

Allen
FINAL
Property
W-818

M A S H

THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS

SEPTEMBER 10, 1976



TWENTIETH
CENTURY-FOX
TELEVISION

M*A*S*H

"THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTERS"

by

Ken Levine & David Isaacs

FINAL
September 10, 1976

U-871

CAST LIST

HAWKEYE

B.J.

POTTER

FRANK

RADAR

KLINGER

MULCAHY

IGOR

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

RADAR'S OFFICE

MESS TENT

"THE SWAMP"

POST-OP

POTTER'S OFFICE

Hot Lips Tent

EXTERIORS:

COMPOUND

CHOPPER PAD

"THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE CHARACTER"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

(PLEASE ALLOW 30 FEET FOR TITLES)

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

1

RADAR is at his desk typing a report.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Staff Duty Log, Thirteen June,
Corporal Walter O'Reilly,
Company Clerk...Oh-six-hundred
hours.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - EARLY MORNING (STOCK)

2

A few people stroll through an otherwise quiet compound.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The friendly old sun showed his
friendly hot face over the mountains
of purple majesty. As though he
was saluting 'Good morning to all.'

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOPPER PAD - DAY (STOCK)

3

Choppers flying in with wounded.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Alas alack, the peaceful quietness
of the morn was detonated by a
herd of choppers transportizing
thirty-two punctured personnel.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS TENT - DAY

4

The room is crowded with people. HAWKEYE, B.J., FATHER MULCAH
and FRANK eat at one table.

Cont.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Once more our gallant doctors
and nurses were called to answer
the call again.

Commotion as the incoming choppers are heard. People drop
what they're doing and head for the exit.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

These miracle medical mortals
are ever ready to treat the sick
and heal anyone they can lay their
hands on.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOPPER PAD - DAY (STOCK)

5

X

Hawkeye and B.J. direct the action as wounded are being taken
from the choppers.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The wounded were aided copiously
by super smart surgeons whose
knowledge is superceded by nobody
I know. Together or apart they
work as a team.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS TENT - DAY

6

The room is empty except for Frank who's still eating his
breakfast.

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. - DAY (STOCK)

7

X

Everyone hard at work.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

As the hours ticked off, skilled
hands with their fingers worked
dedicatedly to keep death away
from its maximum.

POTTER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Radar, what is this cow flub dubbery?

X

CUT TO:

Commotion as the incoming choppers are heard. People drop what they're doing and head for the exit.

X

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

But our gallant doctors, the miracle medical mortals are ever ready to treat the sick and heal anyone they can lay their hands on.

X

CUT TO:

EXT. CHOPPER PAD - DAY (STOCK)

5

Hawkeye and B.J. direct the action as wounded are being taken from the choppers.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The wounded were aided copiously by super smart surgeons whose knowledge is superseded by nobody I know. Together or apart they work as a team.

OUT 6

X

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. - DAY (STOCK)

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Everyone hard at work.

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(o.s.)

As the hours ticked off, skilled hands with their fingers worked dedicatedly to keep death away from its maximum.

POTTER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Radar, what is this cow flub dubbery?

CUT TO:

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Radar at the typewriter; the report in his hand. POTTER
peers over his shoulder.

RADAR
(startled)
Sir?

POTTER
All this 'miracle medical mortals'
hooey. What are you doing to my
Duty Log?

RADAR
Adding a hint of self expression,
sir.

POTTER
Better fill me in son...and use
simple sentences.

RADAR
I've been accepted to the 'Famous
Las Vegas Writers School.'

He hands Potter a pamphlet.

POTTER
(reading)
'Serving the Creative Community
since 1950'...how'd you stumble
onto this?

RADAR
Superman, Colonel.

POTTER
He take the course?

RADAR
No. In the back of his comic
book next to the ad for the X-ray
glasses. I sent them some of my
writing, and they said I had
'extraordinary potential.'

POTTER
How much they stick you for?

RADAR
Fifty dollars plus a five dollar
student activity fee. But it's
really worth it. They teach you
all the writers' secrets like verbs,
semi-colons, a lot of good stuff.

POTTER

Sounds like the original shell game to me.

RADAR

It's no game, sir. The course is taught by very famous writers. Look -- Hemingway, Steinbeck and O'Neill.

Potter follows his instructions.

POTTER

(reading)

Ethel Hemingway, Jerry Steinbeck, Eunice O'Neill...Uh...Huh.

RADAR

And lookit page three.

Potter turns to the page.

POTTER

(reading)

'Writers are special people. In a crowd they're glib and articulate. Everyone respects the man who writes well.'

RADAR

In only ten weeks I can be respected by a crowd.

POTTER

An admirable goal, Radar.

(holding up the
Duty Log)

But the Army doesn't need creative writing. Save it for your novel.

RADAR

Thank you, sir. I'll dedicate my first book to you.

POTTER

Better let me read it first.

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY

9

Hawkeye and B.J. are lying back on their bunks playing badminton over a net strung across the middle of the tent.

U-871

Swampy bag -
lots of laundry Cont.

9 Cont.

A string is strung across the tent with hanging socks. They bat an inflated rubber glove with their bare hands. Frank is in his bunk reading a magazine.

B.J. serves. They volley for a second and B.J. drops his foot off the bed. X

HAWKEYE

Upp. Foot fault. You stepped off the court. No point.

B.J.

Never touched the ground.

HAWKEYE

I saw it, Pancho. Your foot hit.

B.J.

What's the difference?

HAWKEYE

I'm getting a ruling on this. Frank, did his foot leave the bunk?

Frank, engrossed in his article, doesn't respond. After a beat:

HAWKEYE

Earth calling Major Burns.

Frank looks up from his reading.

FRANK

(preoccupied)

Huh? You want something, Pierce?

B.J.

What's so absorbing, Jr.?

X

Cont.

A string is strung across the tent with hanging socks. They bat an inflated rubber glove with their bare hands. Frank is in his bunk reading a magazine. X

HAWKEYE

The score's 20 to 18. After this game I'll have dad...
(motioning towards Frank)
...blow up the wading pool, and we'll go for a dip.

B.J.

Last time he blew it up he used a grenade.

B.J. serves. They volley for a second and B.J. drops his foot off the bed.

HAWKEYE

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Frank looks up from his reading.

FRANK

(preoccupied)
Huh? You want something, Pierce?

B.J.

What's so interesting, Frank?

Cont.

FRANK

It's an article on Sweden.

HAWKEYE

Learning to be a meatball?

FRANK

No. I'm reading about their
rising suicide rate.

B.J.

Just killing time?

X

FRANK

Oh, go peddle your petunias.

He ignores them and goes back to his reading. Hawkeye and
B.J. shrug their shoulders and then return to the game.

HAWKEYE

(about to serve)

All right. Ready for my killer
serve? It's been clocked at
over five miles an hour.

He serves. Radar ENTERS carrying a notebook. Hawkeye wins
the point.

HAWKEYE

Twenty-one. On to Wimbledon.

He jumps in the air and leaps through the net.

HAWKEYE

I'm flushed with victory.

(to Radar)

Must be the press asking me
how it feels to be a winner.
Go ahead, ask me how it feels.

RADAR

Uh...how do you feel, sir?

HAWKEYE

What a stupid question. Cancel
the interview.

RADAR

Actually, I came by to ask you
sirs a favor.

Cont.

B.J.
What is it, Radar?

RADAR
Well, I found this real neat
way to improve myself.

HAWKEYE
Don't change a hair for me.

B.J.
Not if you care for me.

RADAR
I signed up for a writing school.
By mail.

HAWKEYE
No kidding? They send you little
teachers in little envelopes? X

B.J.
For short stories -- X

RADAR
Naw, come on -- I'm having
trouble with my first assignment.
(referring to his
notebook)
We have to relate an 'amusing
anecdote.'
(looking up)
I don't think I ever had an
anecdote.

HAWKEYE
Not even a small one?

B.J.
I had some in my footlocker.
What size do you wear?

Radar starts to leave.

HAWKEYE
Hold it, Radar. I've got an
amusing anecdote, but promise
you won't laugh.

RADAR
Okay.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

It was in my first year of medical school. I was taking an exam in Anatomy. Boy, was it tough! Questions like: 'How many bones are there in the hand?' I was stymied. I kept saying 'how many bones are there in the hand?' And I heard a little voice say twenty-four. I looked around and sitting on the windowsill of the classroom was a grey squirrel with a very intelligent face. It nodded at me and pointed at its hand and said twenty-four. So, I wrote it down. Right after the exam I rushed to the library and looked it up. Can you believe it? The stupid squirrel was wrong by four bones. I looked all over the campus for him. I wanted to kill him. Finally, I found him sitting on a bench outside the Psych Department. 'You're wrong' I screamed at him.

X

X

X

(pointing at his hand)

'There's twenty-eight bones in the human hand.' 'Oh,' he said, pointing at his hand. 'I thought you meant a squirrel's hand.'

X

RADAR

I don't think I can use that story.

X

HAWKEYE

You want me to make one up?

B.J.

Frank, help us out. We need a funny anecdote.

FRANK

I don't feel very funny.

HAWKEYE

Aw, c'mon, Frank. Be a pal.

Cont.

B.J.
What is it, Radar?

RADAR
Well, I found this real neat
way to improve myself.

HAWKEYE
Don't change a hair for me.

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RADAR
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(pointing at his hand)

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FRANK

I don't feel very funny.

HAWKEYE

Aw, c'mon, Frank. Be a pal.

RADAR

Would you please, sir?

X

FRANK

Well, there's one that always breaks me up. Seems we had this sickly kid on my block named Timmy. He used to sit on his front porch in his wheelchair and wave at us as we walked by.

(does a sickly walk)

One day he was waving and his chair got out of control. It rolled right down the front steps, across the lawn and smashed into my dad's car. Boy, was that funny.

B.J.

That must have been awful.

FRANK

No, it just scratched the paint a little.

HAWKEYE

I hope Timmy wasn't hurt.

FRANK

What's the difference? His folks had money.

B.J.

Frank, that anecdote is not amusing.

FRANK

You guys have no sense of humor. All you know how to do is pick, pick, pick. Is there anything I can do to please you guys?

He picks up his magazine and heads for the door.

HAWKEYE

You can tap dance in the mine field.

B.J.

Drop yourself on North Korea.

FRANK

Aw, fish! That's the last joke I tell you guys.

Cont.

He EXITS. Radar pulls his writers' pamphlet from his pocket and checks it.

RADAR

Maybe I better try lesson number two... 'describe a beautiful scene outside your window.'

He looks out towards the compound.

RADAR

Hmm. Maybe number three.

B.J.

Radar, why this sudden interest in creative writing?

RADAR

I need it. Y'see, more and more today a man is judged by how good he expresses himself.

HAWKEYE

(laughing)

Where'd you get that?

RADAR

(holding up the pamphlet)

Page five.

B.J.

Radar, when it comes to expression, you express yourself with the best of them.

HAWKEYE

Sure. I understand you.

(pointing to B.J.)

He's the one that makes no sense.

B.J.

Huh? I didn't get that.

X

CUT TO:

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'describe a beautiful scene outside
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(pointing to B.J.)

He's the one that makes no sense.

X

RADAR

(checking his pamphlet)

Do you sirs remember a memorable
trip you took?

B.J.

I had an unforgettable trip once,
but it's slipped my mind.

HAWKEYE

Did I ever tell you of my visit
to Korea?

CUT TO:

INT. MESS TENT

Frank in chow line. KLINGER serving.

FRANK

What do you mean you're out of tapioca pudding? I saw some enlisted men eating some.

X

KLINGER

That's why we're out, Major. They ate it all.

FRANK

Well, that's not fair! You run this place like a buncha babies.

KLINGER

I'm sorry.

FRANK

You should be. It's my birthday. I always have tapioca pudding on my birthday.

KLINGER

How was I supposed to know?

FRANK

You could have asked.

KLINGER

Happy birthday, Major.

FRANK

Never mind! You've spoiled it for me. I hope you're satisfied.

X

KLINGER

Would you like an extra hunk of liver?

Frank sits at a table with Hawkeye, B.J. and IGOR. He grabs some tapioca from Igor.

FRANK

I'm confiscating this tapioca.

IGOR

I wouldn't do that if I were you, sir.

FRANK

Don't threaten me.
(takes big bite)
Mmm, with raisins.

IGOR
No, sir. With flies.

FRANK
(dejected)
Some birthday this turned out to be.

B.J.
Frank, why didn't you tell us it
was your birthday?

FRANK
It's not important. What difference
does it make? Nobody cares.

He returns to his food for a beat.

B.J.
You're being too tough on yourself,
Frank. Here, I'll prove it.
(stands up; to the
room)
Hey, everyone. Guess what? Today
is Major Burns' birthday.

The response is silence.

HAWKEYE
See? They're delighted.

FRANK
Birthdays are hell.

HAWKEYE
So are wars, but we keep celebrating
them every year.

FRANK
Who cares about wars? This really
hurts.

He gets up with his tray and EXITS.

HAWKEYE
Maybe we should take up a collection
and get him a gift.

B.J.
What can you buy for a dime?

ANGLE ON CHOW LINE

Radar, with notebook, is being served by Klinger.

KLINGER

I know. I know. It all looks so good. What'll you have?

RADAR

(pointing)

Give me a modicum of hash, and a smattering of potatoes.

KLINGER

You been out in the sun again?

RADAR

No. I'm adding muscle to my vocabulary. I'm taking a correspondence course by mail.

KLINGER

Oh, yeah? Those mail things are great. My friend, Vito, met his wife that way.

RADAR

She was a pen pal?

KLINGER

No, she was a mailman.

RADAR

What a provocative anecdote.

KLINGER

Watch your mouth!

X

ANGLE ON FATHER MULCAHY AT TABLE

12

He's eating by himself and reading an army pamphlet. Radar approaches with his tray.

RADAR

Is it okay if I sit here, Father?

MULCAHY

Certainly, Radar.

RADAR

Father, do you have a most unforgettable character?

MULCAHY

Oh, I see. Your writing class.

RADAR

Yes, sir.

MULCAHY

Well, without a doubt, I would have to name my sister, Sister Theresa. She's a Benedictine in San Diego.

RADAR

Oh, I'm sorry to hear that, sir.

MULCAHY

No. She teaches at the seminary there. She also plays guard on their basketball team. You know, she can slam dunk...while wearing a heavy crucifix.

RADAR

(scribbling)

Now we're getting someplace.

CUT TO:

INT. POST-OP - LATER THAT DAY

13

TIGHT SHOT of Frank who's sitting by a bed talking to a patient whose face we don't see.

FRANK

This used to be the most important day of the year for me. I'd look forward to it for months. Parties in my honor, cards, gifts...what do I get around here? Nothing, nada, zilch, zippo, a big goose egg.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to REVEAL heavily bandaged patient is fast asleep.

FRANK

Look at you. You got a purple heart and it's not even your birthday.

He gets an idea. He sneakily looks around Post-Op, then begins to steal the patient's purple heart. When Hawkeye and B.J. ENTER, he stops.

FRANK

Well, what is it? What do you want?

HAWKEYE

Nothing, Frank.

B.J.

We came to work.

FRANK

Oh, sure. Came in here to spy on me.

HAWKEYE

We're just here to relieve you.

FRANK

I wasn't doing anything wrong.
(starts to leave)
And keep your hands off his purple heart.

He EXITS.

B.J.

And that was one of his more lucid moments.

HAWKEYE

Let's shoot him and put him out of his misery.

B.J.

That or just find something to lift his spirits.

HAWKEYE

Yeah. We could call off the peace talks.

B.J.

We could have Margaret's fiancé transferred to the European theatre.

HAWKEYE

Get him seats in the balcony.

B.J.

You and I could get in a fight and beat each other's brains out.

HAWKEYE

He'd love that.

B.J.

Right.

HAWKEYE

That's one thing that would give Frank Burns instant joy; seeing us at each other's throats.

Cont.

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Oh, sure. Came in here to spy on me.

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(starts to leave)

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X

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He'd love that.

B.J.

Right.

HAWKEYE

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B.J.

Let's do it.

X

B.J.

It's the perfect gift for the man who has nothing. But we have to be pretty convincing.

HAWKEYE

It's easy to fake a fight with a jerk like you.

B.J.

But who'd believe I couldn't take you out in one punch? Maybe you should fight Radar.

HAWKEYE

(laughing)

Frank's gonna have the best birthday of his life.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE SWAMP" - LATER

14

Frank is sitting on the edge of his bed holding a yo yo. He flips it down, but instead of returning it rolls off the end of the string and disappears. After a couple of beats, Hawkeye bursts in followed by B.J.

HAWKEYE

I don't want to hear about it. I gave you your schedule and that's that.

B.J.

Why don't you work this shift with me?

HAWKEYE

'Cause I'm the Chief Surgeon. You don't like it? Join another army.

FRANK

(fascinated)

What's going on, fellas?

B.J.

It's a good thing we're friends. Otherwise you'd have me on duty twenty-four hours.

HAWKEYE

It can be arranged buster.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

Well, it is the perfect gift for
the man who has nothing.

X

B.J.

But we have to be pretty convincing.

X

HAWKEYE

It's easy to fake a fight with a
jerk like you.

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It's a good thing we're friends.
Otherwise you'd have me on duty
twenty-four hours.

HAWKEYE

It can be arranged buster.

FRANK

This isn't a fight, is it?

Hawkeye turns his back. B.J. grabs for his shoulder.

B.J.

Don't you turn your back on me.

Hawkeye throws B.J.'s arm down.

HAWKEYE

How you going to work with your nose in a sling?

Frank slowly gets up and walks between them.

FRANK

(smiling)

Boys, boys, boys, easy does it.

B.J.

(looking past Frank)

I'm not working the shift alone, Pierce.

HAWKEYE

I'll let Frank decide.

FRANK

Leave me out of this, fellas. I like the way you're working it out.

HAWKEYE

I'll see what the Colonel has to say.

Hawkeye EXITS. B.J. goes to his bunk. Frank eagerly sits down next to him.

FRANK

Wow...

(stifling a chuckle)

You guys are really mad at each other.

B.J.

You think you know a person. All of a sudden he pulls rank.

FRANK

Gee, what a shame.

B.J.

Some friend. The guy's a two-faced rat.

FRANK

That's pretty strong.

B.J.
How would you put it?

FRANK
Well...maybe you're right.

B.J.
He's so competitive, so childish --
always has to come out on top. Always
has to have the last word.

FRANK
Yeah, I know.

B.J.
He's really impossible.

FRANK
(beat)
Impossible.
(spots Hawkeye)
Here he comes. Let's pretend we're
talking about him.

Hawkeye. ENTERS.

HAWKEYE
(to B.J.)
You got lucky Hunnicutt. Potter's
asleep.

B.J.
Forget it. I'd rather work the shift
alone than be stuck in here with you.

Hawkeye sits in his chair. B.J. gets up and EXITS.

HAWKEYE
(calling after)
The air's getting better in here
already.

Frank scoots over to Hawkeye.

FRANK
Don't you want to tell Potter? Wake
him up? He won't mind.

HAWKEYE
Don't worry. That lazy crumb'll get his.

FRANK
If you want me, I'll be a witness.

HAWKEYE

I'll bet he called me every name
in the book.

FRANK

Well, let's see...uh, two-faced, rat
fink. Uh ferret face.

HAWKEYE

He called me ferret face?

FRANK

He was so mad he thought you were me.

HAWKEYE

That's his style.

FRANK

Called you a sore loser.

HAWKEYE

Sore loser?

FRANK

He thinks you're too competitive.
You know, hate to lose. Always
have to get in the last word.
Childish.

HAWKEYE

He said that?

FRANK

(excited)
Yeah. Every syllable. But you
didn't hear it from me.

HAWKEYE

(laughing it off)
Boy, is he desperate.

(beat)

That's so dumb, it's ridiculous...
I hate to lose, huh...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

15

Radar typing at his desk.

RADAR

(voice over)

Sixteen hundred hours...the sun in
its crimson radiance bids a crepuscular
adieu to another day.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

16

Klinger is on guard duty. He's wearing a light summer dress,
matching pumps, and a steel pot. His purse hangs from his
rifle.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Corporal Klinger was in his last
grizzly hour of guard duty little
knowing the fate that destiny had
planned up for him.

X

A soldier now comes up to Klinger holding four Chinese
prisoners at gunpoint.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The Chinese were giving up in hordes.
Sergeant Fierman brought in four
prisoners he had just captured after
they had surrendered voluntarily.

The Sergeant starts to talk to Klinger about the prisoners.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

The sergeant bragadeered to Corporal
Klinger that capturing prisoners
meant points toward discharge and
early homeward bounding. This
information inspired Klinger a
whole lot.

Klinger, hearing the news, runs to the nearest jeep and
roars off.

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

This vainglorious corporal ran like
a bird to the nearest jeep and sped off
in quest of Chinese giver-uppers.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 17

Klinger returns alone. He's totally disheveled. His clothes are ripped. Disgusted, he gets out, throws his rifle and helmet away, and storms off. X

RADAR'S VOICE

(o.s.)

But destiny exterminated his luck. X
The Chinese GIs had not seen women
in an overexcited period of time.
Corporal Klinger barely escaped
with his purity still clean --
and in the process ruining his
finest frockery.

POTTER'S VOICE

(o.s.)

Enough, boy! Enough!

CUT TO:

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY 18

Potter yanks the page out of the machine.

POTTER

This whole unit's going to get a
Section Eight.

RADAR

Sorry, sir. It's just that I
really need the practice.

POTTER

Radar, Duty Logs have got to be
military. If headquarters sees
this they'll rip off my epaulets.

RADAR

Won't happen again, Colonel.

POTTER

Thank goodness.

Potter starts for his office.

RADAR

Sir?

Potter stops at the door.

RADAR

What's the Colonel's civilian
opinion of my writing?

POTTER
 (taking a deep breath)
 Son, Ethel Hemingway may say I'm
 wrong, but I don't think too much
 of it.

RADAR
 Why?

POTTER
 'Cause none of that is you. It
 sounds like you swallowed a dictionary.

RADAR
 I'm just doing what the book says.

POTTER
 Throw the book away. I'm no authority,
 but it seems to me the first
 rule if you wanna be a writer is --
 Be yourself.

RADAR
 (scribbling it down)
 Be...yourself.

Potter EXITS. Radar takes out his pamphlet and starts to
 go through it.

RADAR
 That must come later.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

19

Hawkeye is sitting, staring off toward the hills as B.J.
 approaches.

B.J.
 Hawk, I've been looking all over.
 What are you doing here?

HAWKEYE
 Waiting for a ride home.

B.J.
 You should see Frank. He's a
 new man.

HAWKEYE
 Good, I didn't like the old one.

Cont.

B.J.
It's good to hear him laughing
in the morgue again.

Hawkeye just nods.

B.J.
Which one of us do you think will
get the Oscar?

HAWKEYE
Me, I hope. You know how much I
hate to lose.

B.J.
(laughs)
Right.

HAWKEYE
Did you really say that to Frank?

B.J.
(realizing)
Yeah. I was just looking for a
little something to knock you with.

HAWKEYE
It really bugs you when I call you
on foot faults, doesn't it?

B.J.
Are you kidding?

HAWKEYE
Why else would you say 'I hate to
lose.'

X

B.J.
I don't know. It just popped into
my head.

HAWKEYE
You really think I'm too competitive?
That I always have to have the
last word?

B.J.
Well...yeah.

HAWKEYE
You don't know me very well, do you?

B.J.
I know you better than you think.

HAWKEYE

Think so? I'll prove to you
right now that I don't have to get
in the last word...just say something
and walk away.

B.J.

Alright. I think you're a very
competitive person.

HAWKEYE

Fine.

B.J.

You just did it.

HAWKEYE

Did what?

B.J.

Got in the last word.

HAWKEYE

That didn't count.

B.J.

Then don't say anything.

HAWKEYE

Okay.

B.J.

It's hopeless.

HAWKEYE

What's hopeless?

B.J.

Just shut up. Close your mouth.
Don't say another word.

HAWKEYE

Alright.

B.J.

(shushes him)
Nothing...Don't say anything.

HAWKEYE

No problem.

As B.J. walks away.

Cont.

B.J.
It's no use.

HAWKEYE
Wrong.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND A-19 X

Radar catches up with Hot Lips as she walks across
compound. X

RADAR X
Excuse me, Major, can I ask
you a question?

HOT LIPS X
You just did.

RADAR X
No, it's for my writing course.
I have to write about a romantic
interlude and I don't think I've
ever had one.

HOT LIPS
What makes you think I have?

RADAR
Well, everybody knows that, ahh
...ahh...you're engaged.

HOT LIPS
Of course. And Lieutenant Colonel
Donald Penobscott is the most
romantic man I've ever met.

RADAR
Well, have you and him ever
interluded?

HOT LIPS
Many times.
(thinks silently,
then smiles)
I remember one night Donald and
I were sipping wine at a restaurant
in Tokyo. And this man passed by
our table. A big man. He must've
been 250 pounds. And he brushed up
against my leg. Naturally I was
alarmed and I screamed. With no
regard for his personal safety,
Donald immediately jumped up, and
punched the man in the mouth.

RADAR

Terrific!

HOT LIPS

And all Donald got was a bite on
the leg.

Cont.

Klinger, ignoring him, takes a match and gets ready to strike it.

KLINGER

So long, war. Good-bye K.P.
Adios Korea. Sprinkle my ashes
over Toledo.

POTTER

Klinger, put down those matches.
We can work this out.

KLINGER

What's the use, Colonel?

POTTER

Give me a chance. Come to my
office.

KLINGER

(after considering)
Well...okay.
(gets up; to one in
the crowd)
Save my spot.

X

He walks by Potter who gives him an encouraging pat on the shoulder.

POTTER

Good choice, son.

They all move off towards Potter's office; Klinger ahead.
Potter sniffs his hand. He leans over and whispers
something in Radar's ear.

X

KLINGER

(calling back)
Hurry it up, Colonel. I'm a
busy man.

POTTER

Relax, Klinger, where's the fire?
Oh, sorry.

CUT TO:

INT. POTTER'S OFFICE - DAY 21

Klinger and Potter ENTER. Potter sits behind his desk.
Klinger is smug.

KLINGER

I'll take anything you got.
Honorable, General, Medical...
whatever.

POTTER

Son, I appreciate how much you hate
this place, but you've got to
understand. It's not in my power...

KLINGER

Colonel, I understand only one
thing. You're gonna give me a
discharge or poof.

POTTER

Klinger, I want to help, but I can't
send you home.

KLINGER

Did you ever see a Lebanese go up in
flames? It's not pretty.

POTTER

Would you settle for some time
back in Seoul?

KLINGER

Uh-uh. Freedom or fire.

POTTER

(shaking his head)
Anything but a free ride.

KLINGER

You're a tough cookie, Sherm. But
not as tough as me. I hope you can
live with yourself.

He heads for the door.

POTTER

Klinger...please.

KLINGER

(at the door)
Remember me at your next
weenie roast.

X

He EXITS. Potter follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 22

Klinger, followed by Potter, marches back to his gasoline can. Radar is present. X

POTTER
(pleading)
Klinger, what do I tell your wife?

KLINGER
Tell her I'd like to be kept in a blue jar. It's my best color.

He squats down.

POTTER
Son, you'll regret this the rest of your life.

KLINGER
(raises his hand to all)
I shall not return.
(to Potter)
Shall I pour?

Potter shrugs. Klinger pours the remaining contents of the can on himself.

KLINGER
(beat)
Hey, who put gasoline in my gasoline?

He spots someone with a cigar a good distance away.

KLINGER
Stay away from me with that cigar!
Everybody back! Don't anybody light a match!

He runs off for the showers and dashes inside. A second later we hear a scream, then a nurse, with towel, comes X flying out.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE SWAMP" - EVENING 23

Hawkeye, B.J. and Frank. Hawkeye sits in his chair sipping a martini. B.J. is on his bunk writing a letter. There's an obvious tension between them. Frank, though, is in

Cont.

high spirits. He's spit-shining his boots while humming and singing "Happy Days Are Here Again."

HAWKEYE

Having a good time, Frank?

FRANK

Well, I'm the birthday boy.

He laughs then continues humming and shining. Radar ENTERS with his trusty notebook.

RADAR

Good evening, Captains, Major.

FRANK

What are you doing here?

RADAR

I needed somebody smart to help me with my studies.

FRANK

Well, don't look at me.

HAWKEYE

(to Radar)

How's the writing coming, Radar?

X

X

X

RADAR

Colonel Potter said I should just be myself. But, how do I do that?

HAWKEYE

It's simple. Stop using fancy words. Stop looking for amusing anecdotes and find something you really want to write about.

RADAR

Like what?

HAWKEYE

Like Iowa, your animals, your Uncle Ed. Whatever's on your mind...If I were going to write, I'd probably write something about how easily friends can turn on you.

Cont.

high spirits. He's spit-shining his boots while humming and singing "Happy Days Are Here Again."

HAWKEYE

Having a good time, Frank?

FRANK

Well, I'm the birthday boy.

He laughs then continues humming and shining. Radar ENTERS with his trusty notebook.

RADAR

Good evening, Captains, Major.

FRANK

What are you doing here?

RADAR

I needed somebody smart to help me with my studies.

FRANK

Well, don't look at me.

HAWKEYE

(to Radar)

How's the writing coming, Radar?

RADAR

Colonel Potter said I should just be myself. But, I don't know how to do that.

X

HAWKEYE

It's simple. Stop using fancy words. Stop looking for amusing anecdotes and find something you really want to write about.

RADAR

Like what?

HAWKEYE

Like Iowa, your animals, your Uncle Ed. Something you feel strongly about. Like if I were going to write, I'd probably write about how easily friends can turn on you.

Cont.

FRANK
Friends will kill you every
time.

B.J.
That's why all his friends are
enemies.

RADAR
(to Hawkeye)
I don't think I understand.

HAWKEYE
People forget about loyalty. They
forget you shouldn't make up
vicious rumors about somebody when
his back is turned.

FRANK
Yep --

X

B.J.
(to Radar)
If I were going to write -- I'd
write about being too touchy and
suspicious.

HAWKEYE
How about maligning a person's
character.

B.J.
Overreacting. Always trying to
get in the last word.

HAWKEYE
Right!

B.J.
See!

HAWKEYE
No.

FRANK
This is all good stuff, guys.

RADAR
Friendship's a good idea. I think
I'll write about Captains Pierce
and Hunnicutt.

FRANK
It's going to be a pretty short
story, pal.

FRANK
Friends will kill you every time.

RADAR
(to Hawkeye)
I don't think I understand.

HAWKEYE
People forget about loyalty. They
forget you shouldn't make up
vicious rumors about somebody when
his back is turned.

FRANK
Yep --

X

B.J.
(to Radar)
If I were going to write -- I'd
probably write about being too
touchy and suspicious.

HAWKEYE
How about maligning a person's
character.

RADAR
Yeh.

X

B.J.
Overreacting. Always trying to
get in the last word.

HAWKEYE
Right!

B.J.
See!

HAWKEYE
No.

FRANK
This is all good stuff, guys.

RADAR
Hold it. Wait a minute -- I think
I got something I feel strong about.

FRANK
How do you feel about shutting up?

RADAR
I feel rotten. You know -- my chest
is tight --

RADAR

Oh, I don't think so. The way they work together...joke together. The way they stick together.

X

HAWKEYE

Only on very hot days.

RADAR

No, you doctors got something different. A lot of guys in the Army say they're friends, but you really are.

FRANK

Now, you're getting mushy.

RADAR

You kid around a lot, but you're always there when the other guy needs you.

FRANK

Who are you, Scattergood Baines? Get out of here.

RADAR

What did I do?

FRANK

Leave them alone. They were sitting around expressing their true feelings and you come in like a wet blanket and spoil everything.

HAWKEYE

(to B.J.)

He's right, you know.

FRANK

Of course, I'm right. Where were you guys? Oh, yeah!

(points at B.J.)

He was disloyal...

(at Hawkeye)

...and he was competitive.

HAWKEYE

I meant Radar was right.

B.J.

What have we done here?

HAWKEYE

What's the matter?

RADAR

It's you guys fighting. It makes me sick. I always come to 'The Swamp' to feel good -- to laugh a little -- 'cause you captains get along so well.

FRANK

Those days are over. Get out of here.

B.J.

Shut up Frank. Go on, Radar.

X

RADAR

You two are really great. The way you work together -- joke together -- stick together --

HAWKEYE

Only on very hot days.

RADAR

You kid around but you're always there when the other guy needs you.

FRANK

Now you're getting mushy.

RADAR

A lot of guys in the Army say they're friends but these guys really are -- except for now.

X

HAWKEYE

Radar, we're not that mad at each other. Are we?

X

B.J.

Nah. We were just play acting.

X

HAWKEYE

We wanted to give Frank a birthday present.

B.J.

We wanted to make him happy.

X

HAWKEYE

We fought to entertain you, Frank.

FRANK

And it was wonderful! I loved it!

HAWKEYE

We wanted to give Frank a birthday present. We wanted to make him happy.

B.J.

And we handed him our heads on a platter.

FRANK

Hey, guys, this is getting dull.

HAWKEYE

We fought to entertain you, Frank.

FRANK

And it was wonderful! I loved it!

B.J.

The party's over, Frank. Happy Birthday.

FRANK

(to Radar)

It was all your fault, you little creep. Little buttinski. They were doing fine till you stuck your nose in here.

RADAR

I'm only trying to improve myself.

FRANK

Improving yourself is a waste of time.

B.J.

Frank ought to know. He gave up years ago.

FRANK

(sad)

Oh jeez, it was going so good.

(to Radar)

A perfectly good birthday shot to hell.

He EXITS.

HAWKEYE

(to B.J.)

C'mon, I'll buy you a drink.

B.J.
The party's over, Frank. Happy
Birthday.

FRANK
(to Radar)
It's all your fault, you little
creep. Little buttinski. They
were doing fine till you stuck
your nose in here.

X

RADAR
I'm only trying to improve myself.

FRANK
Improving yourself is a waste of
time.

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Frank ought to know. He gave up
years ago.

FRANK
(sad)
Oh, jeez, it was going so well.
(to Radar)
A perfectly good birthday shot
to hell.

He EXITS.

HAWKEYE
(to B.J.)
C'mon, I'll buy you a drink.

Cont.

HAWKEYE
(toasting Radar)
Here's to you, Radar.

B.J.
You're one of a kind.

RADAR
So are you two.

HAWKEYE
(to B.J.)
Still love me for all my faults?

B.J.
(waving him off)
What faults? You're perfect.

HAWKEYE
Just for that, I'm gonna let you
get in the last word.

B.J.
Thank you.

HAWKEYE
You're welcome.

B.J. looks at him.

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Radar is typing.

CUT TO:

24

RADAR
(voice over)
Dear Mom...I gave up the writing
course on account of I found out
I can write better as myself
than Hemingway, O'Neill or any
of those other bums, and it doesn't
cost me anything. Give my love
to everybody, especially my nephews
and tell Uncle Ed to stay outta
my room. Simplistically yours,
Walter.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

B.J.
(toasting Radar)
Here's to you, Radar.

X

HAWKEYE
You're one of a kind.

X

RADAR
So are you two.

HAWKEYE
(to B.J.)
Still love me for all my faults?

B.J.
(waving him off)
What faults? You're perfect.

HAWKEYE
Just for that, I'm gonna let you
get in the last word.

B.J.
Thank you.

HAWKEYE
You're welcome.

B.J. looks at him.

CUT TO:

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

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cost me anything. Give my love
to everybody, especially my nephews
and tell Uncle Ed to stay outta
my room. Simplistically yours,
Walter.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY

25

Hawkeye and B.J. are again battling the wadded paper back and forth across a badminton net. Radar ENTERS carrying a small stand covered with a black cloth and also carrying a green bag. The doctors greet Radar.

RADAR

Doctors, sirs, would you like to see a little magic show?

HAWKEYE

Ah, a little prestidigitation.

RADAR

No, just magic. I sent away for it. I got a kit and an instruction book.

B.J.

Throw a cloth over Frank and make him disappear.

FRANK

Magic is just a lot of hocus pocus.

HAWKEYE

Go ahead, Radar. Amaze us.

RADAR

Well, I'll try. Everybody sit down.

They oblige.

FRANK

This is stupid.

HAWKEYE

(M.C.)

From Ottomwa, Iowa, deep in the mysterious midwest, the world's only magician-clerk-typist, the amazing Radaro.

RADAR

(checking his book)

Thank you, thank you. The hand is quicker than the eye.

He pulls a small bouquet from inside his jacket.

HAWKEYE

A rabbit.

TAG

FADE IN

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY

25

Hawkeye and B.J. are again battling the wadded paper back and forth across a badminton net. Radar ENTERS carrying a small stand covered with a black cloth and also carrying a green bag. The doctors greet Radar.

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RADAR

(checking his book)

Thank you, thank you. The hand is quicker than the eye.

He pulls a small bouquet from inside his jacket.

HAWKEYE

A rabbit

RADAR

No, flowers.

HAWKEYE

You could have fooled me.

Cont.

RADAR
No, flowers.

HAWKEYE
You could have fooled me.

FRANK
There's a trick to that.

RADAR
Would a gentleman or a lady in
the audience lend me a watch.

HAWKEYE
Here, use Frank's.

He gets Frank's watch and gives it to Radar. Radar wraps
the watch in a handkerchief.

RADAR
Now I will destroy this watch.

FRANK
Aw, I've seen this.

Radar pounds the watch with a hammer.

FRANK
This is nothing. The watch is
in his pocket. He slipped it in
there when we weren't looking.

RADAR
Da da!

He opens the handkerchief and stares at the smashed works.

RADAR
I think I made a mistake.

They all look.

FRANK
You little creep. You wrecked it.
I got that from one of my whiplash
patients.

B.J.
Smashing trick, Radar.

FRANK
That watch was worth fourteen bucks.

Cont.

FRANK

There's a trick to that.

RADAR

Would a gentleman or a lady
in the audience lend me a
watch.

HAWKEYE

Here, use Frank's.

He gets Frank's watch and gives it to Radar. Radar wraps
the watch in a handkerchief.

RADAR

Cloth, hammer. Now I will destroy
this watch.

X

FRANK

Aw, I've seen this.

Frank pounds the watch with a hammer.

X

FRANK

This is nothing. The watch is
in his pocket. He slipped it in
there when we weren't looking.

RADAR

Da da!

He opens the handkerchief and stares at the smashed works.

RADAR

Sir, I think I made a little
mistake.

X

They all look.

FRANK

You little creep. You wrecked it.
I got that from one of my whiplash
patients.

B.J.

Smashing trick, Radar.

FRANK

That watch was worth fourteen bucks.

RADAR

I'm just a beginner.

X

Cont.

HAWKEYE

Time for your next trick, Radar.
Vanish into thin air.

RADAR

Good idea.

He packs to go as Frank tries to get to him with the boys
protecting Radar.

FADE OUT

THE END

HAWKEYE

Time for your next trick, Radar.
Vanish into thin air.

RADAR

It was just a rehearsal.

X

He packs to go as Frank tries to get to him with the boys
protecting Radar.

FADE OUT

THE END