charade  
or I'll go crazy.

As Charles continues to make his notes:

CHARLES

Then let me give you a hint. Try  
'A Tale of Two Cities.'

Cont.

HAWKEYE

That's the stupidest guess I've ever...

He now notices that B.J. is pointing at Charles with one hand while touching his nose with the other in the classic charades gesture for "You've got it."

B.J.

Charles, you're pretty good.  
Wanna take Hawkeye's place?

CHARLES

Hunnicut, even your inane game would be a preferable alternative to a Levophed lecture. Taking the drug makes one's blood pressure rise; reading about it makes one's lids fall.

HAWKEYE

Charles, I would think you would relish the opportunity. Where else can you get the chance to talk to someone for more than a minute without having them leave the room?

B.J.

Usually when you run off at the mouth, people run off.

Charles is about to respond when Potter ENTERS.

POTTER

Sorry to break up this powwow, boys, but Bossy says it's time to call the cab.

Hawkeye heads for the door.

X

HAWKEYE

Beej, you get her up on the table, I'll hold her hand.

X

B.J. follows Hawkeye out.

X

B.J.

Anybody know where you can buy cigars that say 'It's a heifer??'

X

POTTER

You comin' Winchester? I'll bet a city feller like you has never had a chance to see this before.

X

Charles is obviously revolted at the thought of this.

CHARLES

I have also never had the chance to swim in a barrellful of live squid. But thank you for making a boring lecture suddenly seem the best job in town.

All EXIT, except Charles, who goes back to his notes.

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

10

Hot Lips is sitting in the Jeep, ready to go. Klinger X  
is putting her luggage in the back, as Potter, Hawkeye and  
B.J. rush across the Compound.

HOT LIPS

Klinger, will you hurry up with that.

KLINGER

I packed less than this when I moved here.

(sees the others  
running by)

What's all the commotion?

HAWKEYE

Nothing serious. We're just having a cow.

KLINGER

A cow? Now? I'll be financially ruined.

HOT LIPS

If you don't step on it, buster, you're gonna be physically ruined.

KLINGER

How long 'til the blessed catastrophe?

B.J.

There's no way to tell. Could be an hour, could be all day.

Hawkeye, B.J. and Potter quickly move off to tend to the cow. Klinger hops into the Jeep.

Cont.

KLINGER

Then there's still a chance I  
might get back in time to sell  
more tickets.

Klinger STARTS the JEEP and zooms off.

KLINGER

(to Hot Lips)

Let's go, Major. I haven't got  
all day.

They drive off in a cloud of dust.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. ROAD - DAY

11

Hot Lips and Klinger are driving at top speed. Hot Lips keeps looking over at Klinger impatiently.

HOT LIPS

Can't you go any faster?

KLINGER

Unfortunately, no.

X

(musing)

What's that cow got against me anyway? Okay, so I like a good T-bone now and then.

They are approaching a crossroad. Klinger slows down for a moment. Hot Lips motions him to stop.

HOT LIPS

Hold it! Where does that road go?

KLINGER

To Kimpo.

HOT LIPS

Is it faster?

KLINGER

The same way a barrel is the fastest way to the bottom of Niagara Falls.

X

HOT LIPS

If it's faster, then take it.

KLINGER

Look, Major, no one wants to get to Kimpo quicker than I do, but I'm telling you, that road is full of rocks and potholes and...

HOT LIPS

If it's faster, then take it.

KLINGER

Major, I'm telling you...

Cont.

HOT LIPS

This is a U.S. Army Jeep. They  
can take anything. Turn left,  
and that's an order!

KLINGER

(sighing)

Okay, Major.

As he makes a left turn onto the rocky road:

KLINGER

(yelling)

Banzai!

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

12

Potter, Hawkeye and B.J. are tending the cow, who has been  
placed in Sophie's corral. She is now in labor. The Farmer and  
Mulcahy look on with concern. X

HAWKEYE

Can you believe this? They can  
build a bazooka that will part  
your hair from two miles away,  
but they still haven't come up  
with a way to monitor a cow's  
blood pressure.

B.J.

Her pulse is thready. That must  
be slowing down the blood supply  
to the uterus.

POTTER

Probably internal bleeding from  
the shrapnel.

B.J.

There's nothing more we can do  
about it. I better get the vet  
on the phone.

All AD-LIB their agreement. B.J. rises and EXITS to Klinger's  
office. X

HAWKEYE

(to cow)

Don't give me that look. We're  
doing the best we can.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Klinger and Hot Lips are driving down the rocky road. Klinger obviously did not exaggerate his description. They are bouncing all over. Hot Lips clings to the side of the Jeep to keep from falling out.

HOT LIPS

Klinger, stay on the road!

KLINGER

This is the road! I told you it was rocky.

HOT LIPS

These aren't rocks! These are boulders!

(beat)

Watch it!

They hit a huge rock. The JEEP makes some very strange NOISES, SPUTTERS, and stops.

HOT LIPS

Why are you stopping?

KLINGER

I would have kept going, but I wanted to stay with the Jeep.

Klinger tries to start the engine, but to no avail.

HOT LIPS

Do something. Fix it!

KLINGER

Why didn't I think of that?

CUT TO:

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DAY

The room is set up for Charles' lecture. He is up front behind a makeshift lecturn shuffling a few papers. The room is filled with Nurses waiting for the lecture to begin. Some are taking their seats; others are milling around. Charles quickly RAPS his LECTURN with a pencil for attention.

CHARLES

Come now, ladies. Let's take our seats and get this over with. As you may have noticed, I am not Major Houlihan. So much the better for you. Now then, Levophed Bitartrate is a powerful new vasoconstrictor. It is to be administered only in trauma cases, until the blood volume is restored.

KELLYE raises her hand, interrupting Charles.

CHARLES

What is it Kellye?

KELLYE

Dr. Winchester, it might help us to know a little about the history of Levophed.

CHARLES

Indeed. Yesterday it was at I-Corps, today it is here. But let us not dwell in the past.

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE - DAY

15

B.J. is on the phone with the vet.

B.J.

Okay, hold on and let me relay the information.

(switches on P.A.,  
picks up microphone)

Hawk, if you can hear me,  
Dr. Landau says the first thing to do is...

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

16

In the corral, Hawkeye listens to the information. The Farmer stands alongside.

B.J.

(voice over)

Stick your hand inside. Check to see if you can feel the calf's head.

HAWKEYE

(to cow)

You're going to feel some discomfort, but you won't be the only one.

INT. SUPPLY TENT - DAY

17

Charles and the Nurses react to the P.A.

B.J.

(voice over)

Go in up to your shoulder if you have to.

INT. MESS TENT - DAY

18

Several people are trying to eat, in spite of the P.A. X

B.J.

(voice over)

Just be careful not to break  
the membrane.

One by one, everyone begins to push their plates aside, as they lose their appetites.

EXT. ROAD - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

19

X

Klinger is under the Jeep, inspecting the damage. Hot Lips is pacing nervously beside the Jeep.

HOT LIPS

Well? What's wrong with it?

As Klinger slides from under the Jeep and stands:

KLINGER

Now I know how big that last  
rock we hit was. It's the same  
size as the hole in the oil pan.

HOT LIPS

I don't care! I have to get  
to the airport.

KLINGER

Sorry, Major, this Jeep is D.O.A.  
Dead on its axles.

She stews for a moment, then gives the Jeep a swift kick. She grabs her suitcases, and starts walking away very quickly. Klinger follows on her heels, but is having a difficult time keeping up.

KLINGER

Hey, where are you going?

HOT LIPS

Back to the main road. Maybe  
I'll catch a ride and still  
make it.

KLINGER

Major, it'll be dark very soon,  
a condition which makes it easy  
to get lost, and then possibly  
found by a sniper. Then again,  
you might step on a mine, which  
will get you to Kimpo in the  
form of confetti.

Hot Lips ignores Klinger and continues walking.

KLINGER

Major, there'll be other nights  
in Tokyo. It's not worth risking  
your life over.

HOT LIPS

(still walking)

You don't understand. This is  
not what I planned to be doing  
tonight.

KLINGER

Well, it may come as a shock,  
but I'm not exactly having the  
time of my life, either.

Hot Lips stops, drops her suitcases, and turns to Klinger.

HOT LIPS

Who cares how much fun you  
have, creep! It's not your  
birthday!

KLINGER

Your birthday? How come you  
didn't tell anybody?

HOT LIPS

Because I didn't want anybody  
to know.

KLINGER

Why not?

HOT LIPS

Because I didn't want them  
throwing me a stupid party.

KLINGER

Yeah, that would have been  
rough. All that fun and  
celebrating, who needs it?

HOT LIPS

Celebrating for whose benefit?  
It's just another excuse for  
everyone to get drunk and rowdy  
for a few hours. If it weren't  
my birthday, Ground Hog Day  
would do.

Cont.

HOT LIPS (Cont.)  
(disconsolately sits  
on one of the  
suitcases)

I wanted this year to be different.  
Something that was special for me.  
To be with one person, somebody I  
chose, doing things I want to  
do. Is that too much to ask,  
for one stinking day of the year?  
So look at me, sitting on the side  
of the road, without even so much  
as a birthday hat!

X

KLINGER  
There's a newspaper in the Jeep.  
I'll make you a birthday hat.

HOT LIPS  
I hate birthday hats!

She gets up and slowly walks toward the Jeep. Klinger sits on  
the other suitcase wondering what to do.

EXT. COMPOUND - DUSK

20

In the corral, Hawkeye, Potter, and the Farmer are still with  
the cow as Mulcahy looks on. Hawkeye is attempting to  
deliver a calf; Potter is now monitoring, and the Farmer  
is looking on with tremendous concern.

X

HAWKEYE  
Come on cow. Push.

As B.J. approaches:

POTTER  
I'm afraid she doesn't have  
the strength to help you out.  
Her pulse's gettin' weaker by  
the minute.

FARMER  
Please, there must be something  
you can do.

HAWKEYE  
Believe me, if we knew of  
anything, we'd try it.

B.J. moves to Hawkeye and Potter and speaks quietly so the  
Farmer won't hear:

Cont.

B.J.

Dr. Landau says the only way to save the cow might be to dismember the calf so she can deliver it easier.

HAWKEYE

Maybe. But even if we do that, there's still no guarantee the cow will make it.

MULCAHY

This isn't just a house pet, it's his livelihood. You've got to do something.

X

POTTER

If her blood pressure weren't so damn low, we could do a Caesarean section.

X

HAWKEYE

If her blood pressure weren't so low, she could probably deliver the calf on her own.

POTTER

Too bad she's not human. That batch of Levophed that came in today would be just the ticket.

All three look at each other, wondering if they have stumbled on to something.

HAWKEYE

What have we got to lose?

B.J.

I say we turn that cow into a guinea pig.

X

INT. SUPPLY ROOM - DUSK

21

Charles is still lecturing:

CHARLES

That concludes our little lecture. I hope you have enjoyed it more than I have. And in closing I would like to say, good-bye.

He starts to leave as Potter ENTERS.

POTTER

Winchester --

CHARLES

Hello...Good-bye.

POTTER

Not so fast, Perfessor. Class might be over, but the lab work's just about to begin.

CHARLES

Just what does that mean?

POTTER

Your students are going to get a first-hand demonstration of the administration of Levophed.

CHARLES

On whom?

POTTER

The only pregnant lady in camp.

It takes a moment for this to register with Charles.

X

CHARLES

I'm sorry, Colonel. I do not make stable calls. Nor do I treat patients who graze.

POTTER

Move it, Major, or I'm gonna graze your jaw...  
(making fist)  
...with the old Missouri soupbone.

Charles considers this for a moment, then:

CHARLES

Class will adjourn to the Compound.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT (STAGE)

22

Darkness has fallen. Hot Lips is leaning against the back tire of the Jeep, a coat thrown over her. She is sleeping. Klinger approaches, carrying an improvised birthday cake: a bran muffin with a match stuck in it. He leans down and nudges Hot Lips awake.

KLINGER

Major...

She opens her eyes and looks at him. He lights the match.

Cont.

KLINGER

Happy birthday. Better hurry  
and make a wish before the  
match goes out...Oops. Too late.

Hot Lips continues to stare at him.

KLINGER

I know it's not much, but it's  
better than nothing, maybe.

HOT LIPS

(quietly)

Klinger, I don't want your  
sympathy. That's worse than  
nothing.

KLINGER

Well...I'll leave it here. In  
case you change your mind.

He puts the muffin down beside her and goes back to his perch  
on the other side of the Jeep. Hot Lips continues to look at  
the muffin.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT

23

The Doctors have parked a Jeep in front of the corral and turned  
the lights on. A small crowd has gathered around Mulcahy.  
Charles is administering the new drug. Potter is monitoring.  
Hawkeye and B.J. are delivering the calf.

CHARLES

Somewhere a multitude of  
Winchesters are doing somersaults  
in their graves.

POTTER

At least you're losing your  
dignity to a good cause, Major.  
That Levophed's got her pulse  
bouncin' back like Mildred's  
sponge cake.

HAWKEYE

And junior should be making a  
grand entrance any minute.

B.J.

Make that any second.

Cont.

POTTER

Well, hello little lady.  
Welcome to the world.

MULCAHY

This is indeed a blessed event.

Everyone APPLAUDS as we SEE the calf moments after it is born.

HAWKEYE

Now all we have to do is  
dress some old war wounds  
and we're in business.

FARMER

I want to thank you all very  
much.

B.J.

Don't mention it.

CHARLES

I know I never shall.  
(rises slowly)  
Class dismissed.

X

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

24

Klinger is perched on his side of the Jeep. Hot Lips approaches slowly, carrying the bran muffin. Klinger looks up to see what she wants.

HOT LIPS

I've got half a bran muffin,  
going cheap.

KLINGER

I've got half a flask of cheap  
Scotch. Going fast. Wanna swap?

She nods and sits down beside him.

HOT LIPS

It was a very nice gesture. The  
cake, I mean. I'm sorry for what  
I said.

X

KLINGER

Ah, no problem.

Cont.

HOT LIPS

I guess I just don't want  
anyone feeling sorry for me.  
I want to reserve that pleasure  
all to myself.

She takes a sip of the Scotch and hands it back to Klinger.

KLINGER

Look, I know how you feel. One  
time, I remember, I was tryin'  
to get to Akron for the state-wide  
bowling tourney. Well, all the  
buses were canceled on account  
of the snow, so me and my cousin  
Adeeb...

He sees the skeptical glare she is casting him.

KLINGER

Okay, so I don't know how you  
feel.

HOT LIPS

There are so many things I was  
sure I'd have in my life by now...  
and every birthday just reminds  
me of what's still not there. This  
turned out to be just another day in  
the middle of nowhere.

(pause)

You know, Klinger, I envy you.

KLINGER

Are you kiddin'? For what?

HOT LIPS

Well, for one thing, the way you  
light up when you talk about  
Toledo.

KLINGER

Yeah, it's a great place.

HOT LIPS

Klinger, I've been there. What  
makes it great is that it's your  
hometown. Army brats like me don't  
have hometowns. I mean, I never  
even went to the same school two  
years in a row.

Cont.

KLINGER

Wow! I was once in the same grade  
two years in a row.

They both think about it for a moment; they drink the Scotch.

KLINGER

Yeah...that must have been rough  
for you. I remember how we used  
to always razz the new kids. I  
never thought about it from their  
side. I guess we were kinda jerks.

HOT LIPS

After a while, I'd start to make  
some friends. And as soon as I  
did, wouldn't you know it'd be  
time to move again. And it always  
hurt. Finally, I just decided  
not to let anyone get close enough  
to hurt me again.

(pause)

You think maybe I'm still doing  
that.

KLINGER

Hey, nobody's perfect.

HOT LIPS

Well, look at me. I know I'm  
tough, demanding, insensitive,  
callous, crabby...

(looks at him)

Feel free to disagree at any time.

KLINGER

Think of it this way. Maybe you  
are all that stuff, but deep down  
underneath, I think maybe there's  
some more stuff that's pretty  
good stuff, you know?

She looks at him for a moment and considers this; she sees  
that he is sincere.

HOT LIPS

That's probably one of the nicest  
things anyone ever tried to say  
to me. Thanks.

Cont.

KLINGER  
Sure. Happy birthday.

They both smile, eat their bran muffins and drink their cheap  
Scotch and we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN

INT. MESS TENT - MORNING

25

Colonel Potter, Hawkeye and B.J. are eating breakfast and looking bedraggled. Hot Lips and Klinger ENTER, looking even more bedraggled.

KLINGER

Hi, everybody.

HAWKEYE

Well, look what the war dragged in.

POTTER

Margaret, what are you doing back so early?

HOT LIPS

We never made it to the plane. The Jeep broke down. We had to hitch a ride back here.

POTTER

Well, you sure missed out on the excitement.

KLINGER

(alarmed)

Oh, no. Don't tell me.

POTTER

Yep, we had ourselves a bright, bouncin' baby calf.

KLINGER

(starting to sit)

I'm a dead man...

(springing back up)

How many people know?

HAWKEYE

Well, let's see...there's the cow, and everybody in camp.

KLINGER

What was the arrival time, just so I'll know who to avoid.

B.J.

I guess it was around ten o'clock.

Cont.

KLINGER

Around ten o'clock? Gee, I'd  
love to pay off, but there's no  
way I can without an exact  
official time of birth.

Several people within earshot hear this and speak up in unison:

PEOPLE

Ten-oh-seven!

Klinger, dejected, starts taking out the betting record to  
check it.

KLINGER

Maybe I can postdate a check...  
'til nineteen-sixty.  
(reading)

And the winner is,  
Major Margaret Houlihan.

Everyone CLAPS and WHISTLES, etc.

KLINGER

Major, I can't pay you fifty bucks.  
I only collected ten.

He takes a wad of singles out of his pocket to show her.

HOT LIPS

Okay, I'm a softy. You can forget  
the fifty dollars.

KLINGER

Oh, thank you. A million thank  
yous. My thank yous thank you.

She reaches over and takes the wad of money out of his hand.

HOT LIPS

On second thought, I'll take the  
ten.

X

KLINGER

Huh?

X

HOT LIPS

There's somebody I want to buy  
a present for.

X

Klinger and Hot Lips exchange a knowing look. FREEZE FRAME,  
and:

FADE OUT