

M*A*S*H

"HEPATITIS"

by

Alan Alda

FINAL
December 3, 1976

CAST LIST

HAWKEYE

B.J.

POTTER

HOT LIPS

FRANK

RADAR

KLINGER

MULCAHY

ANESTHETIST

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

"THE SWAMP" —

MESS TENT —

PRE-OP —

SCRUB ROOM —

MULCAHY'S TENT

KITCHEN —

O.R. —

RADAR'S OFFICE —

OFFICERS' CLUB —

POTTER'S OFFICE —

EXTERIORS:

CHOPPER PAD

"HEPATITIS"

ACT ONE

Amal of Surgery

FADE IN

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY

1

HAWKEYE is trying to sleep. B.J. is doing his morning exercises. There's a noisy sucking in of breath and grunting.

HAWKEYE

Will you stop making that noise.
I just dreamt I was sexually
molested by a water buffalo.

B.J.

Can't...stop...twenty more to
go.

HAWKEYE

Did I ever tell you you look
cute with your shirt off?

B.J.

No.

HAWKEYE

I think I know why.

B.J.

You made me lose count. Now I
have to start all over again.

HAWKEYE

(groaning)
Sleep. I want to sleep.

B.J.

Can you hold it down? You're
very distracting.

RADAR ENTERS.

RADAR

G'morning, sirs. Mail call.

HAWKEYE

Keep away from him. He'll start
all over again.

RADAR

(to B.J.)
Something in a plain brown
envelope. They ought to disguise
those things more.

*effort
Rally*

☆☆☆☆
☆☆☆☆

B.J.

It's a surgical journal, Radar.

RADAR

I seen one of those once. I'd rather lookit the outsides of people.

(to Hawkeye)

Newspaper from home, Hawk.

HAWKEYE

Get away from me with that thing.

RADAR

The Crab Apple Cove Courier. You love it.

HAWKEYE

I used to love it. Same stupid news week after week. Where's this month's Journal from the Institute for Applied Nudism?

RADAR

You want to look at Major Burns' issue of Popular Mechanics? Sometimes their ads go pretty far.

HAWKEYE

Radar, a picture of a three-way toilet valve is not going pretty far.

RADAR

I just deliver 'em, I don't make 'em up.

He leaves.

B.J.

(reading from his medical journal)

Look at this. How to provide a gastric reservoir in a total resection of the stomach.

amount of surgery

HAWKEYE

If you can't read without moving your lips, at least turn the sound off.

B.J.

Is something eating you?

Cont.

HAWKEYE
My back is eating me.

B.J.
Still?

HAWKEYE
I have a hungry back.

B.J.
You want a massage?

HAWKEYE
Not unless you put your shirt on.

B.J.
How about if I X-ray your back
later?

HAWKEYE
I did already. There's nothing
there.

*coffee put
on it*

B.J.
Nothing? No spine, nothing?

HAWKEYE
The pain goes straight through
to my lung. I thought maybe I
had a spot.

B.J.
Or a Fido.

HAWKEYE
You're really cute. If I die
from this, will you read the joke
at my grave?

B.J.
I'd really dig that.

HAWKEYE
(in desperation)
Crimeny. I'd rather read the
stupid newspaper.

He picks up the Crab Apple Cove Courier.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

(mutters to himself)

I can tell you right now what's in it. Another article about incredibly average Vernon Parsons.

B.J.

Who's that?

HAWKEYE

A dunce I went to school with. Every week he's in the paper. He's promoted to this, he's put in charge of that.

B.J.

So what's wrong with that?

HAWKEYE

He's incredibly average. The only reason he gets all this stuff is that he has no competition. He's back there resting on his fallen arches and I'm over here dancing with rats.

B.J.

You'll live. Listen to this.

(reading)

...'transposition of the ileum and ascending colon.'

HAWKEYE

(to himself)

What an idiot that guy was.

B.J.

(looking at his journal)

This is by the same guy who advocated total gastrectomy in '49.

HAWKEYE

Parsons must have a press agent. I can't pick up my hometown newspaper without reading his name. (suddenly stops and swats the bed with the paper)

Dammit. There he is again.

Cont.

HAWKEYE (Cont.)

(reading from the
paper)

'Dr. Vernon Parsons has been awarded a \$100,000 grant at Boston hospital for a two-year study of infectious disease in mice.' They oughta give him the disease and split the dough with the mice.

(flings the paper
across the room)

Don't they understand how incredibly average this man is?

(rising from the
bed)

I'm going to breakfast.

*Thrown
out paper*

Hawkeye starts to get off the cot and immediately doubles over.

HAWKEYE

Arrghhh.

B.J.

Worse, huh?

HAWKEYE

Do you see a knife handle coming out of there?

B.J.

Yeah, why? Look, I don't like to give advice.

HAWKEYE

Good. 'Cause I'd hate to hear any right now.

B.J.

You never exercise.

HAWKEYE

I wrestle periodically with the nurses.

B.J.

If you'd just do something a little physical, you'd feel a lot better.

Hawkeye throws a coffeepot at B.J.

HAWKEYE

You were right. I feel a lot better.

POTTER is sitting with FATHER MULCAHY and Radar.

POTTER
Father, you a bit under the
weather today?

MULCAHY
Yes, I have been dragging a bit.

POTTER
Not eating, I see.

MULCAHY
Food seems to have lost its allure.

RADAR
Can I eat your sausages, Father?

MULCAHY
By all means, Radar.

RADAR
They're really good today. Extra
grease.

POTTER
If you'll pardon the indelicacy,
Father, and with all due respect
to your collar, why don't you
stop by the dispensary and get a
good flushing out.

MULCAHY
(considering it)
Mmm.

Hawkeye and B.J. ENTER, with trays.

HAWKEYE
Got here too late for the hard
boiled eggs. All they have is
scrambled socks.

POTTER
You should have been in the Army
before they taught chickens to
lay powdered eggs. In World War I
I ate turnips for breakfast every
day for a week. My tongue smelled
like Arthur Murray's foot bath.

B.J.
You feeling all right, Father?

*Breakfast
Eggs -*

MULCAHY

Why do you ask?

B.J.

You keep yanking at your fingers.
Are they too close to your hands?

MULCAHY

I seem to be a little arthritic
this morning.

POTTER

He's off his feed, too.

RADAR

Are you going to finish your
coffee, Father?

MULCAHY

No, go ahead, Radar.

HAWKEYE

Father, lean over and let me see
your eyes.

He does.

HAWKEYE

I can't see from here. What do
you think, Colonel? How's his
sclera?

Potter looks.

POTTER

Could be slightly icteric.
Let's see underneath your
tongue, Father.

Mulcahy obliges.

HAWKEYE

That I can see from here. His
tongue's as yellow as the streak
down my back. Don't touch that
coffee, Radar.

RADAR

Why not?

B.J.

Because the Swiss Family Hepatitis
is swimming around in there.

RADAR

Oh gee, oh ick. I ate his sausages.

MULCAHY

I didn't touch them, Radar.

RADAR

Yeah, but gee, I mean, they were yours. No offense, Father, but I mean, oh, ick.

POTTER

Let's nip this in the bud. I don't want to live through another outbreak of camp jaundice. B.J., give Father Mulcahy a blood test. Find out if he's got infectious or serum hepatitis. Hawkeye, examine the staff and give them a shot of gamma globulin. Radar, check the latrine area. See if the water supply is being polluted. I'll talk with the cook. Let's get busy.

Everyone goes. Radar returns and tries to dispose of the contaminated coffee. He doesn't know where to pour it. And then he panics at even holding it. He tosses it out the door and ditches the cup as if it were a live grenade.

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY

3

FRANK is reading Hawkeye's Crab Apple Cove Courier. Hawkeye ENTERS. Frank hastily puts down the paper.

FRANK

It was just laying out there in the open. I wasn't going through your private papers.

HAWKEYE

Relax, Frank, I just want to see your body.

FRANK

Oh, don't be such a Rude Rodney.

Hawkeye readies his hypodermic.

HAWKEYE

Come on, drop your pants and show me your best side.

FRANK

What do you think you're going to do with that?

HAWKEYE

Gamma globulin. But, I won't shoot 'til I see the whites of your eyes.

FRANK

Sure, you'd love that, wouldn't you? Stabbing me in the back.

HAWKEYE

Frank, there's hepatitis going around.

FRANK

Hepatitis?

HAWKEYE

Let's see your eyes.

FRANK

(showing his eyes)
They're not yellow, are they?
How's my liver? Is it tender?

HAWKEYE

How should I know? It's your liver.

FRANK

Feel it.

HAWKEYE

How does that feel?

Frank giggles.

FRANK

That tickles.

HAWKEYE

Control yourself, Frank.

FRANK

Something's wrong with me.

HAWKEYE

Since when? Since Margaret got engaged?

FRANK

Since I've been getting shortness of breath and heart palpitations. Feel my chest.

HAWKEYE

Not tonight, I have a headache,
Frank.

FRANK

I've got a lump here! Right under
the sternum. Come here. Put your
finger here. That's not supposed
to be there, is it? It feels like
a marble. Not an aggie, more like
an immy.

HAWKEYE

Frank, I haven't got time to feel
your chest for marbles. Let me
give you a shot in the behind and
get out of here.

FRANK

Look, as long as you're here,
check my arms. I think my arms
are getting longer.

HAWKEYE

Take two bananas and call me in
the morning.

FRANK

Feel under my armpit.

HAWKEYE

Not for five bucks.

FRANK

I've got swollen nodes. Every
day they get bigger and bigger.

HAWKEYE

I saw that in a movie once. This
guy's nodes got so big they
eventually took over Minneapolis.

FRANK

And you call yourself a doctor.

HAWKEYE

Frank, will you for cripe's sake
drop your drivelling, your
hypocondria and your pants in
that order.

Frank turns around and lowers his pants. (The censorable
part of Frank's body will be OUT OF FRAME, as all other
behinds will be throughout the script.)

FRANK

You're not such hot stuff. I just read about someone from your hometown with a \$100,000 grant from Boston Hospital -- for playing with mice.

HAWKEYE

Don't taunt me, Frank. I'm holding a sharp object.

FRANK

A hundred thousand smackers! That's probably more than a thousand a mouse.

Hawkeye jabs Frank.

FRANK

Ahh, ooh, it hurts, it hurts. Take it out, it hurts.

HAWKEYE

I already took it out, Frank.

FRANK

It feels like you left a rock in there.

HAWKEYE

Maybe one slipped down from your head.

FRANK

You broke the needle off in me, didn't you?

HAWKEYE

Frank, these few lovely minutes with you have contributed more to the pain in my back than my Army cot, and that's going some.

FRANK

If you care anything about human life, you'll feel my lumps before you go.

HAWKEYE

Leave them under my pillow. I'll give them a squeeze before I go to sleep.

Hawkeye leaves, doubled over in pain a little more than he was when he came in.

INT. HOT LIPS' TENT - DAY

HOT LIPS is brushing her hair. There's a knock at the door.

HOT LIPS
Who's there?

HAWKEYE'S VOICE
(o.s.)
I have to have a look at your
body, Margaret.

HOT LIPS
Get lost, Pierce.

Hawkeye ENTERS.

HAWKEYE
I am lost. I'm supposed to be
in Maine right now.

HOT LIPS
Who told you to come in?

HAWKEYE
I have to give you a physical.

HOT LIPS
Don't you wish.

HAWKEYE
Lie down on the bed so I can feel
your liver.

HOT LIPS
That'll be the day.

HAWKEYE
Margaret, we may be facing a
hepatitis epidemic. I have to
examine you. And you're gonna
get a shot, too.

HOT LIPS
So are you, kiddo.

HAWKEYE
Let's start small. Show me your
eyes. In the daylight, this bulb's
too yellow.

HOT LIPS
You're serious, aren't you?

Cont.

HAWKEYE
(taking her to the
door for daylight)
Believe me, I wouldn't be poking
people's livers if I didn't have
to. Show me the bottom of your
tongue.

HOT LIPS
I'm sorry, that's out.

HAWKEYE
What?

HOT LIPS
I don't show strangers my tongue.
Especially underneath.

HAWKEYE
How about if I show you mine first?

HOT LIPS
Oh, just get on with it.

She shows her tongue.

HAWKEYE
Cute. Okay. I need some blood.
Let's have a finger.

HOT LIPS
Here, hurry up.

Hawkeye pricks her finger.

HAWKEYE
Hey, good for you, you didn't
even wince. Better'n' my last
patient.

HOT LIPS
Who was that?

HAWKEYE
Frank.

HOT LIPS
(disdainfully)
Huh.

HAWKEYE
He's afraid his body's being
attacked.

HOT LIPS

He has very little to worry about.

HAWKEYE

(as he labels the vial
of blood)

What do you hear from your fiance,
Lt. Col. Donald Penobscott of
West Point?

HOT LIPS

Fine. He's doing very...well.

HAWKEYE

Hm, that sounds extremely...
satisfactory.

HOT LIPS

Can I confide in you?

HAWKEYE

Of course.

HOT LIPS

I realize we haven't always been
on the best of terms, but I respect
your judgment. And your discretion.

HAWKEYE

Thank you. Feel free. You can
tell me anything, no matter how
delicate, no matter how sensitive.
You're pregnant, right?

HOT LIPS

If you can't be serious, just
forget the whole thing.

HAWKEYE

What is it, Margaret?

HOT LIPS

I'm getting some very strange
letters from Donald's mother.

HAWKEYE

Like what?

HOT LIPS

She's welcoming me into the family.

HAWKEYE

Well, listen, you're not all
that bad.

HOT LIPS

She's welcoming me, but in a very left-handed way.

(picks up a letter)

'Dear Margaret, what a pleasure it will be to include a Houlihan in our clan. I've only known three Houlihans before and they were all charming. One was an iceman we had several years ago, another was a chauffeur whom we liked very much although we had to let him go because he drank, and the third was a charming young girl who worked for us as a maid. We still send her Christmas cards every year at the State Hospital.'

HAWKEYE

If this woman tries to start a fan club for you, turn her down.

HOT LIPS

She has me sick. How do I know what she's telling Donald?

HAWKEYE

What difference does it make? He loves you, he's not in love with the iceman.

HOT LIPS

My father was a full Colonel. It means nothing to them. His father was a General.

HAWKEYE

Margaret, he loves you, right? You. You don't need a badge. You just have to be you.

HOT LIPS

Of course. You know, when my father retired he became president of the gas company in Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania.

HAWKEYE

Margaret, that doesn't mean a thing.

HOT LIPS

You're telling me. His father's the president of a steel company.

Cont.

Hawkeye has been filling the syringe with gamma globulin. Hot Lips has been rolling up her sleeve. She offers her bare arm to Hawkeye. He waits.

HOT LIPS

What are you waiting for?

Hawkeye shakes his head and points to her rear.

HOT LIPS

Forget it fella.

HAWKEYE

Margaret, believe me, this is not merely a dream come true. It's how you inject a person with gamma globulin.

HOT LIPS

Not this person.

HAWKEYE

Margaret, you're a nurse. You know as well as I do it goes in the caboose.

HOT LIPS

(turning in a businesslike manner)

All right, let's get it over with.

HAWKEYE

My sentiments exactly. Let us not dawdle over a moment like this. Let us treat this as a professional encounter of the most...Oh, Margaret, may I pause on this occasion to express a few thoughts?

HOT LIPS

If you say one word...

HAWKEYE

Oh, I wouldn't. If I did though, the word would be magnificent. Would that be bad?

HOT LIPS

Has it occurred to you that you have no right to come in here under the pretext of giving me an injection and then stand there ogling me as though I were a sideshow attraction?

Cont.

HAWKEYE

Yes, it has. I'm riddled with guilt, too. Really, look at my hands. I really sweat when I'm guilty.

HOT LIPS

I don't want to look at your hands or any other part of you. Just give me the injection and get it over with.

HAWKEYE

I already did.

HOT LIPS

What?

HAWKEYE

(showing her the empty syringe)

See? I got you so flustered you didn't feel a thing.

HOT LIPS

Listen, buster, I can take it. I don't need you to make it easy for me.

HAWKEYE

Boy, I show you a little thoughtfulness and you hit the roof. What do you want from me?

HOT LIPS

(very direct)

Respect, simple respect. I expect nothing more and I won't accept anything less.

HAWKEYE

(a beat, then seriously)

Hey, you know, that's pretty good. I mean you got me with that.

HOT LIPS

Good.

HAWKEYE

You really did. Can I say something -- as a friend?

Cont.

HOT LIPS

What?

HAWKEYE

I bet that would work on Donald's mother too.

HOT LIPS

What do you mean?

HAWKEYE

Maybe not those exact words, but that attitude. Just...respect.

HOT LIPS

(after a moment)

Maybe I'll try.

HAWKEYE

You know in some ways you really are magnificent, and not just on the outside.

HOT LIPS

Thank you.

HAWKEYE

(holding up the syringe)

You wanna give me a shot?

Hot Lips smiles.

HOT LIPS

Buzz off.

EXT. CHOPPER PAD (STOCK)

5

Helicopter arriving at M*A*S*H.

P.A. VOICE

Incoming, incoming. Welcoming Committee to the helipad. There will be a slight lull in our lull.

INT. PRE-OP - DAY

6

~~Potter and B.J. are looking at a patient.~~

POTTER

I'll take this one. I don't know what we're going to do with this boy over here though.

Cont.

They move over to the next litter. B.J. lifts the man's dressing.

B.J.

Oh, God.

POTTER

I sent for Hawkeye. I think we need another opinion.

B.J.

How did it happen?

POTTER

He's a tank driver. When a shell gets inside one of those tubs it just ricochets around and chews up everything in its path.

B.J.

Where do you start?

Hawkeye ENTERS, stooped over from his back pain.

HAWKEYE

I'm here.

POTTER

What the hell's the matter with you. You're all bent over.

HAWKEYE

Who told you?

POTTER

You're turning into a question mark.

HAWKEYE

And the question is how I got this way. What do we have here?

POTTER

(lifting the sheet)

Among other things, he has no stomach to speak of. I know they could deal with this down in Seoul.

HAWKEYE

But the trip might kill him.

Cont.

POTTER

And if one of us tried it up here,
we might kill him.

HAWKEYE

(to Potter)

What do you think we should do?

POTTER

You're the Chief Surgeon, you tell
me.

HAWKEYE

He'll need a gastrectomy. I think
B.J. should do it.

B.J.

I've never done anything like that.

HAWKEYE

You read about it this morning.
Work from the book.

B.J.

Suppose I make a mistake?

HAWKEYE

Suppose you send him to Seoul on
the buckboard express? He'll be
off your conscience, but he's not
going to be any more alive.

B.J.

Look, this is kind of a tough
decision.

HAWKEYE

Fine, take your time. What're you
going to do?

B.J.

All right, I'll do it.

(looks at his
hands)

Look at this. I'm sweating already.

HAWKEYE

Go scrub.

(to an orderly)

Prep him.

Cont.

Hawkeye starts to go.

POTTER

Pierce, see me in my office later,
about your back.

HAWKEYE

Why, is something wrong with my
back?

He goes, doubled up.

INT. SCRUB ROOM - DAY

7

B.J. is scrubbing up. Someone is holding the medical journal.
He studies as he scrubs. Hawkeye comes in, stands next to
him and starts looking in his eyes.

B.J.

What in the hell are you doing?

HAWKEYE

I want to see if you have hepatitis
before you stick your hands in that
guy.

B.J.

I already gave myself a blood test.
Leave me alone, will ya?

HAWKEYE

Do you mind if I give you a shot
while you're scrubbing up?

B.J.

Will you get outta here? I'm
trying to read.

HAWKEYE

Look, I gotta jab fifteen people
before I go to sleep tonight or
our entire staff'll be flat on
its liver.

B.J.

See me after the operation.

HAWKEYE

I'll be waiting at the stage door
with a flower in my buttonhole.

Cont.

B.J.
In 'The Swamp.' Ten o'clock.

HAWKEYE
Good luck, Beej.

Hawkeye goes. B.J. goes back to the book.

B.J.
Let's see. The terminal ilium
is divided five inches proximal
to the iliocecal valve and the
colon transected at the hepatic
flexure.

(to nurse)
Let's jump to the end and see how
this operation turns out.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. MULCAHY'S TENT - DAY

8

Father Mulcahy is in bed. Hawkeye ENTERS with a pitcher of juice.

HAWKEYE

How you feeling, Father?

MULCAHY

Fine, actually. Well, weak, really.

HAWKEYE

I brought you a little juice.

MULCAHY

Ah, thank you.

HAWKEYE

Your blood test showed hepatitis A. Infectious hepatitis. We'll have to keep you isolated for a week or so.

MULCAHY

You mean I can't see people? How will I hear confessions tomorrow night?

HAWKEYE

Maybe they could write down their sins on pieces of paper and slip them under the door.

MULCAHY

(considering it)
Possibly.

HAWKEYE

And then we could auction off the pieces of paper and make a fortune for the orphanage.

MULCAHY

How am I going to administer the Sacraments? How can I give Holy Communion? I can't place the Eucharist on their tongues. I'd infect them all.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

You'll have to take a rain check for a while, Father.

MULCAHY

This is very frustrating. What if someone needs last rites in O.R.?

HAWKEYE

Could you show me what to do? Maybe I could fill in for you.

MULCAHY

Well...you'd have to brush up on your Latin.

HAWKEYE

You know you'll have to pamper your liver. You won't be able to take any alcohol for quite a while.

MULCAHY

That shouldn't be a problem.

HAWKEYE

No alcohol of any kind. Maybe for two or three months.

MULCAHY

(suddenly realizing)
None? You mean not even wine?

HAWKEYE

Not a drop.

MULCAHY

(crestfallen)
How will I celebrate Mass?

HAWKEYE

I'm sorry, Father. Look, how about if I get your head chaplain on the radio? This must have happened to priests before. Maybe there's some way around it.

MULCAHY

People are depending on me. I really don't feel all that bad, you know.

HAWKEYE

You want to kill yourself?

Cont.

MULCAHY

Well, let's rig something up so
I can hear confessions through a
flap in the tent.

HAWKEYE

Father, come on. You've got to rest.

MULCAHY

(getting upset with
him)

No, no, no. Look here. You don't
understand. Their souls are in my
charge.

HAWKEYE

Father, relax, lie down.

MULCAHY

I'm hearing confessions. Do you
understand me?

HAWKEYE

Father, you're sick.

MULCAHY

So are you. Look at your back.
But that's not stopping you from
doing your work.

HAWKEYE

Okay, I'll work out a light confession
schedule for you. Maybe people can
cut down on their sinning and give
you a break.

MULCAHY

I'm hearing confessions and that's
it.

HAWKEYE

Okay. Now rest a little.

MULCAHY

(settling back on
his pillow)

Nobody's pushing me around.

Hawkeye smiles and EXITS.

INT. THE KITCHEN - DAY

9

KLINGER is at work, angrily mashing potatoes. Hawkeye
ENTERS.

HAWKEYE

Good afternoon, Klinger. I'm checking for hepatitis. Drop your pants and show me your eyes.

KLINGER

Forget it, sir. The last time I dropped my pants they put me in the Army. The next time I drop 'em it's to stick 'em out the porthole and wave good-bye.

HAWKEYE

(checking him)
How're your eyes?

KLINGER

(pulling away)
They're bloodshot from pounding potatoes.

HAWKEYE

Come on, Klinger, I'd like to go home and slip into some comfortable traction.

KLINGER

Here.
(shows him his eyes)
They look like potato eyes, right?
You are what you mash.

HAWKEYE

Show me your tongue.

KLINGER

Gladly.

He sticks out his tongue, petulantly.

HAWKEYE

Let me see the underside.

KLINGER

Wait, I'll stand on my head.

HAWKEYE

What are you so cranky about?

Cont.

KLINGER

Because I drew KP thirty straight days. For punching out Zale. I should get a medal for that. We're supposed to fight the enemy, aren't we?

HAWKEYE

You're fighting with Sergeant Zale again? What about?

Hawkeye readies his syringe as he talks.

KLINGER

Ah, it's stupid. He insulted the Toledo Mudhens.

HAWKEYE

I take it that's a baseball team and not yesterday's lunch.

KLINGER

My trouble is I got a short fuse. If somebody gives me a bad time I got basically two kinds of answers. A left and a right. My wife, Laverne, keeps writing me these little reminders... 'When you get angry, count to ten and say a prayer to St. Anthony.' It's great. I go 1,2,3 -- Pow! Once I got to 8. I never made it to St. Anthony. I'm too hot-blooded.

HAWKEYE

Let me draw a little of that hot blood out of your finger.

KLINGER

I really gotta work on it.

HAWKEYE

Right.

KLINGER

I can't stand myself when I lose my temper.

HAWKEYE

Will you hold still?

Cont.

KLINGER

So he insults the Mudhens. What does he know? I should get excited over an ignorant remark from a dumb, stupid, simple idiot like him?

HAWKEYE

Klinger, please. Talk with your other hand.

KLINGER

That dumb stupid jerk!

He pounds the mashed potatoes with his fist.

HAWKEYE

You want me to stab myself? Hold still!

KLINGER

And he's always making cracks about my lingerie. He just doesn't have the guts. I'd like to see him in a panty girdle.

HAWKEYE

Can I have your finger? The pain in my back is beginning to grow roots.

KLINGER

I'm sorry. I gotta calm down. Here.

(extends his finger)

I don't care what he says about me. But he mentions the Mudhens again he's getting it right in the puss.

Klinger flings the pot across the room, narrowly missing Hawkeye's head.

HAWKEYE

Will you watch it?

KLINGER

I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?

HAWKEYE

Fortunately I'm in a permanent duck. Look, in a physical examination I'm supposed to get physical, not you.

Cont.

Klinger extends his finger.

KLINGER

Here. Take it. If you find out
I got hepatitis, I'm gonna kiss
Zale right on the mouth.

INT. O.R. - DAY

10

Potter is working on a patient. B.J. is working on his
patient with a nurse holding The Annals of Surgery for him
to read from.

B.J.

The ileocolic segment is turned
upward and the end of the ileum
anastomosed to the end of the
esophagus...blues.

POTTER

Everything under control?

B.J.

You know what this reminds me of?
Those toys I got as a kid that I
had to put together according to
the instructions. 'Fold flap A
into Slot B.' I could never tell
my flap from my slot.

POTTER

If you can't find that kid's
Flap A, don't guess.

B.J.

I'm all right.

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Radar is sitting on his bunk. Hawkeye is labeling a
vial of his blood.

RADAR

That blood test tell you everything
you need to know, Hawk?

HAWKEYE

I don't think you've got hepatitis,
Radar.

Cont.

RADAR

It's amazing how much you can tell from just a few drops of blood, isn't it?

HAWKEYE

Yep.

Hawkeye prepares a syringe.

RADAR

I mean, you can tell everything from a guy's blood, can't ya?

HAWKEYE

Everything that's fit to print.

RADAR

That's really sort of fascinating, isn't it.

HAWKEYE

I'm all atingle myself. What are you worried about, Radar?

RADAR

Nothing, it's just that I wondered if it would show up if a guy had any special kind of problems. I mean your blood goes through your whole body and it probably just picks up messages as it goes through. You know, like cold fingers...

HAWKEYE

And cold feet?

RADAR

Well, I'll tell ya, sometimes I go out with the guys, you know, like to Rosie's Bar and sometimes maybe we go down to Seoul and we sit around, like in a bar, and we have this really good time. You know like laughing and singing and telling what we're gonna do after we get back from the war. And then a couple of the guys start joking around with a few of the business girls and then all of a sudden I feel different...

Cont.

HAWKEYE

How did you feel?

RADAR

I got sleepy.

HAWKEYE

And you're afraid something's wrong with you.

RADAR

No. Uh. Is there?

HAWKEYE

Yeah. You're suffering from a severe case of decency.

RADAR

I really wish I could have a good time like they do, ya know? Like just bust out and drink and tell lies to strange girls and come back to camp the next morning with no sleep and throw up all day.

Hawkeye smiles.

RADAR

I really wish I could. Just even once.

HAWKEYE

Look, everybody's different, Radar. You're here with a bunch of guys you'll probably never see again. You don't have to try to be like them. In fact, they'll probably never be like this again themselves. Most people act crazy when they're out of town. But you're different. You always take a little bit of Iowa with you wherever you go. That's nice. Don't try to change that. Someday you'll meet somebody you'd like to introduce to your mom. And instead of taking advantage of her, you'll offer her a gift that you've been working on for a long time... yourself...and believe me, you won't be sleepy.

Cont.

Radar puts a finger to his eye and blots a tear.

HAWKEYE

You know what I mean?

RADAR

Yeah. Thanks.

HAWKEYE

I hate to say this at this point,
but would you please drop your
pants?

Hawkeye nods toward his syringe.

INT. O.R. - NIGHT

12

B.J. is operating. Potter is exhausted, sitting on a stool,
leaning with his back against a wall, reading from the
journal. An ANESTHETIST assists B.J.

POTTER

Now in this operation they came
up with an illeocolic segment
that was gangrenous.

B.J.

Well, this guy doesn't even have
that end of his ileum, so we can
forget about that.

POTTER

Did you do this end-to-side
esophagojejunosomy, or did the
shell fragment do it for you?

B.J.

I did some and the North Koreans
did the rest.

POTTER

My God, don't they know this poor
guy's got a few payments left on
his house?

B.J.

I guess his neighbors down at
the draft board didn't mention
that in his letter of reference.

Cont.

POTTER

Looks to me like you ought to
be just about done.

B.J.

A few more stitches and I can
start closing.

(to Anesthetist)

How's he doing?

ANESTHETIST

Stable, Doctor.

POTTER

I think he's gonna make it.

B.J.

Suture scissor.

He snips the suture.

B.J.

(relieved and
beginning to glow)

There. I just knitted a soldier.

INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - NIGHT

13

Hawkeye, looking even worse in the back department,
shuffles in and heads for a table.

HAWKEYE

I thought I was supposed to give
you a physical at ten o'clock in
'The Swamp.' What the hell are
you doing in here?

B.J. is plastered. He stands up and throws his arms
around Hawkeye.

B.J.

Hawkeye. Hawkeye, Hawkeye,
Hawkeye, Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE

Well, that answers my question.

B.J. starts laughing uncontrollably.

B.J.

I did it...I did it...I did it...

Cont.

HAWKEYE

Sit down and shut up shut up
shut up.

B.J.

I anastomosed his colon to his
duodenum and he didn't practically
have any. I did it. I saved him.
He's alive. Hee hee hee.

HAWKEYE

Louis Pasteur couldn't have put
it better.

B.J.

I'm a life giver.

HAWKEYE

Congratulations. Really. I mean
it. Show me your tongue.

B.J.

My tongue? That's small potatoes.
I'll show you my butt.

He stands up on a chair.

B.J.

All right, everybody. All right,
all right, all right, all right.
Let me have your attention.

HAWKEYE

Look, a simple 'ah' will be
sufficient.

B.J.

(unbuckling his belt)

In celebration of the world's most
difficult surgery, and in honor of
the world's most wonderful surgeon,
snatching life out of the jaws of
death, we unveil for you now, the
world famous Hypochrates of We Jong Bu.

B.J. drops his pants and poses like a statue in his drawers.
He tries to hold still, but can't stop giggling. The room
applauds gaily. Finally, B.J., unable to retain his
composure, falls, stiff as a statue, off the chair, into
the arms of several people nearby. Hawkeye starts filling
his hypodermic. B.J. gets up and tears off his shirt. He
is now in his underwear and his pants around his ankles and
begins dancing with one of the nurses. Somehow B.J. thinks
he's Fred Astaire.

B.J.
 (singing)
 'I took one look at you,
 and then I shoulda knew,
 that's when my heart stood still.'

Hawkeye follows him around the floor with the hypodermic as he dips and turns.

HAWKEYE
 (to the nurse)
 Baker, dip. Dip.

Baker dips, holding B.J. still for a moment. Hawkeye lowers his shorts, and stabs him with the syringe. Hawkeye gets his things together at the table and starts out. B.J., smiling broadly, collapses into a chair, tips over backward and passes out.

INT. POTTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

14

Potter is administering a shot to Hawkeye.

POTTER
 There's no contamination of the water supply. One of our patients showed up in Seoul with a case of infectious hepatitis. Let's hope Father Mulcahy caught it from him and this'll be the end of it.

HAWKEYE
 I'm for that.

Hawkeye hoists up his pants. Potter puts out a bottle of scotch and two glasses.

POTTER
 Okay, now what's with you?

HAWKEYE
 What's with me?

POTTER
 You're walking around like Lon Chaney's stand-in.

HAWKEYE
 I'll save money going through turnstiles when I get home.

POTTER
 What's causing it?

Cont.

HAWKEYE

First I thought it was pleurisy,
then I thought maybe a disc. I
don't know what it is.

POTTER

I hear you've been reading your
hometown newspaper.

HAWKEYE

You think they're poisoning the
ink?

POTTER

I think maybe you haven't made up
your mind how you feel about being
over here feeding the fleas.

HAWKEYE

As far as I'm concerned the fleas
can eat out at the Chinese restaurant
down the street.

POTTER

How do you feel about spending the
war over here even though you're
not incredibly average?

HAWKEYE

I guess I'm angry.

POTTER

And how do you feel about being
angry?

HAWKEYE

You think I'm mad and I won't
admit it, huh?

POTTER

I think you're gonna come out of
this war with a merit badge for
tying yourself up in knots.

(gestures to the
drink)

Take a belt of that. Can I tell
you something as a friend. A
tough friend?

HAWKEYE

Tough friends last longer.

Cont.

POTTER

When I was an enlisted man, I was short. Not like I am now. For a while there I thought I'd look taller if I could knock a few of the big guys flat on their backs. After a while I realized I was just fighting myself and I was using their ribs to hurt my hands on.

(takes a drink)

Listen, it's too big a world to be in competition with everybody else. The only guy I have to get better than is who I am right now.

(smiling)

And in your case, that's tough enough.

HAWKEYE

So what do I do about incredibly average Vernon Parsons?

POTTER

Relax, let him have his little research grant. Live and let live. And then just to give yourself a little present -- send him an anonymous letter.

HAWKEYE

(smiling)

That's not a bad idea. I'll tell him I saw him cheat on an exam once.

POTTER

Tell him you're filing a malpractice suit.

HAWKEYE

You know, I'm feeling better already.

POTTER

Tell him you're filing a paternity suit.

HAWKEYE

(laughing)

Doctor, doctor, I can walk.

They both chuckle and down their drinks.

FADE OUT

TAG

FADE IN

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY

15

B.J.'s asleep on his cot. Hawkeye ENTERS, walking normally and singing a la Mortimer Snerd.

HAWKEYE

Hey, B.J., wake up. The sun is shining. The birds are twittering. What a breakfast. Poached sludge. So what? As long as you have your health, right? Hey, B.J.

B.J. sits up in bed and groans.

B.J.

Quiet, quiet.

HAWKEYE

You know what your trouble is?

B.J.

Yes, I'm dying.

HAWKEYE

That's not your trouble.

B.J.

You're right. My trouble is I'm not dying fast enough.

HAWKEYE

You don't exercise. The cure for a hangover is to get the blood out of your keester and into your brains.

Hawkeye stands on his head.

HAWKEYE

Look, see?

B.J.

Don't do that. It's dangerous.

HAWKEYE

Are you kidding? I'm in perfect control.

B.J.

Watch out...don't. I told you. Don't.

Cont.

Hawkeye topples over onto B.J., raining feet on his head.
B.J. grabs his head and moans.

My head! B.J.

My back! HAWKEYE
My back! My back!

FADE OUT

THE END