

FINAL

M. S. T. G.

M*A*S*H

OPERATION FRIENDSHIP

DECEMBER 5, 1980



TWENTIETH
CENTURY-FOX
TELEVISION

M*A*S*H

"OPERATION FRIENDSHIP"

Written by

Dennis Koenig

FINAL
December 5, 1980

CAST LIST

HAWKEYE

B.J.

POTTER

HOT LIPS

CHARLES

KLINGER

MULCAHY

CAPTAIN NORMAN TRAEGER, M.D.

NURSE

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

CHANGING ROOM

O.R.

"THE SWAMP"

KLINGER'S OFFICE

PRE-OP

"OPERATION FRIENDSHIP"

FADE IN

INT. CHANGING ROOM - MORNING

1

HAWKEYE, B.J. and POTTER are changing from surgical whites into fatigues. Hawkeye is almost changed, the others are not. MULCAHY and KLINGER are also present. Klinger leans against the wall, half asleep.

POTTER

(to Klinger)

You look like you just shot the rapids in a Dixie cup. Go get some sack time.

KLINGER

I'd love to, Sir, but something keeps nagging at me. Did you ever feel there was something real important you forgot to do?

MULCAHY

Once in the middle of a sermon I forgot the words to the Twenty-third Psalm...or was it the Twenty-second Psalm?

B.J.

That's nothing. I got kicked out of Texas because I forgot the Alamo.

HAWKEYE

I wish I could forget about my appetite. I'm so hungry I could eat a powdered horse.

(snaps his fingers)

Speaking of forgetting, I left some X-rays on the screen in O.R.

He turns toward O.R.

B.J.

You go eat, Hawk. I'll get them for you, Hawk. I was gonna skip breakfast anyway. I don't have the energy to gag.

HAWKEYE

All right, men, any other volunteers for this suicide mission?

POTTER

Not I. I'm going to dine alone
in my tent. Mildred sent me
some Wheatena.

MULCAHY

(rising)

I'll go with you, Hawkeye. I'm
on good terms with the patron
saint of indigestion.

Hawkeye and Mulcahy EXIT, passing Klinger. Suddenly we HEAR
a CRASH from the O.R.

CHARLES

(o.s.)

Klinger, you idiot!

KLINGER

That's what I forgot. I left
the towel hamper blocking the
aisle.

CHARLES, in his whites, bursts into the room from O.R.,
rubbing his shin, carrying a surgical towel in each hand, and
menacingly approaches Klinger.

CHARLES

You scatterbrained sloth, you
have once again proved that the
simplest task is far too complex
for you.

KLINGER

But...but...

CHARLES

Don't say 'but.' It exhausts
half your vocabulary. Now get
in there and finish your work,
goldbrick.

As the exhausted Klinger struggles to his feet:

POTTER

Hold on to your Fruit o' the
Looms, Major. Just because you
took a header on the hopper is
no reason to chew the boy out.

B.J.

Give him a break, Charles. He
busted his butt in O.R. all
night long.

CHARLES

If I were to perform with the competence of this dromedary, I would be known in medical circles as Charles the Ripper.

(to Klinger)

Since you have proven incapable of functioning by yourself, I will supervise. Come, crumb.

POTTER

(to Charles)

Whoa. Steady there, big fella.

KLINGER

It's okay, Colonel. He's rotten, but he's right. I screwed up, and I've got to finish my job.

Klinger and Charles EXIT into O.R.

POTTER

(to B.J.)

You know, you gotta give Winchester credit. He's bright, educated and an A-one surgeon. And with all that, he still found room to be a total jerk.

INT. O.R. - DAY (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

2

Charles watches Klinger, who has set the hamper back on its feet and is putting towels inside.

CHARLES

That's a good little soldier. Pick them up and put them into the hamper.

KLINGER

Major, I don't need a towel tutor.

CHARLES

You need a breathing tutor.

Charles approaches the autoclave. A tray of surgical instruments is near it.

CHARLES

What are these doing here? Do I detect your fine hand in this, too?

KLINGER

Major Houlihan told me to put them there.

CHARLES

Klinger, I can understand your misinterpreting her instructions. She probably said them in words. This tray should be over here.

Charles picks up the tray and sets it on a table on the opposite side of the autoclave. The lights momentarily dim. Charles and Klinger look up.

CHARLES

And how did you manage that one?

KLINGER

It's the generator.

An ominous WHINING SOUND begins to emanate from the autoclave. Klinger stares at it, alarmed.

KLINGER

(yells)

Get away from the autoclave.

CHARLES

How dare you tell me what to do, you impertinent...aah.

Charles reacts as Klinger leaps for him. Klinger pushes the shocked Charles, and they both fall away from the autoclave. Just then B.J. ENTERS, wearing fatigues. He sees Klinger and Charles on the floor, Klinger's body sprawled over Charles'.

B.J.

Hey, what's...?

The autoclave EXPLODES. The impact throws B.J. against the wall and then to the floor. Potter, in fatigues, rushes in.

POTTER

What the hell?

Potter sees B.J. on the floor, kneels to him.

POTTER

Hunnicutt, you all right?

Cont.

B.J. shakes his head, moves his arms and legs.

B.J.
My insides are pure milkshake,
but I seem to be all in one
piece. How are they?

POTTER
(helping B.J. up)
Never mind. You just go back
to 'The Swamp' and lay down.
I'll tend to these two.

A dazed B.J. EXITS as Potter moves towards Charles who is just rising.

POTTER
You okay?

CHARLES
Miraculously, I believe so.
What happened?

POTTER
When the generator cut out,
this gizmo must've built up
enough pressure to toss its
top.

CHARLES
I could have been killed.
Merciful heavens, Klinger saved
my life.

Klinger moans. Charles and Potter turn to him, kneeling beside him. Klinger is holding his face.

POTTER
Take it easy, son. Get you in
the eyes?

Throughout the rest of the show, Klinger's voice has the sound of one whose nose is heavily congested, a la Elmer Fudd.

KLINGER
A bit lower, Sir.

POTTER
Let's have a look see.

Cont.

Potter inspects Klinger, whose face is smudged and bloody.

POTTER

Looks like that blast put the old honker out of commission, Klinger.

CHARLES

Oh, my no. A broken nose?

POTTER

Most likely.

(to Klinger)

But lucky thing your schnoz takes up so much real estate it protected the rest of your mug.

CHARLES

And me.

KLINGER

It hurts like hell.

CHARLES

Fear not, my valiant guardian. I shall personally set this nose for you. Here, let me help you up.

Charles helps Klinger onto a table.

KLINGER

Will my nose still look the same?

CHARLES

If that's what you want. Your proboscis will soar majestically as ever before. You have my word.

As Charles ministers to Klinger, his hands are shaking noticeably. Potter steps in.

POTTER

Major, you're shaking like a hula dancer with hiccups. What say I handle this job?

CHARLES

Yes, perhaps you're right.

Cont.

Several others who heard the explosion have begun to gather in the doorway.

NURSE

What's going on? Major, are you okay?

CHARLES

I am. Thanks to the heroics of Max the Lion-Hearted, who bleeds before you. He gave his nose that I might live.

(to the crowd)

Let it be known to one and all, that I shall not rest until my debt to Marvelous Maxwell has been repaid in toto.

POTTER

(to Klinger)

Okay, Marv, gonna shroud the snout now. Hope we got plenty of gauze.

INT. "THE SWAMP" - DAY (A SHORT TIME LATER)

3

B.J. lies on his bunk with his shirt off. Hawkeye sits on a foot locker next to him.

HAWKEYE

So. Charles is fine, but Klinger has damage to over fifty percent of his body. He broke his nose.

B.J.

Boy, I just went in to get your X-rays, and the next thing I knew I was on my back.

HAWKEYE

Look, Beej, I'm really sorry about this.

B.J.

So am I.

HAWKEYE

No, I mean I should've been filing those X-rays. That floor had my name on it.

Cont.

B.J.
 Forget it. I'm fine. Got a
 little bruise on my arm. I'm
 just a bit dazed.

HAWKEYE
 To be on the safe side, why
 don't you let me give you an
 insurance physical?

B.J.
 Nah. All I need is a nap right
 now.

HAWKEYE
 You sure?

B.J.
 I'm sure.

HAWKEYE
 Okay. If you're sure.

B.J.
 (eyes closed)
 Good night, Mom.

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE (- DAY) (A FEW MINUTES LATER) 4

The door opens and Klinger, in a wheelchair, is pushed into
 the room by Charles. Potter follows. Klinger's nose is
 heavily gauzed, and he looks quite forlorn.

CHARLES
 Here we are, Max. Home sweet
 home.

KLINGER
 I'm all right, Major. I
 could've walked.

POTTER
 May as well enjoy the rickshaw
 ride, Klinger. You earned it.

Charles has wheeled Klinger to his bunk.

CHARLES
 Indeed he did. Well, Max,
 here's your beddie-bye.

Cont.

KLINGER

Thanks again, Major. I can take it from here.

Klinger rises with a groan.

CHARLES

Nonsense. Don't strain yourself. Here, take my arm.

Klinger gets into bed.

CHARLES

All right, let's tuck you in...
(he does)
There. Everything hunky-dory?

KLINGER

As long as I don't sneeze.

POTTER

You just take it easy, and I'll see if there's somebody floating around in the typing pool we can use as a clerk pro tem.

CHARLES

Perish the thought. The very least I can do is perform all this noble lad's duties while he recovers.

POTTER

Well, that's mighty Samaritan of you, Major, but I don't see you as the typing type.

CHARLES

I take it as a compliment that you feel clerking is beneath me, Sir. And it is. But I insist.

POTTER

Hmmm, seeing as how it's Klinger one, Winchester nothing, I suppose I oughtta give you a chance to even the score. Do you take shorthand?

Cont.

CHARLES
Of course not.

POTTER
Do you know the filing system?

CHARLES
Bite your tongue.

POTTER
Can you make coffee?

CHARLES
In an emergency.

POTTER
Well, you just left Klinger in
the dust. The job's yours.

Potter EXITS to his office.

CHARLES
Remember, my dear Max, from
this moment on I am at your
beck and call.

KLINGER
I appreciate that, Major.

CHARLES
Call me Charles. Now what can
I do for you?

KLINGER
Nothing...Charles. I'm okay.

CHARLES
Max, I insist. Anything your
gallant heart desires.

KLINGER
Anything?

CHARLES
Yes, yes, anything.

KLINGER
Well, if you're sure it's no
trouble, a little tea would be
nice.

CHARLES
Tea? Trouble? If I had to,
I would sail to Ceylon.

He turns to the door. Charles calls after him.

KLINGER
I'd love a drop of honey. But
rats, there's probably none
here.

CHARLES
Honey is no object. I shall
milk the finest bees in all
Korea.

With a flourish, Charles EXITS.

KLINGER
(to himself)
Well, how about that? Every
broken nose has a silver
lining.

Klinger smiles at this thought, leans back and clasps his
hands behind his head.

INT. "THE SWAMP" - CLOSE ON B.J. - DAY
(MINUTES LATER)

5

He is asleep in his bunk. He stirs and gradually awakens.
The minute his eyes open, we HEAR:

HAWKEYE
(o.s.)
How are you feeling?

WIDEN TO REVEAL Hawkeye is sitting in the same place he was
before, close by B.J.'s bunk.

B.J.
Huh?
(notices
Hawkeye)
Don't tell me you've been here
all this time.

HAWKEYE
No, of course not. I did lots
of stuff. I paced. I read a
magazine. I went and got my
doctor bag to examine you...

Cont.

B.J.
Hawk, you're making me feel
guilty about how guilty you
feel.

HAWKEYE
Oh, Beej, I'm sorry.

B.J.
Honest, it's okay. And so am
I. If I want an exam, I'll
call for an appointment.

HAWKEYE
All right, if you say it's
good, it's good.

Potter ENTERS.

POTTER
How's the boy?

HAWKEYE
It's not good, Colonel. And
he won't let me examine him.
Can't you command him to
present arms and legs? And
everything they're attached to?

POTTER
Sounds sensible to me.

B.J. rises and crosses to the still.

B.J.
What's next? I didn't eat my
vegetables? See? Walking,
talking, drinking, as in alive
and well. I got through
without a scratch. I'm fine.
(pours a drink
with his left
hand)
So here's to my perfectly good
health.

He picks up the glass in his right hand, holds it out in a
toast. Before he can drink, his hand begins to shake, and he
drops the glass. Hawkeye and Potter stare at him.

B.J.
Okay, so it's a little sore.

Cont.

POTTER

Hunnicuttt, I say we take some pictures of that hand and get the inside story.

B.J.

I'm just a little shaky. Wouldn't you be?

HAWKEYE

Beej, don't be stupid. There may be something wrong with your hand.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - DAY (A SHORT WHILE LATER)

6

Hawkeye, B.J. and Potter are looking at B.J.'s X-rays.

B.J.

Now will you believe me? I told you there's nothing wrong.

HAWKEYE

I have to admit, this X-ray's the picture of health.

POTTER

(to Hawkeye)

This negative is proof positive that he's all right.

B.J.

So I would appreciate it if you would find somebody sick to worry about. Good-bye.

B.J. stomps OUT.

POTTER

I haven't been told off like that since I waxed the La Salle with Mildred's new pedal pushers.

HAWKEYE

I'm still not sold. The only time B.J. Hunnicutt drops a martini glass is when his tenth martini is in it.

Cont.

POTTER

Pierce, You'd be shaking hands too, if you'd come within a whisker of having your mail forwarded to Kingdom Come. Now just relax. He's feeling no pain, and this little black and white shows he's in the pink.

HAWKEYE

Well, I just wish I were as certain as you are.

POTTER

Tell you what, let's give him a day of rest. I'll call I-Corps and get a sub. He also needs to be left alone. Where you come into the picture is by staying out.

HAWKEYE

Okay, for the next twenty-four hours I promise not to mother his paw.

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

7

Charles is at Klinger's desk rhythmically stamping a series of reports in sync with his own humming of the "Anvil Chorus." He is surrounded by a number of very neat piles of paper, which he has already completed.

CHARLES

Fini. I have completed the daily reports, the weekly report, swept the office, emptied the trash and had you a cat he would now be out.

ANGLE REVEALING KLINGER

8

in bed, just finishing eating some food on a tray. He carefully wipes his mouth with a napkin, then dabs just a tad of food off his bandaged nose.

KLINGER

Terrific, Charles. Are you sure you don't want any of my dinner? This stuff is really pretty good when you can't smell it.

Cont.

CHARLES
Thank you, no, Max.
(rising and
crossing to
Klinger)
The hour is late. If there's
nothing else, I'll take your
tray and retire.

KLINGER
(hands Charles
the tray)
What more could I ask for?
Good night, Charles.

CHARLES
Good night, sweet prince.

He starts to EXIT.

KLINGER
Oh, wait, Charles.

CHARLES
Yes, Max?

KLINGER
Are you sure you remember
exactly how I want my
breakfast?

CHARLES
I have memorized your order
down to the last crumb.

KLINGER
Swell. Good night.

CHARLES
Good night.

Charles continues to the door.

KLINGER
Oh, one more thing...Naw,
forget it.

Charles turns around.

CHARLES
Yes? What is it, Max?

Cont.

KLINGER

Well, I was just thinking it could be a real boost to my spirits if you read me a bedtime story.

Charles suppresses his frustration.

CHARLES

A bedtime story? Aren't you just a tad old for fairy tales?

KLINGER

Fairy tales, hell. This is for adults only.

He hands Charles a book. Charles looks at it.

CHARLES

(aghast)
'I, the Jury,' by
Mickey Spillane.

KLINGER

I traded a dozen cigars for it.
Just read the underlined parts.

Charles flips the book open to a random passage.

CHARLES

(reads aloud)
'I kissed her hard...I knew
I was hurting her, but she
didn't pull away...'

He slams the book shut.

KLINGER

Yeah? Yeah?

CHARLES

Max, my eyes are rather tired.
How about some checkers or a
fast game of 'Go Fish,' or...
or...

He stops, noticing Klinger is staring intently at him.

KLINGER

It's so nice to hear your
voice ringing out so vibrantly
after you came so close to
being -- shall we say -- dead?

Cont.

They stare at each other. Charles picks up the book as we HEAR the SOUND of a JEEP pulling up outside.

CHARLES

'Chapter one. I shook the rain from my hat and walked into the room. Nobody said a word...'

The door opens and DR. NORMAN TRAEGER, a distinguished-looking, silver-haired, middle-aged Captain ENTERS, carrying a valpak.

TRAEGER

Who's the Company Clerk here?

KLINGER

(pointing
to Charles)

He is.

TRAEGER

You ordered a replacement surgeon. I'm Dr. Norman Traeger.

CHARLES

Ah, pleased to meet you. Dr. Charles Emerson Winchester of Harvard and Massachusetts General.

KLINGER

He makes a great cup of coffee, too.

TRAEGER

How can you be a Doctor and a Company Clerk at the same time?

KLINGER

I saved his life.
(pronounces
it 'wife')

TRAEGER

(to Charles)
What's your wife doing in Korea?

CHARLES

It's a long story.

TRAEGER

I'm sure it is. Right now I'm looking for your CO.

CHARLES

Of course you are.

(slapping
the book shut)

You'll never find your way to
Colonel Potter's tent by
yourself. I would be derelict
in my duties if I did not
escort you.

KLINGER

What about my story?

CHARLES

Max, I hate to put a book down
in mid-death sentence. But I
am, after all, just another
working stiff. Come along,
Doctor.

KLINGER

I understand perfectly, Major.

TRAEGER

Don't forget my bag, Bud.

CHARLES

Uh...of course.

As Charles bends to pick up the suitcase:

KLINGER

Be sure to report back right
away.

Charles pauses in mid-lift, gently grits his teeth, then
EXITS.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. "THE SWAMP" - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER) 9

Hawkeye, B.J., Potter and Traeger are present. B.J.'s in bed, Hawkeye's in his robe, seated nearby.

B.J.

This is ridiculous, Colonel.
I don't need a replacement.

POTTER

Take it easy, son. It's just
temporary. We thought it'd
be a good idea.

B.J.

We?
(to Hawkeye)
You mean you were in on this?

HAWKEYE

Well, sort of.

B.J.

Do me a favor and give your
conscience a rest.

Hawkeye gives Potter an exasperated look.

POTTER

Calm down, Hunnicutt.
(to Traeger)
Go ahead, Doctor.

TRAEGER

Okay, let me have a look at
that hand. Excuse me, Doctor.

Traeger pushes past Hawkeye, begins to check B.J.'s hand.
B.J.'s confused, Hawkeye is bugged.

HAWKEYE

Excuse me, Doctor.
(to Potter)
Would you fill in the fill-in
on who's Chief Surgeon around
here?

TRAEGER

(to Potter)
Hey, what's going on? If you
didn't want a hand specialist,
why did you send for me?

B.J. and Hawkeye react with incredulity and reply almost in unison.

B.J. AND HAWKEYE

A specialist?!

POTTER

Oh, did I forget to mention that I figured as long as we need a replacement for Hunnicutt, it'd be a good idea to get somebody who could take care of him, too. So I called Tokyo General.

HAWKEYE

Colonel, I'm B.J.'s Doctor, and I don't like your going behind my back.

TRAEGER

Oh, come now, Doctor. You're a professional. Surely you can see the sense in bringing in an expert.

B.J.

Hold it! All of you! I don't need any expert. I don't even need an amateur. I'm a Doctor, and I don't need me.

HAWKEYE

Beej, you don't understand.

TRAEGER

Colonel, what the hell do you want me to do?

B.J.

Just everybody get off my back.

POTTER

Hold your horses. And your tongues.

Everyone shuts up.

POTTER

Seems there's a wee bit of confusion as to who's playing what part in this little service comedy. Now, let me see if I got the roles right. Playing the injured party we have B.J. Hunnicutt. Playing the friend, a real strong, silent type, is Hawkeye Pierce. In a

Cont.

POTTER (Cont.)
special guest appearance as the
handyman is Dr. Norm Traeger.
And dominating the scream, as
your leading man, is
Colonel Sherman Potter. Now,
scene one, the examination.
Dr. Traeger, action!

TRAEGER
(reaching for the
hand)
Okay, come on.

B.J.
Can't you all just leave me alone?

POTTER
Cut. Hunnicutt, this is the
part where you say, 'Boy, I'm
sure glad you showed up. Here's
my arm.'

B.J. reluctantly extends his arm. Traeger examines the
forearm and wrist, noticing the bruise.

TRAEGER
How's that feel?

B.J.
It's nothing. Really.

TRAEGER
I don't suppose you've had
it X-rayed.

HAWKEYE
You suppose wrong. We did.

B.J.
And they showed nothing.

TRAEGER
Maybe to you people they didn't.

HAWKEYE
Now just a minute. I'm not
some kid with a toy Doctor
kit. I'm an M.D., just like
you.

Cont.

TRAEGER

Oh, really? Have you been handling cases like this for twenty years in private practice?

HAWKEYE

Doesn't matter. I've had twenty years' worth of Private practice, Corporal practice and mostly Major surgery. If it moves, I operate on it.

TRAEGER

Maybe, but in any hospital back in the States, you'd be fresh out of Residency.

POTTER

Now just a minute. This is still my show and I'll have no prima donnas in it.

B.J.

This has to be a movie. It can't be real.

POTTER

(to Traeger)

Doctor, seeing as you're gonna be a member of this medicine show for awhile, I should inform you that I put a lot of stock in the word 'cooperation.'

TRAEGER

Be patient, Colonel. It's no picnic being the world's oldest draftee. Back home I gave the orders.

HAWKEYE

Oh, the injustice of it all. Me, I gave up a promising future as a human being and begged them to let me come over here.

POTTER

Now don't start up again. You two put your mongoose and cobra act in separate cages. Traeger, you can use the VIP tent.

Cont.

HAWKEYE
Very Important Physician.

Potter gives him a look.

TRAEGER
(to B.J.)
I can't make a diagnosis until
I look at the X-rays. In the
meantime, you get some rest.

HAWKEYE
Rest and X-rays. I stand
humbled in the presence of
greatness. I was going to
bleed him with leeches.

POTTER
Button it, Pierce.

Traeger ignores Hawkeye.

TRAEGER
(to B.J.)
I'll see you in the morning.

B.J.
Don't worry, I'm not going
anywhere.

POTTER
That's the spirit. It's all
gonna work out hunky-dory. I
love happy endings.

But no one else is smiling.

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE - CLOSE ON KLINGER - MORNING 10

He is propped up in bed, writing on a pad. He finishes, then
clears his throat loudly. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL Charles
asleep on a chair next to Klinger's bunk. "I, the Jury"
rests in his lap. Charles does not react to the throat
clearing, so Klinger embarks on a vocal rendition of
"Reveille."

KLINGER
Da-da da da da, da-da da da da,
Da-da da da da, dum de da.

Charles jumps up, wide-eyed.

CHARLES
What...?

He grimaces due to the stiffness of his back.

KLINGER

Top of the A.M., Uncle Chuck.

Charles manages to straighten up, groaning all the while.

KLINGER

You shouldn't sleep in a chair.
It's bad for your back.

CHARLES

I had no intention of sleeping
here. While reading your book,
I was overcome with ennui.

KLINGER

Gotcha. That stuff makes me
hot, too. You can finish it
later. Right now I don't
want you to miss breakfast.

CHARLES

Thank you, Max, but I'm not
hungry.

KLINGER

Well, I am. In fact, I'll eat
your breakfast, too.

CHARLES

Good, good. Hearty appetite
returning. First signpost
on the road to recovery.

KLINGER

Right you are, Major. Believe
me, I'm not the kind of guy who
can lay around forever. If after
two or three weeks of this, I'm
not feeling better, it's up and
at 'em irregardless.

CHARLES

Most admirable, Max.

KLINGER

But for today, after breakfast
in bunk, you can wheel me over
to the club to throw some darts.

CHARLES

What?

Cont.

KLINGER

Throw darts. But you don't have to stay there and take care of me. You come back here and inventory supplies... maybe varnish the floor, then...

CHARLES

Max, there's a fine line between Good Samaritan and abused toady. At the moment I am teetering on the precipice.

KLINGER

You are absolutely right. I'm a fair man. Do the floor tomorrow.

INT. "THE SWAMP" - MORNING (SAME TIME)

11

Hawkeye is in his bunk asleep. B.J., in his bunk, has been tossing and turning all night. He sits up in bed and begins rubbing his hand, obviously in some pain. He looks over at Hawkeye. At that time we HEAR the SOUND of CHOPPERS.

P.A.

Attention. We've got people coming in, folks, with more wounded than their pride.

Hawkeye jumps out of bed and looks at B.J.

HAWKEYE

How're you doing?

B.J.

Fine. Let's go.

They immediately begin throwing on clothes. B.J. does it gingerly, but unnoticed.

INT. CHANGING ROOM - DAY (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

12

Potter is changing as Hawkeye and B.J. ENTER.

HAWKEYE

Good morning. They woke me up just in time for the nightmare.

Cont.

POTTER

I'll second that notion. How come you brought your worse half?

(to B.J.)

I thought I benched you.

B.J.

I may not be able to do surgery, but I can still lend a good hand.

POTTER

Well, if you're sure you feel up to it, get over to Pre-Op.

B.J.

Fine. I'll be a preppy.

As B.J. EXITS to Pre-Op, Charles ENTERS through the drapes, holding his back.

HAWKEYE

Charles, how come your clothes look slept in and your bed doesn't?

CHARLES

(rubbing his back)

Because I was up all night with a sick fiend.

Traeger ENTERS.

POTTER

Good morning, Doctor. Anything you need, just holler.

TRAEGER

Judging by the size of this place, I don't imagine I'll have too much trouble finding my way around.

HAWKEYE

Since you've never been in a MASH unit, I better give you a rundown. The gowns are in the closet, the instruments are in the trays, and I am in charge.

TRAEGER

How fitting. You're a perfect match for these crude surroundings.

Cont.

POTTER

Look, there's gonna be enough blood in there without you two at each other's throats again.

HAWKEYE

Don't worry about me, Colonel. I'm a very easy man to work for.

INT. O.R. - DAY (A SHORT WHILE LATER)

13

It is a particularly grueling shift. The room is packed with patients. All M*A*S*H personnel are present. Hawkeye, Potter, Charles and Traeger operate. HOT LIPS assists Traeger, who is at the table adjacent to Hawkeye.

TRAEGER

Suction.

HOT LIPS

Suction, Doctor.

POTTER

How goes the battle, Traeger?

TRAEGER

This guy's belly looks like spaghetti.

HAWKEYE

(to Traeger as he works)

That's why they call us meatball surgeons. Not exactly a day at the office, is it?

TRAEGER

No, but it's nothing I can't handle... 'Chief.'

CHARLES

Ah, Dr. Traeger, you are a wonderful surgeon which makes you a terrible disappointment to Pierce.

Klinger ENTERS, a mask bulging over his bandaged nose. He approaches Charles with more surgical gloves.

KLINGER

Here you are Doctor, more gloves.

Cont.

CHARLES

Thank you. Maaaax, how nice to see you up and about and looking so well.

As a new patient is being brought to Charles:

KLINGER

When lives are in the balance, a Klinger is always there no matter how great the pain or injury. As you are well aware.

CHARLES

I'm sure I'll never forget it as long as you live.

KLINGER

Needless to say, I will be really beat after this grueling session. So when you've changed, report back to my office for further instructions. Until then...

Klinger EXITS.

CHARLES

(to Nurse)

I cannot wait for that nose to get better so I can break it again.

(imitating Klinger, he pronounces it 'bweak')

INT. PRE-OP - DAY

14

Several patients are still on litters awaiting surgery. B.J. moves from one patient to another. A couple of Nurses are also present. B.J., using only his good hand, lifts a pressure dressing to examine a wound.

B.J.

This kid's been waiting too long. Get him another quarter grain of morphine. And let him go to the head of the line.

NURSE

Yes, Doctor.

B.J. turns to move on to another patient and grazes his injured hand against a protruding litter pole. The pain is excruciating. He smothers a scream so as not to alert anyone else, but slowly sinks to his knees and leans against the wall.

INT. O.R. - DAY

Everyone is working. Hawkeye is just finishing a patient.

HAWKEYE

Well, now that his stomach is all tied up in knots, he should be fine. Can I have a corpsman or a busboy to clear the table?

Corpsmen come in to remove the patient as Hawkeye turns to change his gloves.

HOT LIPS

(to Traeger)

Nice job, Doctor. It's hard to believe this is your first time in combat surgery.

TRAEGER

Surgery is surgery, Major. Only where I come from the patients share a room after surgery, not during it. Okay, that takes care of the shrapnel. Now we'll see about the anastomosis.

HOT LIPS

Right. I'll get the Babcock clamps.

Hawkeye looks over.

HAWKEYE

Hold it a minute, Traeger. I better double check.

TRAEGER

Can't you keep your second opinions to yourself?

Hawkeye moves toward Traeger's patient.

HAWKEYE

Sorry, Doctor, but there's a world of difference between a hospital zone and a war zone.

Hawkeye begins examining the open wound of the patient.

Cont.

HAWKEYE
Shrapnel just loves to play
hide-and-seeK. You gotta
look real close. Use your
hands. Up to your elbows
if necessary.

TRAEGER
(facetiously)
Gee, I wish I had thought
of that.

Hawkeye finishes the examination.

TRAEGER
(smugly)
Find anything?

HAWKEYE
Where the hell's my next
patient? And give me fresh
gloves.

He moves back to his table.

ANGLE ON DOOR

16

B.J. ENTERS, holding his hand.

HAWKEYE
Come on, Beej, who's next?

B.J.
Me.

B.J. slowly moves to the empty table and sits on it, weakly
holding his throbbing hand which is drained of color.

HAWKEYE
My God, your hand looks like
it's seen a ghost.

B.J.
Yeah, and it really feels numb.

Hawkeye gently takes B.J.'s injured hand to feel the pulse.

POTTER
What's going on over there?
What's with Hunnicutt?

Cont.

HAWKEYE

His pulse is low. There's no circulation in his fingers. I think he might have a compartment hemorrhage.

B.J.

Oh, boy.

TRAEGER

If you want to find out in a hurry, just lift up that middle finger and see how bad it hurts.

Hawkeye and B.J. look at one another.

B.J.

Go on. You're just following Doctor's orders.

Hawkeye reluctantly raises B.J.'s middle finger. B.J. screams in agony.

HOT LIPS

Oh, God.

CHARLES

It's a compartment hemorrhage, all right.

TRAEGER

If that hand's not operated on immediately, he could lose the use of it. Pierce, I'm in the middle of this guy's bowel here. Looks like Hunnicutt's your patient after all. Can you handle it?

HAWKEYE

Yeah, sure.

(turns, stops and
thinks for a
moment)

But I want you to.

Traeger looks at him.

HAWKEYE

Go on.

(re Traeger's
patient)

I'll take him. Meatball surgery is my specialty.

POTTER
Enough of the chitchat.
Somebody get cuttin'.

Hawkeye turns reassuringly to B.J.

HAWKEYE
Don't worry. Everything's
going to be fine.

B.J.
Keep your fingers crossed,
'cause I can't.

As a Nurse begins to prep B.J., Hawkeye and Traeger move to switch tables. As they pass one another, they stop for a moment, make eye contact but say nothing, and then move on.

INT. "THE SWAMP" - CLOSEUP - B.J.'S HAND - NIGHT 17

It is bandaged lightly at the wrist, with the ends of the fingers still exposed. WIDEN TO REVEAL Traeger examining the hand. Hawkeye stands nearby.

TRAEGER
Does that hurt?

B.J.
Just a little.

TRAEGER
That's okay. And the color's
a lot better, too. Go ahead,
try to flex.

B.J. does so and smiles.

B.J.
(to Traeger)
Thanks a lot, Doc.

HAWKEYE
Congratulations, Beej. You're
still a two-fisted drinker.
(to Traeger)
You did a terrific job, Doctor.

TRAEGER
Of course I did.

Cont.

TRAEGER (Cont.)
(gets up and moves
toward door)
What'd you expect? I'm not an
intern, you know.

He turns and EXITS.

B.J.
When you're that obnoxious,
you better be good.

HAWKEYE
And damn it, he is. But
he's still a jackass.

B.J.
There's a lot of that going
around. What do you call a
Doctor who won't admit he's
got a problem until it
almost cost him his career?

HAWKEYE
I call him lucky.

B.J.
Thanks, Hawk.

HAWKEYE
Well, us interns got to
stick together.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN

EXT. COMPOUND - CLOSEUP - THE P.A. SPEAKER - NIGHT 18
(STOCK)

KLINGER'S VOICE

...Paging Charles Emerson Winchester,
the living. This is your savior
speaking. It's time to tote that
barge and lift that book...

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT 19

Klinger, still with the bandage on his nose, sits at his
desk, holding the P.A. microphone.

KLINGER

...So, for the last time,
I say, chop chop, Chuck Chuck.

Charles ENTERS, carrying a paper bag.

KLINGER

Well, finally. While you were
lallygagging, I've been looking
everywhere for 'I, the Jury.'

CHARLES

Please forgive my tardiness,
dear Max. Fear not,
Mr. Spillane's torrid tome is
in good hands. Mine.

He holds up the paper bag.

KLINGER

How appropriate. A plain brown
wrapper. Well, let's get started.

CHARLES

Rather than reading, and more
in keeping with your heroism, I
propose an 'I, the Jury' ticker
tape parade.

KLINGER

I don't understand.

CHARLES

Well, then, let me Spillane.

Charles opens the bag and throws up the contents, "I, the
Jury" diced into confetti, over Klinger's head. As pieces
snow down on Klinger's face, FREEZE FRAME:

FADE OUT