

M*A*S*H

T401

"PEACE ON US"

by

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SECOND REVISED FINAL
July 17, 1978

CAST LIST

HAWKEYE

B.J.

POTTER

HOT LIPS

CHARLES

RADAR

KLINGER

MULCAHY

~~GI #1~~

~~GI #2~~

GUARD #1

GUARD #2

GUARD #3

GUARD #4

GENERAL TOMLIN

NORTH KOREAN DELEGATE

MAJOR GOSS

DRIVER

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

MESS TENT

HOT LIPS' TENT

O.R.

CHANGING ROOM

RADAR'S OFFICE

"THE SWAMP"

PEACE TALKS TENT

POTTER'S OFFICE

EXTERIORS:

COMPOUND

GUARDHOUSE - PANMUNJOM

COUNTRYSIDE/ROAD

"PEACE ON US"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

EXT. COMPOUND - MORNING

1

The bedraggled members of the 4077 slowly fall into a morning formation. RADAR is out in front. HAWKEYE and B.J., beary-eyed and hung over, and both sporting three-day-old beards, approach the group; Hawkeye pushing a wheelchair he'll be sitting in during the announcements. B.J. is brushing his teeth. KLINGER, smoking a cigar, wears a bathrobe and curlers. HOT LIPS and MULCAHY are the only ones who look X like they are in the Army. The following PLAYS OVER:

P.A. ANNOUNCEMENT

(o.s.)

Attention all personnel. This is absolutely the final call for morning formation. Those survivors of last night's three-day party who have not already fallen, please fall in.

HAWKEYE

Margaret, you know the regulations. What are you doing out here with clean clothes and no beard?

HOT LIPS

(radiant)

Enjoying the most beautiful morning I've seen in weeks.

B.J.

Where?

*Poke open pretway all the way down
Bell first - Day tags shown*

Klinger is taking out his curlers while he puffs away on his cigar.

KLINGER

This sun's gonna ruin my comb-out.

*Right side of left
Bell had in late open
at front of day tags
showing*

CHARLES

(bothered by cigar smoke)

Just what this country needs. A good one-cent cigar.

Battered & abused - no hit

POTTER makes his way to the front of the formation.

Cont.

*(Formation)
00 (6) (7) (8) 0 (5)
4 (2) (3) (4)
(F) (A) (M) (P) (1) (6) (S)*

Radar takes out a whistle and gives it a long blow. Potter and the whole formation react.

POTTER

(holding his
hand out)

Radar.

Radar hands him the whistle.

POTTER

(putting it in
his pocket)

You'll get it back after the war.

RADAR

Yes sir.

(to formation)

Company, atten-hut.

Hot Lips is the only one who reacts.

POTTER

(to Hot Lips)

Thank you, Major. As you were.
Morning, people. Two
announcements. First...

Hawkeye raises his hand.

POTTER

Yes, Pierce.

HAWKEYE

I move for adjournment.

POTTER

Of course you do.

(to all)

First, now that we moved that
gasoline next to the latrine,
there will be no smoking in
there. Anyone caught will have
what's left of his butt kicked.

CHARLES yanks the cigar out of Klinger's mouth.

CHARLES

Safety first.

Cont.

POTTER

And now this cheery bit of news.
Last couple of weeks it looked
like we might be getting some
breakthrough in the Peace Talks;
that we might all be going home.
No such luck. Those red-tape
worms up at Panmunjom are stuck
again and we're back at square
one.

There's a moan and then grumbling from the formation.

MULCAHY

Oh dear after all my prayers.

HAWKEYE

It'll never stop.

B.J.

Those delegates come out of the
ground, see their shadow, and
it's six more weeks of fighting.

POTTER

All right, I know, but remember
nobody's here for the duration.
When you've got enough service
points, the Army'll rotate you
home. Meantime, let's pull
together, do the best we can,
and...aw, you know the rest of
the song. Radar, let 'em go.

He walks off.

RADAR

Company, ten-hut.

They all walk away. Radar watches them go for a beat, then:

RADAR

Dismissed.

CUT TO:

INT. MESS TENT - A FEW MINUTES LATER

2

An angry Hawkeye and B.J. are moving down the serving
line. They're followed by Charles.

Cont.

*Hawkeye
B.J. says to me
not afraid*

*B.J. Don't open to what
should be at least
B.J. tried*

Charles - it's not a B.J. move!

HAWKEYE

I love it. Peace talks! They talk and we get blown to pieces.

B.J.

Those short-sighted men of great vision.

CHARLES

Tch, tch, tch. Do you naive little boys actually think the parties concerned can just shake hands and make nice? It's futile, children, and stamping your little feet won't help.

HAWKEYE

(sarcastic)

You're right, Charles. Heck, it's a big, bright, wonderful world we live in.

Hawkeye and B.J. move off.

ANOTHER ANGLE

3

Everyone in the place looks angry. The exception is Hot Lips who's sitting alone smiling into her coffee. She's joined by Hawkeye and B.J.

*Hot Lips
Margaret
B.J. says to me
not afraid*

HOT LIPS

(beaming)

Morning, Captains. Come sit here with me.

HAWKEYE

Margaret, what's with all this good cheer? There's a war on.

B.J.

Whatever happened to 'let a snarl be your umbrella?'

HOT LIPS

It just so happens that next Saturday I have a date in Tokyo with my husband.

B.J.

Oh, then you two can finally fight in person.

Cont.

HOT LIPS

I know. I know. We've had some problems.

HAWKEYE

We know. We know. We've heard the yelling.

HOT LIPS

That's all behind us now. Donald and I have decided that there's nothing we can't solve if we just sit down and discuss it.

B.J.

Well, at least your peace talks look promising.

OUT 4-
5

CUT TO:

INT. HOT LIPS' TENT - DAY

6

Hot Lips is sitting on her bunk spit-shining a pair of pumps. She tries to see herself in one, then spits on it again. There's a knock at the door.

HOT LIPS

Come.

Radar ENTERS with a telegram. He's resolute.

HOT LIPS

Yes, Corporal?

RADAR

Major, before I give you this telegram I'm gonna give you, I want you to know it's not my fault. I'm only the messenger so you got no right to take it out on me, not that you would, but you always do.

HOT LIPS

Can I see it please?

RADAR

Remember, I got nothing to do with it.

Hot Lips grabs it away from him and begins to read.

RADAR

I'm a dead man.

He starts to slink away to the door, but notices that she's taking it well.

Cont.

HOT LIPS

Radar, you're worried about this?
Why should I have a fit over this?

RADAR

(walking back very
gingerly)

You're not mad that your Colonel
husband can't meet you?

HOT LIPS

Of course not. He's only being
transferred to San Francisco for
a week. It's an emergency.

RADAR

But you had plans. You were
going to Tokyo.

HOT LIPS

We can meet when he gets back.
There'll be other weekends. What's
most important is that we're trying
to work things out.

RADAR

Could I see that again, ma'am?
(takes the telegram
and scans it again)
You sure you don't even want to
slug me once?

She laughs.

P.A. ANNOUNCER

(o.s.)

Attention all personnel. Incoming
choppers. On the double, folks.

RADAR

Boy, I was scared. I didn't
even hear 'em.

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. - DAY

7

All tables working. Hot Lips is assisting B.J. MULCAHY
circulates.

*miss
11:30 am*

B.J.

*Looking
out of that / under
his apron (1st)*

(to Hot Lips)

Look at this kid. It's gonna
take me an hour just to figure
out what goes where.

Cont.

HOT LIPS

Anytime you're ready, Doctor.

B.J.

Let's take it from the top.
Clamp.

HAWKEYE

I'd like to see the Peace delegates negotiate over that table.

CHARLES

Headline. 'Korean War ends.'
Both sides capitulate to Captain Benjamin 'holier than thou' Pierce.

HAWKEYE

Charles, you're walking a steep ledge in a hurricane.

CHARLES

Oh, get off it. You have more rotation points than any of us. You have the least cause to gripe.

HAWKEYE

(with contempt)

Look, Doctor, the four or five eternities I've spent putting these kids back together gives me all the right I need to complain about this lousy, crummy, stinking war. And if that still doesn't pass the Winchester Review Board, we can settle it outside, man to victim.

CHARLES

You'd love that, wouldn't you, Mr. Pacifist?

HAWKEYE

You bet I would.

MULCAHY

Boys, please. We have enough bloodshed in here already.

HAWKEYE

Father, just turn your cheek, huh?

Cont.

X

X

54
MALS

50
MALS

cap-roll

cap-cuff

cap-cuff

cap-cuff

make a point

make a point

wash
clean
down

bet 100% you

*LFE
MAS
QUEST*

*MASK
CRASS'P*

*SHORT
Elooly*

POTTER

All right, shut it off! I'm in this kid's belly up to my elbows, and I'm not about to pull you people off each other's throats. Understood?

A silent reply.

POTTER

And the next time someone jumps on the Father, they're gonna answer to a higher authority ...me.

MULCAHY

Thank you, Colonel, but that's really not necessary.

POTTER

(snapping at him)

What do you mean it's not necessary? Don't you tell me what's not necessary.

There's dead silence.

POTTER

(realizing what he said)

Oops.

MULCAHY

You're darn right oops.

X

CUT TO:

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY

8

Hawkeye, B.J. and Charles EXIT O.R. after the session.
Potter ENTERS.

*ON ENTRANCE
think MICK came off
CAP off to MASH, B.J.
already MASH down CAP
in MASH*

POTTER

Sit down all of you.

CHARLES

I'd prefer to...

POTTER

Sit down!

CHARLES

Of course.

The three sit on the bench.

POTTER
I don't like the way things
are shapin' up in this camp.
Everybody's growling. It's
getting ugly. I'm afraid
to walk home at night.

X

B.J.
And this used to be such a
good neighborhood.

*if BJB
has more
to R. S. [unclear]
let BJB*

POTTER
Well, they'll be some changes
made today.

X

(grins)
See this smile? You're all
gonna wear one just like it.
Hopefully it'll catch on.

CHARLES
You can't seriously...

POTTER
(furious)
Smile!!

Charles, getting the message, grins from ear to ear.

POTTER
(to Hawkeye and B.J.)
And now for you two. This whole
camp follows your lead. That's
why -- and remember I'm a colonel
-- I want you to play the game.
You don't have to love it here,
just tolerate it an awful lot.

HAWKEYE
That's impossible. The best I
can do is despise the place.

POTTER
Call it an order.

They have no reply to that.

POTTER
That's what I like to hear.

Cont.

POTTER (Cont.)

(heads for the door, then stops)

One more thing. You might want to take a shave and put on a new uniform.

HAWKEYE

I don't have the strength. Maybe the next war.

POTTER

Do it! Boy, will you feel dandy.

Potter EXITS.

HAWKEYE

(to B.J.)

He's right, you know. You look awful.

B.J. Thomas from

SCENE END
Hawk no mask
B.J. no Cap re B.
Potter no Cap
Char no Cap

CUT TO:

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Hot Lips is on the phone to Tokyo. Let's listen.

HOT LIPS

Penobscott, Lt. Colonel Donald Penobscott. I want to know exactly when he's arriving back from San Francisco. It should be sometime next week... then look for it.

(to herself)

ck car
Clod.

(back on the phone)

That's right. Penobscott...what do you mean he's not due back? ...He's assigned there permanently? ...are you sure?...

(louder)

Who's the jackass that requested that?...

(suddenly calming)

Oh he did? Himself? He requested it himself?

X

Light Packer
Buttner
Radar ENTERS whistling a tune.

HOT LIPS

I see. Well you've been very helpful. Good-bye.

Very calmly, Hot Lips hangs up the phone.

RADAR

Thanks for keeping the call within time, ma'am. Did you find out when your Colonel's coming back?

HOT LIPS

(cool)

Yes. Yes, I found out everything.

She slowly gets up and heads for the door.

RADAR

That's great. Y'know, I was sure surprised how well you took that telegram. Pardon me for saying so, but you're really a nice person when you're nice.

Hot Lips reaches for the door, kicks it down with one shot, and stomps out over it. ON Radar's startled reaction, we:

CUT TO:

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY

10

Charles is writing a letter. Hawkeye, still unshaven, is sitting on his bunk still in his bloody surgical garb.

B.J. has shaven and is wiping his face in a towel.

B.J. - T-Sh 7-5-78

Feel that. Smoother than a baby's bottom.

Hawkeye feels B.J.'s moustache.

HAWKEYE

Yeah a baby baboon. When are you gonna take off that cheesy moustache?

B.J.

Never. I like a little rebellion on my face.

HAWKEYE

Rebellion is one thing that's revolting.

Cont.

B.J.
Well, I happen to love it.
Charles?

X

CHARLES
Nurse Carvelli has a better-
looking moustache.

B.J.
So the truth comes out. Neither
of you have taste.

HAWKEYE
Beej I'm aghast. I can understand
that about him, but me? I'm the
snappiest dresser in this camp.

B.J.
You know you ought to change
before someone rolls you up
and throws you in the back of
the laundry truck.

HAWKEYE
(wearily getting up)
All right, I get the message.
Will you be happy if I put on
a tie?

B.J.
Remember, stripes clash with
blood spots.

Hawkeye picks a clean fatigue shirt out of his footlocker.

HAWKEYE
Look at this bilious shamata.
Everything green, I'm so sick of
green. You know why they dress
us like this? So we'll all
blend into the background. No
one matters 'cause we're all the
same. Just once I'd like to see
another color. Red, for instance.

(holding out his
gown)
But not this kind of red. Red
that's rosy. Red that's cheery.
I'm not asking for much...a red
handkerchief, red fringe, I dunno,
a little red alligator on the
pocket. Something to break things
up.

B.J.
Like a moustache?

HAWKEYE
Don't get carried away.

Potter knocks and ENTERS.

LFT SKT PKT visible

POTTER
Excuse the interruption. Is
the bar open for...
(spots Hawkeye's
attire)
Do I have to change you myself?
(spotting B.J.'s
moustache)
And when are you gonna shave
off that cheesy moustache?

B.J.
Oh, you really like it? I was
about to shave it off.

HAWKEYE
I'd court martial him. *- puts sh on lft side*

POTTER
So would I. But I hate the
paperwork.

CHARLES
Then shoot him.

POTTER
It's getting there. Look, I'm
in no mood to argue. Keep it
Hunnicuttt.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

You wanted a drink, Colonel?

POTTER

We all better have one.

Hawkeye pours Potter a drink.

CHARLES

Uh oh. I hear the bell tolling
again.

POTTER

(taking a healthy
drink)

This is gonna hit everybody hard,
especially you, Hawkeye. With
the war trudging on, the Army is
having a tough time replacing
surgeons. So be advised that...

HAWKEYE

Don't say it.

POTTER

They upped the rotation points.
Instead of 36 points to get out
of here, you now need 45.

B.J. just slumps down on his bunk. Hawkeye remains standing.

CHARLES

I protest. We've been...had!
Again.

B.J.

And the best part is, Charles,
there's not one single thing we
can do about it.

POTTER

(to Hawkeye)

Son, I'm really...

Hawkeye throws down the fatigue shirt and storms out still
in his bloody surgical garb.

POTTER

...sorry.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

11

Hawkeye walks away from "The Swamp." He's looking around for something to hit or kick. He sees an empty gas can and boots that. Then he kicks a jeep and repeatedly pounds his fist on the hood during the following:

HAWKEYE

Forty-five points. X

(slam)

...Why not fifty?

(slam)

Sixty?

(slam)

Why not a million?

He slams it again, walks away from the jeep, then kicks another gas can. He catches his breath. The gas can comes flying back.

ANOTHER ANGLE

12

Hot Lips is careening towards Hawkeye on her own path of havoc.

HOT LIPS

Out of my way, Pierce! I'm gonna kick every can in this camp!

X

BACK TO HAWKEYE

13

as she approaches.

HAWKEYE

Look, I don't know what set you off, but I'm in no mood.

X

HOT LIPS

Of course not. It means nothing to you that my husband had himself transferred back to San Francisco ...for good!

HAWKEYE

Margaret, they changed the rules on us again.

HOT LIPS

He ran out on me!

HAWKEYE

They're gonna keep us for the duration. We'll be here forever, longer than forever...

(it sinks in)

What do you mean he ran out on you?

HOT LIPS

He lied to me. He kept saying we could work things out; then he proves it by sneaking off. He couldn't even face me. That dirty, miserable weasel.

X

HAWKEYE

(concerned)

What are you going to do?

HOT LIPS

(still furious)

Get a divorce, that's what!
(thinks for a beat,
then tears come to
her eyes; softly)
Get a divorce.

She buries her head in Hawkeye's shoulder. He hugs her.

HAWKEYE

Margaret, I'm sorry.

She cries for a few beats, then:

HOT LIPS

It's my fault. Look at the place I picked to have a marriage.

She's really crying now.

X

HAWKEYE

This damn war...we're helpless here. We just have to sit here and take it. It's gotta stop. It's gotta stop...right now.

X

(breaks away
from her)

Today...this minute.

He jumps into the jeep and turns it over.

HOT LIPS

What are you doing? Where are you going?

HAWKEYE

Panmunjom. I'm going to the Peace Talks.

X

Cont.

He starts to drive off.

What? Why?

HOT LIPS

X

To stop the war!

HAWKEYE

X

He roars out of the camp as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - LONG SHOT - DAY

14

Hawkeye traveling in jeep.

(NOW SC. 16-A)

15

OUT

16

EXT. GUARDHOUSE - PANMUNJOM - DAY

16-A

Two United Nations GUARDS stand at the entrance to the Peace Talks compound. Hawkeye approaches them in the jeep. The Two Guards look at each other, then halt him.

HAWKEYE

Excuse me, Officer. I'm looking for the Peace Talks.

GUARD #1

← Would you state your business here, sir?

HAWKEYE

You're kidding? You don't know?

GUARD #1

Know what, sir?

HAWKEYE

That there's someone up here who's very, very sick. I'm Dr. Benjamin Franklin Pierce MASH 4077. I was told to get to the Peace Talks immediately. Fellas, to be perfectly honest, I'm not too thrilled about the whole thing. They pulled me out of surgery for this.

Cont.

*a little mud
splashed on Right Boot
AND Bottom of ^{right} pant
leg.*

HAWKEYE (Cont.)

(re attire)

I don't wear these for health,
you know.

GUARD #1

We just came on, but we weren't
notified of anyone needing
medical help.

X

HAWKEYE

Look, I don't know what the story
is, but I ran every red light in
Korea to get up here.

~~GUARD #1~~

(checking)

Nothing on the log about it.

HAWKEYE

Fellas, they said this was a
matter of life and death, so
how 'bout it?

GUARD #2 (GORDON SMITH)

WARDROBE
SAME AS GUARD #1
RANK - CPL

The Guards look at each other.

GUARD #1

I'll ride up there with him and
check this out.

HAWKEYE

Fine. Get in.

Guard #1 starts to get in.

HAWKEYE

(to Guard #2)

And you'll get the toll, won't
you?

Hawkeye quickly pulls away, almost leaving behind his new
passenger.

(NOW SC. 22-B) 17

(NOW SC. 22-C) 18

(NOW SC. 22-D) 19

(NOW SC. 22-E) 20

CUT TO:

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

Radar is waiting on the phone. Potter ENTERS. B.J. following him.

POTTER *usual*
If I ever see Pierce again, he's goin' on a big leash. Hunnicutt, could you sit down? I'm exhausted.

B.J. *usual*
Colonel let me go after him.

POTTER
No way Jose. You don't leave my sight.
(to Radar)
Did you get through to Panmunjom yet?

RADAR *Left Sh. Pocket buttoned*
Sparky's trying to clear a line.

POTTER
Well offer him anything but my twenty-year-old bottle of scotch.

RADAR
Uh-oh.

POTTER
Swell.

B.J.
Let me just drive up there and honk the horn for him.

POTTER
No.

A very determined Hot Lips ENTERS.

HOT LIPS
Colonel Potter, I wish a word with you in private.

Potter takes her aside.

POTTER
Major, and I want to have a long talk with you about your problem, but right now I've got to cut that wild Indian off at the pass.

HOT LIPS
(ignoring him)
Shall we step into your office?

She walks INTO his office.

POTTER
(resigned)
Right behind ya...

X

Potter follows her IN.

CUT TO:

INT. POTTER'S OFFICE - DAY

22

Hot Lips is waiting for Potter as he ENTERS and closes the door.

POTTER
(offering her a
seat)
All right, Margaret, park it.

Hot Lips sits.

HOT LIPS
Colonel, as you know, I've
decided to divorce that rotten,
no-good excuse for a husband
of mine.

POTTER
I understand. How can I help?

HOT LIPS
You can tell me if I'm doing the
right thing. I want someone else
to reassure me that I've suffered
enough.

POTTER
Well, I hate to see any marriage
go kablooey, but...in this case,
I'd dump him.

HOT LIPS
Dump him? What a terrible thing
to say.

X

POTTER
Pardon me?

HOT LIPS
Maybe I should give him another
chance. After all, it's not a
love affair, it's a marriage.
That's not something you just
throw away.

X

POTTER
No, no it's not. Maybe one more
go-round would be in order.

HOT LIPS
Of course he did crawl off to
San Francisco like a frightened
worm.

POTTER
Yep, that's him.

HOT LIPS
But maybe I'm being too hasty.

POTTER
Margaret, Margaret, let me ask
you something. How do you feel
about it right here?
(points to his
stomach)
Down in your gut. That's always
been my final yardstick. What
do your insides tell you?

Hot Lips ponders for a few beats, then:

HOT LIPS
Let him go.

POTTER
Good, and I'm behind you all
the way.

A slight beat.

X

HOT LIPS
But then am I being honest
with myself?

POTTER
Oh boy.

X

B.J. ENTERS.

B.J.
Colonel, Panmunjom is on.

POTTER
Hallelujah!

Potter races for the door. He stops there and turns to
Hot Lips.

POTTER
Margaret, from the gut, what do
you want to do?

HOT LIPS
Divorce him.

POTTER
Then do it.

HOT LIPS
Thank you.

Potter EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. RADAR'S OFFICE - DAY

22-A

Potter ENTERS. Radar's on the phone. Potter and B.J.
crowd around.

RADAR
(to phone)
Hello? Hello...yes, Panmunjom?...
(to B.J. and
Potter)
It's the guard gate.
(back on phone)
This is the 4077th MASH. Uh...
how are you, Guard?

B.J.
Radar, they're fine.

POTTER
Ask 'em about Pierce.

RADAR
(on phone)
We're looking for a
Captain Benjamin Pierce. He
was in a jeep wearing doctor's
stuff. He's a doctor and...
you did?
(to Potter and B.J.)
They've seen him, sirs.

POTTER
And?

RADAR
Right.
(to phone)
And?...
(to them)
He left there.

B.J. and Potter both give a sigh of relief.

Cont.

RADAR
...to go on ahead.

A stunned reaction.

B.J.
I don't believe it. He
got in.

POTTER
Thirty-five years in the
Army; I thought I'd seen
it all.

Radar hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. PEACE TALK TENT ENTRANCE - DAY

22-B

Two U.N. GUARDS (#3 and #4) stand on either side of the door. Hawkeye and Guard #1 ENTER. They're stopped at the entrance.

HAWKEYE
It's okay, men, I've arrived.
Everything's gonna be fine.

GUARD #1
Did someone up here call for
a doctor?

GUARD #3
A doctor?

HAWKEYE
Why am I the only one who
knows what's going on here?
Look, someone in there is sick
and called for me. That's all
I know.

GUARD #4
(to Guard #3,
speculating)
It's probably General Tomlin.
He's always complaining how
this place gives him gastritis.

HAWKEYE
Which one is Tomlin?

GUARD #4
(pointing)
The fat one over there with
his hand in his coat.

HAWKEYE
Right. Thank you.

Hawkeye walks into the tent.

GUARDS' P.O.V.

22-C

The United Nations and North Korean DELEGATES are in their places. There's a recess in the session so each side is talking amongst themselves. Hawkeye ENTERS and walks right up to GENERAL TOMLIN.

ANGLE ON THREE GUARDS

22-D

watching this.

GUARD #1
Next time I wish they'd call
ahead.

He EXITS.

BACK TO HAWKEYE.

22-E

He grabs Tomlin's free arm and begins taking his pulse.

TOMLIN
What is this?

HAWKEYE
Take it easy, General. Everthing's
gonna be all right.

TOMLIN
What are you doing?

HAWKEYE
(examining)
I'm a doctor. I'm here for
your gastritis.

TOMLIN
Oh, uh, I'm feeling a little
better today. Who called you?

HAWKEYE
And just in time. Have you been
sticking to boiled chicken and
poached eggs?

TOMLIN
Yes.

HAWKEYE

And buttermilk?

TOMLIN

Well, some.

Several Delegates have stopped what they're doing and begin to notice Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE

(to the room; still holding Tomlin's wrist)

Oh please don't let me stop you. You people have a lot to do, y'know. And you're way behind. It's a real mess out there in case you haven't noticed. Look, can I give you a little hint?

(to Tomlin, letting go of his wrist)

Excuse me. This'll just take a second. Relax.

(to room)

What you've got to do here is help each other. So you ask, how do we help each other? Hey, first you got to know each other.

(scolding)

And you don't, do you? Okay let's break the ice. How many of you here are from out of town?

Half beat, no response.

HAWKEYE

How many of you here are here?

Half beat, no response.

HAWKEYE

C'mon, you can tell me. I'm your doctor.

TOMLIN

I think that's quite enough.

Hawkeye grabs Tomlin's wrist again.

HAWKEYE

Easy, General.

(re pulse)

It's going boom boom boom.

(to all)

I know, let's all join hands. Everybody. Join hands and say 'howdy'.

HAWKEYE

Aw, come on. Don't be shy.
A big ol' howdy.

NORTH KOREAN DELEGATE

(to another)

Howdy? Oton piruhan kugot
'howdy'?

HAWKEYE

You got it. Now everybody.
'Howdy'!

No response.

HAWKEYE

Howdy!!

No response.

HAWKEYE

(firmly)

C'mon, it's only one word.
Can't you even get together on
one little word?...What's wrong
here? I don't understand. You
know what you have to do. Why
can't you just do it.

An American Officer signals to the two UN Guards to
apprehend Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE

People are dying out there and
you have to stop it! You can't
wait anymore. You can't.

(seeing them
approach)

Now get back to work...and don't
make me come here again.

The Guards approach Hawkeye. He crosses towards them.

HAWKEYE

(to Guards)

It's okay, guys. I was just
leaving.

(to Tomlin)

Don't forget, General, buttermilk.
Lots of buttermilk. Y'know,
I feel better already.

He EXITS.

CUT TO:

INT. O.R. - DAY

*cap
cuffed*

B.J. and Charles are working on a Patient. A Nurse and an Anesthesiologist are present. There's a moustache painted on B.J.'s mask.

*cap
removed*

CHARLES

The nerve of that Pierce. The man has to pick my one day off to play Don Quixote. I hope they hang him from the highest windmill.

*mask plant up
T-D sleep
wild blood
no sleep*

B.J.

You know the only reason he went up there was to inconvenience you.

*must mask
wild blood
no sleep*

CHARLES

At least that's a legitimate reason.

Mulcahy ENTERS with X-rays.

MULCAHY

Here are more X-rays. Ignore that spot on the lung. It's my thumb.

*mask plant down
lab coat open*

B.J.

Any news of Hawkeye?

MULCAHY

No. But like the prodigal son I'm sure he'll return.

CHARLES

Must you always spout scripture Father?

MULCAHY

I'm afraid it's an occupational hazard. The whole camp is crowded into Radar's office waiting for news.

CHARLES

Good heavens. You'd think Lindbergh was landing in Paris.

B.J.

I hope Hawkeye's as lucky.

Potter ENTERS.

*MASK
off
pick*

POTTER

Breathe easy gents. Pierce talked to the Delegates and he's on his way home.

B.J., Mulcahy and the Nurses cheer.

B.J.

He actually did it. I don't believe it.

MULCAHY

Even from Hawkeye.

POTTER

Seems he said his piece and then hot-footed it out of there. Looks like he's home free.

CHARLES

That sub-moronic fruitcake.

B.J.

Fruitcake

Colonel, permission to throw that cake a party. The biggest wildest welcome home party of all time.

POTTER

Permission granted.

B.J.

This camp may never be the same, Colonel.

POTTER

I'm counting on it.

Cheers as we:

OUT 24-
25

CUT TO:

.EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - A COUPLE HOURS LATER 26

Hawkeye on the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY 27

Hawkeye pulls into a deserted camp. He looks around, then gets out.

HAWKEYE

Yoo hoo, I'm home.

B.J.

(o.s.)

Howdy, stranger. New in town?

Hawkeye turns towards the Mess Tent to greet B.J., and is very surprised.

HAWKEYE

Beej, is that you?

ANOTHER ANGLE - B.J. APPROACHING HAWKEYE

28

B.J. has dyed his sweatshirt and pants bright red. He's done the same to his hair and moustache.

B.J.

How do you like it?
(holding up a
pant leg)

Do you think the red socks
are too much?

HAWKEYE

What are you doing? Where is
everybody?

B.J.

Waiting for their Peace delegate,
of course. If you'll follow me.

B.J. walks towards the Mess Tent. Hawkeye follows.

HAWKEYE

Beej, what's with the
Red Skelton look?

B.J.

It's not red. It's anti-green.
You said you wanted things rosy
and cheery, so we're giving you a
little present. In your honor,
we designed a new uniform. Right
down to the hair.

They enter the Mess Tent:

X

CUT TO:

29(2)

INT. MESS TENT - DAY

They ENTER and we see that the whole camp (including X Potter, Radar, Mulcahy, Charles and Hot Lips) has dyed their hair and a lot of their clothing red. Everyone's a little drunk. They all cheer upon seeing Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE

I do dream in color.

They all gather around Hawkeye, AD-LIBBING "Welcome back," etc. The Nurses kiss him; guys shake his hand.

POTTER

Welcome back, son.

*4th Button down closed
DT INSIDE T SHIRT
NOT CLOSED*

Hawkeye spots a red-headed Potter, Radar and Mulcahy. He collapses in laughter.

RADAR

(embarrassed)

What are you laughing at. This is supposed to cheer you up.

*Dogtags (under collar flap)
shirt buttoned to ascot
(TOP Button open)
Shirt not tucked in
SCRUB pants banded in boot*

HAWKEYE

(laughing)

I love it all. It's insane.

B.J.

Exactly.

MULCAHY

Good heavens, get the man a drink.

*Red Strapped around neck
TIE AT BACK*

HAWKEYE

I'll have the red wine.

A tipsy Charles steps up and shakes Hawkeye's hand repeatedly.

CHARLES

Pierce, Pierce...
(focusing on him)

Oh yes, there you are. Pierce, I've never said this about anyone else but me. You're a great human being.

*Hawkeye
Get
Steamer
out*

HAWKEYE

Careful Curly, you're gonna hate yourself in the morning.

CHARLES

I do right now.

He moves on. Hot Lips (who's also had "a few") runs up hugs and kisses Hawkeye.

HOT LIPS

Welcome home, you crazy galoot.

HAWKEYE

(returning her hug)

Margaret, I did it. I told 'em all. You should've seen me. I was terrific.

(realizing)

Oh, yeah uh...listen Margaret, about your divorce. If I can help in any way...

HOT LIPS

It's the best thing that ever happened to me. The weight of the world is off my shoulders. I feel like a new woman. It's all coming back. The spirit, the confidence.

X

HAWKEYE

That's great. Fantastic. Just what I wanted to hear. I'm proud of you, Margaret.

HOT LIPS

(moving off)

Oh God, I need a drink.

Potter hands Hawkeye his drink.

POTTER

Son, you made the bonehead play of all time...

(raising his glass)

...but it sure did something for this motley crew.

Everyone drinks, AD-LIBBING "here, here," "way to go," etc.

B.J. puts his arm around Hawkeye.

B.J.

Y'know, I can't put my finger on just who it is, but someone here looks out of place.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

(anticipating)

Beej, you're not gonna...

B.J. takes Hawkeye's arm. Everyone shouts encouragement.

B.J.

Right this way. One bucket,
no waiting.

HAWKEYE

No, no. Not on me. I'll look
like a tall Irish Setter.

B.J. takes him to a vat of red dye.

B.J.

Any last words?

HAWKEYE

(after a breath)

We who are about to dye, salute
you.

B.J. dunks Hawkeye's head in. There's a big cheer.

CUT TO:

EXT. COMPOUND - DAY

30

A jeep pulls in front of HQ. In it are MAJOR DEAN GOSS,
and his DRIVER. They're both wearing helmets.

GOSS

Stop it right here, Corporal.
(getting out)

I'll be a few minutes if you
want to use the latrine.

The Driver looks around at the Compound.

DRIVER

Nah, I think I'll hold on.

GOSS

Sounds like everyone's in there.

Goss heads for the Mess Tent.

OUT

31-
32

CUT TO:

Everyone partying and drinking. Hawkeye's hair is dripping wet from the dye. He's looking at himself in a mirror.

B.J.

That's the worst-looking dye job of the bunch.

HAWKEYE

What are you talking about? It's beautiful. Rhonda Fleming, eat your heart out.

Goss ENTERS the tent and is stunned by all the red hair and uniforms.

GOSS

What the hell...?

MULCAHY

Excuse me?

GOSS

Why's everybody got red hair?

MULCAHY

Oh, you noticed. It does sort of stand out doesn't it?

GOSS

(confused)

Uh, I'm looking for a Colonel Sherman Potter.

MULCAHY

(pointing)

Over there. The one drinking with both hands.

Goss approaches Potter.

GOSS

Colonel Potter, I'm Major Dean Goss -- I Corps.

POTTER

(saluting as best he can)

Colonel Sherman Potter. Who are you?

Cont.

GOSS

The name's Goss. I Corps. I'm here from Panmunjom to see your Captain Pierce.

The room quiets.

POTTER

Oh you are? I assume this has something to do with the earlier...incident up there... today...earlier.

GOSS

Yes it does. Now where is Captain Pierce?

B.J.

He's the redhead.

RADAR

What are you gonna do with him?

X

HOT LIPS

Yeah, he's innocent.

Hot Lips steps in front of Hawkeye to protect him.

HOT LIPS

(threatening)

And you're not taking him no place!

HAWKEYE

Margaret.

HOT LIPS

Shut up and stay out of it.

Everyone now AD-LIBS "where are you taking him?" "Don't go with him, Hawkeye" -- "What did he do?" Hawkeye joins Potter and Goss.

POTTER

Come on people, settle down.

HAWKEYE

Listen Major, all I was trying to do was...

POTTER

Quiet, Pierce.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

(to Potter)

Let me at least explain.

POTTER

Just stand back, son. You're probably in enough hot water already.

(to Goss)

Major I'll grant ya his goin' up to the talks wasn't the brightest thing to do, but it had some damn good results back here. All these people have been in this thing for a long, long time. Doing the kind of work they do, day after day, with no end in sight. It has to get to them. What Pierce did today was let a few people know that we're tired and we want to go home. It was a shot in the arm for all of us, Major.

HAWKEYE

The defense rests.

GOSS

You people are really something.

HOT LIPS

(proudly)

We sure are.

GOSS

Captain Pierce, actually I didn't come here to haul you away.

HAWKEYE

Why not?...I mean, really?

GOSS

I came to give you a personal message from General Tomlin.

HAWKEYE

My gastritis patient.

Cont.

GOSS

He understood what you tried to say today...but if he ever catches you within twenty miles of Panmunjom again, he'll, and I quote, 'Toss you in the stockade and throw away the key.'

Everyone cheers.

GOSS

And one more thing.

The room quiets.

GOSS

The General would like you to write down a diet he can follow that'll get him through these sessions. The pressure's killing him.

HAWKEYE

The best thing I could prescribe is a quick end to the war.

POTTER

Pierce.

HAWKEYE

I'll have it before you leave.

GOSS

Fine. In the meantime, I see you're having a little party...

B.J.

Care to join?

GOSS

I dunno. Think I fit in?

Goss takes off his helmet. He has red hair, but the real thing. Everyone is stunned, then breaks up laughing.

B.J.

I don't believe it.

HAWKEYE

Today I believe it.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. COMPOUND - THE MORNING AFTER

34

The 4077th has fallen in for the morning formation. Hair color normal. Everyone is looking worse for wear including Hot Lips. Hawkeye is in his wheelchair. Potter and Radar are at the front of the formation.

POTTER —
Take roll, Radar.

*Jacket -
4th. Button only - Pants buttoned
outside of pants Bloused*

RADAR
Yes sir. Colonel Potter, Sherman.

Slippy

POTTER
Radar, I'm here.

RADAR
Right. Uh, Corporal O'Reilly, Walter.

POTTER
So are you. Get on with it.

RADAR
Major Houlihan-Penobscott, Margaret.

HOT LIPS
That's just Houlihan.

RADAR
Sorry. Major Winchester, Charles E.

CHARLES
Here...obviously.
(sotto)
Cretin.

*Buttoned - Blouse
arms folded*

RADAR
Captain Pierce, Benjamin F.

Hawkeye is fast asleep in the wheelchair.

RADAR
Hawkeye.

POTTER
Shh. You'll wake him.

RADAR
Captain Hunnicutt, B.J.

Cont.

B.J. - Vest unbuttoned
 Yo. (holding his
 ears)

Ohh.

RADAR
 Lt. Mulcahy, Francis, Father.

MULCAHY - Jacket open & spread w/hands
 In spirit only. in pockets

RADAR
 Corporal Klinger, Max.

KLINGER Double hands in pockets
 Here. Always here.

RADAR
 Corporal...
 (hears something)
 Uh-oh.
 (re choppers to
 Potter)
 Sir.

X

We hear the SOUND OF INCOMING CHOPPERS slowly building in volume. The formation starts to come to life.

POTTER
 All right, people, here comes
 the war.

The formation breaks up and people scatter in every direction as we:

FADE OUT

THE END