

M*A*S*H

"NO LAUGHING MATTER"

Written by

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and

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FINAL
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CAST LIST

HAWKEYE

B.J.

POTTER

HOT LIPS

CHARLES

KLINGER

MULCAHY

IGOR

COLONEL HORACE BALDWIN

NURSE

ROSIE

KOREAN WOMAN

KELLYE

KOREAN MAN

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

OFFICERS' CLUB
POTTER'S OFFICE
KLINGER'S OFFICE
SHOWERS
MESS TENT
"THE SWAMP"
ROSIE'S BAR
POST-OP
VIP TENT

EXTERIORS:

MESS TENT
COMPOUND

"NO LAUGHING MATTER"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - NIGHT

HAWKEYE and B.J. are having a leisurely drink at a table, as B.J. reads from Reader's Digest. 1

B.J. IS SHIRT, BOTTOM BUTTON OPEN, TAIL OUT,
All right, 'How Secure Are You?'
Question number one: 'Do you
become evasive when asked about
your true feelings?'

HAWKEYE ROBE TIED, TAGS OUT OF T-SHIRT,
Depends on what you mean by
evasive.

B.J.
Come on, Hawk. Yes and no
answers only.

HAWKEYE
All right. Yes and no.

B.J.
That's a yes. Okay, number two:
'Is being insecure robbing you
of personal fulfillment?'

HAWKEYE
No. It's being in Korea. This
test is silly.

B.J.
What do you mean? It was
developed by the top
psychiatrist at Reader's Digest.

HAWKEYE
Knowing the way they condense
everything I suppose his name is
Dr. Sigmund Fred. X

B.J.
(closing the
magazine)
Okay, fine. We'll forget about
it.

HAWKEYE
Just because I said it was
silly doesn't mean I don't
want to do it. Come on, come
on, question three.

B.J.
Okay, funny guy, I'll give you
one more chance.

(reading from
the test)

'Do you find it necessary to
deal with serious subjects in
a joking manner?'

HAWKEYE

No.

B.J.

All right, that does it. All
you want to do is make jokes.

(tosses the
magazine to
Hawkeye)

Here. There's a section all
about you. 'Humor in Uniform.'

HAWKEYE

Wait a second. I was serious.

B.J.

Come on. You joke all the time.

HAWKEYE

(indicating
magazine)

That says 'Do I find it
necessary?' I don't. It's not
like I'm a gagaholic.

POTTER comes over from the bar with a drink.

POTTER *up at, Colonel POW. Pants Blasted.*
Howdy, Captains. Membership
still open in this powwow?

B.J.

Sit down, Colonel.

POTTER

(noticing the
Reader's Digest)

Darn fine publication,
Reader's Digest. Mildred and I
have the complete abridged
library. Mildred can never
figure out what they've cut out
of those books, 'cause they
seem perfect.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

Oh, yeah. I love those. My favorites were 'Tale of a City' and 'The Two Musketeers.'

KLINGER ENTERS and joins them.

KLINGER *cap off. shirt off. tags out.*
(handing Potter *BALLET, ROM RUTLAND*
a teletype)

I thought you'd want to see this TWX, Sir. Colonel Horace Baldwin is coming here tomorrow on a fact-finding tour.

HAWKEYE

Happens whenever the Army starts running low on facts.

POTTER

(trying to recollect)
Horace Baldwin?

KLINGER

(hand extended)
If I were with Western Union, I would at this moment be receiving a gratuity.

POTTER

Get back to work, lad.

KLINGER

Talk is cheap.
(under his breath, as he leaves)
And so is the Colonel.

POTTER

Now I place the moniker. Baldwin's the honcho who exiled Winchester from his cushy job at Tokyo General. When the Major finds out about this, he's going to sneeze bricks.

HAWKEYE

You may as well let me handle it, Colonel. I want to be there anyway.

X

Cont.

POTTER

Put a lid on it, Pierce. This is a powder keg, and I don't want anybody setting a match to it.

B.J.

Don't worry about me, Colonel.

HAWKEYE

Right. No more Horacing around.

POTTER

Well, I'm not looking forward to breaking the news to him.

(tossing down
his drink)

Better get myself another toddy.

X

He walks off to the bar to get another drink. Hawkeye notices B.J. scribbling on a napkin.

HAWKEYE

What are you doing?

B.J.

Keeping a running tab.

HAWKEYE

I only had one drink.

B.J.

Who's talking about drinks?

You did five jokes.

(reading off
the napkin)

'Tale of a City,'
'The Two Musketeers,' running
low on facts...

HAWKEYE

So what's the point?

B.J.

(doing some quick
figuring on the
napkin)

Well, according to official figures just released by the Army, you did five jokes in about a minute...that's three hundred an hour...sixteen hours a day...that's about five thousand jokes a day. You're a funny guy. Not secure, but funny.

HAWKEYE

All right, all right. But the fact is, I didn't have to do any of those. I just felt like it.

B.J.

Of course. I understand.

HAWKEYE

So what you're saying is I could get out of the Army as an insecurity risk.

B.J.

That's six.

INT. POTTER'S OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING 2

Potter paces in front of a confused CHARLES in a very professorial manner.

POTTER *Potter says this to Charles*
 ...They knew what they were talking about when they passed the Golden Rule. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you. Forgive and forget is a pretty savvy sentiment, too. And, might I also remind you, valor isn't the only thing discretion is the better part of.

CHARLES *Charles says this to Potter*
 Colonel, I pray there is a reason why you are regaling me with this Barlett's barrage of platitudes.

POTTER
 Just trying to put some stiff in your upper lip, Winchester. An old friend of yours is coming to call...
 Colonel Horace Baldwin.

CHARLES
 (casually)
 Horace Baldwin? When?

POTTER
 Sometime today.

Cont.

CHARLES

Isn't that interesting? I haven't seen him since I left Tokyo.

POTTER

Well, I must say, you've got a tighter grip on your reins than I expected you would. I thought for sure you'd Vesuvius all over my office.

CHARLES

Colonel, what is the point in bearing a grudge?

X

POTTER

Glad to see you using some common sense.

CHARLES

(with slowly
building anger)

What possible benefit could I gain from becoming angry over the impending arrival of the cretin who banished me to this flea hatchery?

POTTER

You are using common sense, aren't you?

CHARLES

Just because I was forced to surrender the delights of Tokyo where I could indulge in Kabuki and octopus.

POTTER

Winchester, you're letting that goat of yours get got again.

CHARLES

Have you ever experienced the Epicurean delight of fresh octopus?

Cont.

POTTER

I don't like any food that hangs onto the plate when you pick it up.

CHARLES

The injustice of it all. To bury me in this vermin preserve only to avoid paying the six-hundred dollars he lost to me in a game of cribbage. Ergo, when he arrives, I shall personally perform elective surgery on the first organ that presents itself!

POTTER

Major, I've got a hospital to run, and I don't want Baldwin in it.

CHARLES

This may be the only chance I'll ever have to savor the sweet fruit of revenge! I swear by all that is holy on Beacon Hill, I'll get even!

POTTER

Winchester, ten hut!

Charles automatically snaps to attention.

POTTER

I need a volunteer to stay away from Colonel Baldwin. And you're it!

As Charles begins to sputter:

POTTER

About-face!

Charles does so.

POTTER

Forward, skedaddle!

In utter frustration, Charles EXITS into Klinger's office.

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE - DAY (CONTINUOUS ACTION)

Klinger has been listening at the door. He is rushing back to his typewriter just as Charles ENTERS.

CHARLES *DAVE'S OFFICE*

(muttering to himself)

I vow that last laugh has yet to be laughed.

X

KLINGER *FORGIVE ME, I'M TRYING TO POINT*

Begging your pardon, Major... *THEY WERE HERE*

CHARLES

Quiet, you meddling little Bedouin.

KLINGER

Sorry, Sir, but I've had a lot of experience in these matters.

CHARLES

I don't need the wisdom of your experience. I'm not selling watches from the trunk of a car.

KLINGER

Let me just ask you one question. How would you like to win an all-expense paid trip to Tokyo for the rest of the war?

CHARLES

Tokyo...Japan?

KLINGER

That's right. The Pearl of the Orient. All you have to do to win this contest is know the three w's of getting ahead. What to kiss. Whose to kiss. And when to kiss it.

CHARLES

Surely you are not proposing Horace Baldwin's?!

KLINGER

The man who sent you here is the man who can take you away from all this.

Cont.

CHARLES

I'd sooner bathe in pig swill.

KLINGER

Major, look at the big picture. If you're smart, the only physical thing you'll greet Colonel Baldwin with is a handshake. This situation calls for tact, diplomacy and sucking up.

CHARLES

Suck up?! A Winchester?!

KLINGER

Remember, to grow a beautiful rose, sometimes you've got to shovel a lot of manure.

CHARLES

Why am I listening to this interminable drivel when there's a perfect murder to be planned?

He angrily EXITS.

INT. SHOWERS - DAY (SAME TIME)

4

B.J. is showering as Hawkeye ENTERS and steps into the adjoining stall.

B.J.

Good news, Hawk. There's plenty of hot water for a change.

HAWKEYE

All right, cut the small talk. Did you mean what you said last night?

B.J.

Of course not. It was a pack of lies. What did I say?

X

HAWKEYE

You know exactly what I'm talking about. You said I was insecure.

Cont.

B.J.

I didn't say you were insecure.
Reader's Digest did.

HAWKEYE

I didn't hear you disagreeing.

B.J.

Why are you letting this get to
you? It's just a silly test.

HAWKEYE

Of course it is. Totally
meaningless. Do you or do you
not think I joke too much?
C'mon, c'mon.

B.J.

(leveling with
nim)

Okay, so maybe you're a little
insecure. Who isn't? You also
happen to be one of the funniest
people I've ever met.

HAWKEYE

Polite tap dancing aside, what
you're really saying is that I
come across like some kind of
joke machine. That I need to
be restrained with a yockstrap.

B.J.

Hawk, there's more foam in your
mouth than on your body.

HAWKEYE

Listen, I'm a complex person.
There's a lot more to me than
brilliant humor. Even
without it, I'd still be an
interesting person. In fact,
I'm fascinating.

X

B.J.

Sure you are.

X

HAWKEYE

Don't patronize me. You think
I'm just joking. Well, I'll
prove it to you.

B.J.

Hawk, there's nothing to prove.

HAWKEYE

All right, you're on. I'll bet you ten bucks I can go all day without telling a joke.

B.J.

Hawk, you're not going to let go of this, are you?

HAWKEYE

How can I? You keep throwing it in my face. So, what do you say? Is it a bet?

B.J.

Are we saying just a good joke?

HAWKEYE

Any joke. Good, bad or practical.

B.J.

Okay. Just for you I'll take the bet. But this has to be between you and me. Otherwise it won't be an honest test.

HAWKEYE

You're on.

They shake hands across the stalls.

OUT 5 X

INT. MESS TENT - NIGHT

6

Hawkeye and B.J. are in the serving line getting their lunch as IGOR doles out the food.

B.J. *TO BRUY TAGS OUT.*

Well, dinner looks pretty good tonight, Hawk. What do you suppose this was in its previous life?

Cont.

IGOR
These are leftovers.

B.J.
Oh, really? From which war do you think, Hawk?

HAWKEYE
Obviously the Korean War.

IGOR
You want some of this fried fish?

B.J.
Okay. And while you're at it, check the oil. Right, Hawk?

B.J. holds out his plate and Igor loads it up.

HAWKEYE
I think I'll have some of that orange stuff.

IGOR
Oh, the green beans.

HAWKEYE
Green beans? They look more like...

He suddenly stifles himself, picks up his tray and quickly moves to a table so as to avoid the temptation. B.J. follows quickly, loving every moment.

B.J.
I'll tell you what, Hawk. We can settle the bet right now for half, and you can go back and talk beans with Igor.

HAWKEYE
I could go back and make some remarks. They'd be much more clever than the ones you made. But I'm not as insecure as you are.

They join Potter at the table and AD-LIB greetings to him.

POTTER
Howdy, boys. Have a seat.

Cont.

As they begin to sit, through the netting we can SEE a JEEP pull into the Compound. Potter notices and suddenly leaps to his feet.

POTTER
On your feet, boys.

B.J.
Huh?

POTTER
That's him. Horace Baldwin.
In case Winchester shows up I
want you two there to cut him
off at the pass.

B.J.
You can count on me,
Colonel Earp.

HAWKEYE
Me, too, Sir.

Charles EXITS Pre-Op and strides purposefully towards Baldwin.

POTTER
There he is. Go to the whip.

The three of them hurriedly start to EXIT from the Mess Tent.

B.J.
We don't have to take him alive,
do we?

HAWKEYE
Of course we do.

POTTER
Will you stop clowning around,
Pierce?

Hawkeye reacts as they EXIT to the Compound.

EXT. MESS TENT - DAY (CONTINUOUS ACTION)

7

As Charles continues toward Baldwin, Hawkeye, B.J. and Potter run up to him. Hawkeye and B.J. grab Charles by the arms.

POTTER *same as 2016*
Don't be stupid, Winchester.

B.J. *same as 2016*
If you break a Colonel, it's
seven years bad luck.

HAWKEYE *same as last pg*

Come on, it's not worth it.

CHARLES *same as last pg. Bottom of page.*

Gentlemen, I know exactly what *what I'm doing* I'm doing.

He brushes past them and is the first to reach BALDWIN who is a few steps away. Suddenly Charles becomes all smiles and extends his hand.

CHARLES

Colonel Baldwin! Welcome to the 4077!

X

Hawkeye, B.J. and Potter look at each other in total amazement.

POTTER

I don't believe it.
Joe Palooka's turned into
Smiling Jack.

CHARLES

It's so wonderful to see you again.

BALDWIN *HEMET all, jacket all the way.*

Good to see you, too. Who are *you? BALT all over jacket.* you?

CHARLES

Why, Major Charles Winchester, Sir. I served under your fine tutelage at Tokyo General.

Baldwin continues to look blankly at Charles.

CHARLES

We used to play cribbage, you and I.

Baldwin suddenly remembers Charles, and not fondly.

BALDWIN

Ah, now I remember. I never met a man with better luck.

CHARLES

Yes indeed, she was a lady that night. To allow me to beat someone who was obviously far more skilled than I.

X

BALDWIN

As long as you realize that.

CHARLES

I do. But that's all behind us. And Colonel Potter's in front of us. And Captains Pierce and Hunnicutt. Gentlemen, this is the esteemed Colonel Baldwin about whom I have told you so much.

X

POTTER

Nice to have you in our little corner of the war, Colonel.

B.J.

Hi. We're the medicine men. Welcome to the reservation.

X

HAWKEYE

How do you do, Sir.

Klinger quickly ENTERS from his office.

KLINGER

Ah-hah, Colonel Baldwin as you live and breathe, thank goodness.

CHARLES

(jumping in quickly)

Ah, Colonel, our esteemed company clerk, Maxwell Klinger. Corporal, take our guest to the VIP tent post-haste. You will do everything in your power to make Colonel Baldwin as comfortable as possible.

KLINGER

I will? I will. I read you loud and clear, Oh Most Gracious Host. Consider him comfortable.

Klinger winks at Charles.

BALDWIN

Thank you very much, Major.

Cont.

CHARLES

Perhaps later we can play some cribbage. That will give you a chance to get even with me... literally and figuratively.

BALDWIN

Kind of pressing your luck, aren't you?

CHARLES

Even if my incredible good fortune were to run out, it would be an honor to lose to someone of your skill.

KLINGER

(with great admiration)
That's my boy, Sir.
(re Baldwin)
This way, your vipness.

Klinger takes Baldwin's bag and leads him off.

POTTER

Winchester, you were kind, courteous and every bit the gentleman. What have you got up your sleeve?

B.J.

Maybe a gun.
(to Hawkeye)
Does a Winchester carry a Derringer?

X

HAWKEYE

It seems unlikely.

CHARLES

Gentlemen, the answer is quite simple. This morning I received some sage advice to forgive and forget, and to do unto others, etcetera, etcetera.

POTTER

Hold on. I'm the one who gave out that advice, and I happen to know I was talking to myself.

Cont.

CHARLES

Very observant, Sir. In all candor, I'm shoveling a little manure for my Tokyo Rose. 'Day.

He walks off.

INT. "THE SWAMP" - CLOSE ON CHARLES - DAY

8

It is clear from the expression on his face that he is enduring some kind of torture.

BALDWIN *FAT. CAP OFF HIS HEAD. HE'S NOT HIS P. HE'S SHORT & WIDE BUILT. HE'S WEARING A SUIT & TIE. HE'S NOT WEARING A SUIT & TIE. HE'S WEARING A SUIT & TIE.*

(o.s.)

Eighteen points. You never *TOO LATE TO GET HIS POINTS.* should have done that, Winchester.

NEW ANGLE

9

SHOWING Charles is in the midst of a cribbage game with Baldwin who is just laying his cards down. In front of Baldwin is a snifter and bottle of fine cognac. Charles picks up the cards, shuffles and deals as Baldwin pegs his points on the cribbage board.

CHARLES *CHARLES OPEN, BOTH POCKETS, BUTTERED.*

There was no way I could have possibly foreseen such a brilliant execution of daring strategy.

BALDWIN

(pouring large portion of brandy into his snifter)

Looks like your luck is running out, and my skill is taking over. Here's mud in your eye.

He takes a couple of large gulps of cognac, as they play out the hand.

CHARLES

Yes, it was inevitable it would have to come to an end sooner or later.

BALDWIN

This hooch is top-notch.

Cont.

CHARLES

Yes, eighteen-year-old cognac often is. As a matter of fact, I procured this hooch in Tokyo. Speaking of Tokyo, I assume the octopus is as good as ever?

BALDWIN

I never touch that raw fish junk. Give me a good old steak any day.

CHARLES

My sentiments exactly. I'm a meat and taters man myself. I've enjoyed many a T-bone at some of Boston's finest restaurants.

BALDWIN

So you're from Beantown, eh?

CHARLES

Yes...Beantown. Though recently I find my thoughts turning mostly to my home away from home, Tokyo.

(laying down
his hand)

Bust.

BALDWIN

(laying down his
hand and totaling)

Double run of eights...four...
that gives me fourteen.

As Baldwin pegs his points, Charles is doing quick calculations on the score pad.

CHARLES

Astounding. In just this brief time you have managed to eradicate your entire debt of six hundred and twenty-three dollars and to actually pull ahead \$5.14.

BALDWIN

I had a feeling I'd be hot today.

Cont.

CHARLES

So did I. Well, I see no reason to be humiliated further. Since your debt to me no longer exists, what do you say we hang up our cards and chew the fat...about our common ground, Tokyo.

BALDWIN

Don't be ridiculous. I'm on a streak. I'm not going to quit until I've taken you for everything you've got.

CHARLES

(forcing a smile)
Oh, how I love a challenge.

BALDWIN

(pours the last drop from bottle)
We're running low on this rotgut. You got any more?

As Baldwin deals with relish, Charles slowly moves to get another bottle of cognac.

CHARLES

Coming right up. The last of the rotgut.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

INT. "THE SWAMP" - EARLY EVENING

10

The cribbage game is just winding up. Baldwin is gloating. Charles is still managing to feign good nature, though now with more difficulty.

BALDWIN *CAME AS 301.30?*
 (totaling up his *TRY TO NOT PROCEED,*
 winnings)

So...if my calculations are correct, you now owe me \$452.27.

X

CHARLES *SHIRT TOP 2 BUTTONS OPEN, HIS LEFT*
 I assume a check will suffice. *TOP KEPT OPEN, HIS RIGHT,*

BALDWIN *BOTH SLEEVES ROLLED UP.*
 How do I know you're good for *TRY TO NOT PROCEED,*
 it?

CHARLES
 Good for it? The Winchesters are one of the finest families in all of...Beantown. We have impeccable credit in the financial capitals of the world. London, Geneva...Tokyo. Were I there now, you would be counting your money in a matter of minutes.

BALDWIN
 All right, I'll take your check. You sure do seem fond of Tokyo.

CHARLES
 Call me spoiled, but I have an affinity for cities where the roof over one's head isn't made of the same material as one's trousers.

BALDWIN
 Yeah, I know what you mean. I don't like to be away from Tokyo myself. It gets lonely on the road. I thought perhaps you could find me some...companionship.

CHARLES
 Companionship...?

BALDWIN

Come now...Charles. We're both men of the world. Officers. Gentlemen. No fact-finding tour is successful if all one uncovers is cold impersonal data.

CHARLES

Am I to understand you want something a little warmer to uncover?

BALDWIN

(getting up and crossing to the door)

You understand perfectly. If anyone should be interested, I'll be in my tent all night. Especially around 2330 hours. Do your best, Charles, and I won't forget it.

With a lecherous wink, he EXITS. A stunned Charles tries to decide how to handle this situation. Finally, his mind made up, he EXITS.

EXT. COMPOUND - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS ACTION)

11

As Charles EXITS "The Swamp" and heads across the Compound, he runs into Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE

Hi, Charles. Out for an evening stroll?

CHARLES

Enough smart-aleck remarks, Pierce.

Brushing Hawkeye aside, he keeps on going. Hawkeye stands looking after him, wondering what that was all about, when he is approached by a NURSE.

NURSE

Hi, Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE

Hi, Lieutenant.

NURSE

If you're out trolling these waters, I'm biting.

Cont.

HAWKEYE

You are?

NURSE

I'll be off duty in an hour.
We could meet behind the
motor pool and jump each
other's batteries.

HAWKEYE

It would give me great pleasure
to warm up your...uh...Wait a
minute.

(looks around)

Did B.J. put you up to this?

NURSE

B.J.? What are you talking
about?

HAWKEYE

Nothing. Never mind.

NURSE

Is this some sort of a joke?

HAWKEYE

Oh, no, no. Not for awhile yet.

NURSE

Huh?

HAWKEYE

Forget it, forget it.

NURSE

Hawkeye, are you all right?

HAWKEYE

I'm fine. Believe me.

NURSE

Well, you obviously have
something else on your mind.
Maybe we ought to leave this
for some other time when you're
in a little better mood. I'll
see you later.

She starts to walk off. Hawkeye calls after her:

Cont.

HAWKEYE

No, wait. I'm in a great mood.
There's more to life than just
jokes. We could have lots of
good talks.

(turns and walks
toward "The Swamp";
looking around)

Hunnicuttt, if you're not
responsible for this, I'm
going to kill you.

INT. ROSIE'S BAR - NIGHT

12

Charles is at the bar with ROSIE.

CHARLES *... THE COLOR OF THE BROWN*

...For only through that
glorious union, that uniting
of souls, when two are as
one, can two beings overcome
the ravages imposed by the
realities of this brutal
conflict between nations.

*BUTTERFLY TAIL AND OTHERS
NOT KNOWN
SHEETS D.V.*

ROSIE

It'll cost you ten smackers.

CHARLES

Sshhh.

(sotto)

You understand, of course, this
is not for me. It's for a shy
friend.

ROSIE

Everybody got a shy friend. As
long as you not shy ten bucks.
I find your friend a friend.

Rosie looks off and points out one young KOREAN WOMAN.

ROSIE

I think that one be fine for
you. If your friend prefer
a blonde, she can arrange that.

CHARLES

Oh, she has a friend?

ROSIE

No. She has a wig.

Charles sneers, then gets up and crosses over to the Woman.

CHARLES

Hello.

KOREAN WOMAN

Hello, Joe.

CHARLES

Actually, the name is...Joe,
that's right. Nice evening.

KOREAN WOMAN

Could be terrific evening.

CHARLES

Ah, I think we understand each
other. I would like you to pay
a little social call on a friend
of mine.

KOREAN WOMAN

Oh, I get you, Joe. Shy friend,
huh?

As this point, MULCAHY ENTERS the bar, and unseen by Charles,
walks towards him.

CHARLES

MASH, VIP tent, eleven-thirty.

MULCAHY

Oh, hello, Major.

CHARLES

Ah, Father Mulcahy. Yes.
Here we are in the bar. At
Rosie's. So...how's the Lord?

MULCAHY

Fine, thank you. I'll tell him
you asked. I trust I'm not
interrupting anything.

CHARLES

Oh, no, no. I was just visiting
here with this homeless waif.
Perhaps you were not aware that
my family, as one of its many
philanthropic endeavors, is
helping to put this poor,
starving child through school.

Cont.

KOREAN WOMAN

Ten dollar.

MULCAHY

She sure has learned her
economics.

X

Mulcahy walks off. Charles, red-faced, turns back to the
Woman.

INT. POST-OP - NIGHT

13

HOT LIPS is at the desk. KELLYE ENTERS with a folder full of
papers.

KELLYE

It's 2330, Major. I'll take
over.

HOT LIPS

All yours, Kellye. Did you get
those reports for Colonel
Baldwin?

Hot Lips gets up from the desk.

KELLYE

(re folder)

Yes. I'll give them to him in
the morning.

HOT LIPS

He's leaving first thing. I'll
go by, and if he's still awake,
I'll give them to him now.

KELLYE

Thanks, Major.

Hot Lips takes the folder from Kellye and EXITS.

EXT. VIP TENT - NIGHT

14

Hot Lips, holding the folder of reports, approaches
Colonel Baldwin's door.

HOT LIPS

(sotto)

Colonel Baldwin?

BALDWIN

(voice over)

Who is it?

HOT LIPS

Oh, good. I was afraid you'd
be asleep. It's Major Houlihan.

BALDWIN
(voice over)
Major Houlihan? I certainly
wasn't expecting you.

HOT LIPS
Well, I know how important this
is to you, so I thought I'd
take care of it personally.

As she ENTERS the tent:

BALDWIN
(voice over)
My, my, Major Winchester really
outdid himself. X

Hot Lips EXITS into the tent. CAMERA HOLDS ON the outside.

HOT LIPS
(o.s.)
Where are you, Colonel?

BALDWIN
(o.s.)
Over here, Major.

HOT LIPS
(o.s.)
Do you always keep your tent
so dark?

BALDWIN
(o.s.)
There's certainly enough light
for us...Right over here.

HOT LIPS
(o.s.)
Colonel, why are you wearing
that hood? My God!

Hot Lips suddenly SCREAMS. This is followed by a LOUD
SCUFFLE, punctuated by a painful GROAN from Colonel Baldwin.

INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - NIGHT

15

Charles, at a table with Hawkeye and B.J., is pouring a round
from the same cognac bottle that was used in the cribbage
game.

Cont.

B.J. SAME AS 201.19

Charles, what's up? Generosity
is not the osity you're best
known for around here.

(turning to
Hawkeye)

Wouldn't you say?

HAWKEYE SAME AS 201.19

That's funnier than I would
put it.

B.J.

(a warning)

Dangerously close to humor.

HAWKEYE

(pleading)

This is conversation.

CHARLES (BIAR OPEN LEFT POCKET OF PANTS)

Thanks to my ability to fathom *CHARLES HAS LOWER*,
the complexity of another's
psyche, soon I will be returning
to my beloved Tokyo. A toast
to my good fortune and my good-bye.
A parting shot, you might say.

The door suddenly flies open, and a volcanic Hot Lips bursts
in. She carries the file folder. Spotting Charles, she walks
menacingly towards him.

HOT LIPS

(pointing an
accusing finger)

Panderer!

CHARLES

What?

HOT LIPS

You degrade and defile the proud
rank of Major, Major!

CHARLES

Would you be so kind as to tell
me what has possessed you?

HOT LIPS

I'll tell you what hasn't
possessed me! That deranged
maniac with the silver osk-leaf.
on his hood!

ANGLE ON HAWKEYE AND B.J.

16

As they speak ON CAMERA, we HEAR the following VOICE OVER:

HAWKEYE
Another pageant staged
for my benefit?

B.J.
I swear, I don't know a
thing about it.
(beat, as he
turns back)
...But I love it.

CHARLES
(voice over)
I don't have the foggiest
idea what you're talking
about.

HOT LIPS
(voice over)
Don't play innocent with
me, you reptile!

BACK TO SCENE

17

HOT LIPS
Soliciting nurses to be nothing
more than cheap concubines for
immoral purposes!
Margaret Houlihan doesn't
concubine with anybody...
Anybody! Least of all that
degenerate.
(beat)
He had leather pajamas!

X

CHARLES *color girl, pockets, buttons,*
(the picture *PUTS INTO LIGHT*)
coming into focus)
Good grief.

ANGLE ON HAWKEYE AND B.J.

18

B.J. *VEST girl, BOTTOM BUTTER! BUTTER!*
Are your leather jammies *TAIL IS OUT, TAGS "HOT SHOWING"*
missing? *011 PINK SHIRT*

NOTE
BJS
TAGS
?

HAWKEYE *ROBE TUGS OUT,*
(clenched teeth)
I don't have any. Do you?

STARTED 1ST.

BACK TO SCENE

19

HOT LIPS
I'm going to report you and
your very important pervert
to Colonel Potter.
(exiting)
See you at the Court Martial.
Procurer!

With this she throws the folder at Charles. Papers fly out
all over the floor. As Hot Lips EXITS, everyone in the place
breaks out in hysterical laughter, except Hawkeye and Charles.
The latter simply sits dazed and confused.

1571073
19

B.J.
(to Hawkeye)
That's part of his hippocratic
oath. To heal the sick and
procure for the sicker.

CHARLES
I've got to do something!

He gets up and starts to EXIT. As he gets to the door, it
opens and the Korean Woman Charles had employed earlier
ENTERS.

KOREAN WOMAN
Major Joe, ten dollar! Ten
dollar I want!

CHARLES
Who are you?! Get away from
me! Oh, what did I ever do
to deserve this?!

B.J.
(to Hawkeye)
Some are born to lead, others
to wallow.

KOREAN WOMAN
I go to tent like you say.
Find crazy man rolling on
ground with black bag on head
yelling, 'Get out! Get out!'

X

Charles stands up, takes her by the arm and leads her towards
the door as he babbles over his shoulder.

CHARLES
I swear, I've never laid eyes
or anything else, on this
young lady before!

As they reach the door, she WHISTLES LOUDLY. A giant
KOREAN MAN ENTERS. He stands menacingly in the doorway.

CHARLES
Why is this happening to me?

Cont.

B.J.
(to Hawkeye, re
the hulking Man)
Look at that. She's got it
trained to answer her whistle.

KOREAN MAN
You Joe?

CHARLES
Uh...no, actually I'm Charles.
(calling to
the bar)
Anyone in here named Joe? Is
there a Joe in the house?

Everyone except Hawkeye is laughing uproariously.

HAWKEYE
I can't stand this! Laughter,
laughter everywhere, and not
a joke to...
(catching himself)
Ahhhh.

KOREAN WOMAN
(re Charles)
Him Joel Him Joel!

KOREAN MAN
(intimidatingly,
to Charles)
Ten dollars or break legs!

B.J.
(to Charles)
Give him five dollars for one
leg, and see how you like it.

With a lightning move, the Korean Man angrily shoves Charles
against a wall.

CHARLES
All right, all right. You've
talked me into it.
(reaches
for his wallet)
The fact that I am going to
give this enterprising young
fellow some cash should in no
way be construed as an admission
of guilt on my part.

Cont.

The Korean Man takes \$10 from Charles, and he and the Woman
EXIT.

HAWKEYE

(to B.J.)

I can't believe your luck.
The one day you get me into
this bet is the day
hysterical hell breaks loose.

B.J.

It's not my fault the circus
came to town.

HAWKEYE

This is agony. It's like I'm
dying of thirst and can't
unscrew my canteen.

B.J.

(a warning)

Carefull

HAWKEYE

What's funny about that?! It's
not a joke, it's just a simile.

B.J.

Well, I guess you didn't
promise not to simile.

The door opens and Baldwin, again sharply dressed in his
uniform, assuredly strides towards Charles, who is lumped at
a table, his head buried in his arms. Baldwin taps X
Charles on the shoulder. Charles looks up in utter misery.

BALDWIN

Major, if I could have a word
with you in private.

Charles numbly follows him to a corner of the room.

HAWKEYE

(to B.J.)

This is more than I can handle.
I've got to get out of here
before things get any better.

X

He gets up and EXITS.

CHARLES

Go ahead, Sir. Finish me off.
But please be quick about it.

Cont.

BALDWIN
Winchester, how would you like
to be on my staff in Tokyo?

CHARLES
Tokyo? Tokyo? Did I hear Tokyo?

BALDWIN
I'll just need a small favor.

CHARLES
Name it.

X

BALDWIN
Major Houlihan has gone to
Colonel Potter to accuse me of
accosting her...You and I could
get in a lot of hot water.

CHARLES *COULDN'T OPEN, POCKETS, BUTTERED,
PANTS, PLEASSED, TAIL INTO PANTS.*
Now that wouldn't do.

BALDWIN
However, if we stick together,
we can deny her story. We
simply claim she was the
aggressor and only went to
Potter after I rejected her.

X

Before Charles can respond, Hot Lips returns with a confused
Potter. Just roused from his sleep, he is in a robe.

ROBE FOR POTTER →

POTTER *BRIE ROBE TIED TAGS INSIDE
OD SOXS, SLIPPERS*
Winchester, you want to
explain this after-hours
whoop-de-do?

B.J. *VEST OPEN, SHIRT, LS PINK, BOTTOM BUTTER*
Yes, Charles, what did you
do with your whoop-de?

POTTER ✓
Major Houlihan tells me that
you're some sort of bordello
fellow and that Colonel Baldwin
is the one who gave you the
red light to go ahead.

HOT LIPS ✓
I grew up in the military...
but I've never seen such
deviance unbecoming an officer.

Cont.

POTTER

Major Houlihan, please!
(to Baldwin)
Now what do you have to say,
Colonel?

BALDWIN

(self-assured)
Since you insist, I have no
other choice but to accuse
Major Houlihan of improper
behavior.

HOT LIPS

My only improper behavior was
not scratching your eyes out!

B.J.

Margaret, I know where you can
get his legs broken for
ten dollars.

X

BALDWIN

If I might continue.
(to Potter)
In an attempt to curry my favor
in order to secure a promotion,
the Major made sexual advances
towards me.

HOT LIPS

Sexual advances?! He's lying!
Slime!

Hot Lips makes a move towards Baldwin. Instinctively
protecting himself, he pulls a chair in front of him. At the
same time, Potter steps in front of Hot Lips, restraining her.

BALDWIN

Watch her knee, Colonel.

POTTER

Margaret, if you don't simmer
down, I'll have you sedated.

BALDWIN

If there is any doubt as to the
truth of what I'm saying,
Major Winchester was privy to
this entire incident, and can
corroborate everything.

Cont.

POTTER
(turning to
Charles)
Go ahead, Major.

Charles stands numb for a moment.

Cont.

CHARLES

Yes, well. As painful as it is for me to say this...I must nevertheless unequivocally state that...

The knowledge of what he is about to do causes him to let out one last whimper, then:

CHARLES

...Colonel Baldwin is lying through his teeth! He offered to have me reassigned to Tokyo if I would bear false witness against Major Houlihan.

(to Baldwin)

I have grovelled! I have endured your insufferable cribbage playing. And I have kissed your brass! But I will not...even for a return to that pearl of the Orient, Tokyo... lie to protect you while destroying another's career.

There is a loud CHEER from all in the club.

POTTER

Well, Colonel, what have you got to say for yourself?

BALDWIN

I seem to have all the facts I came for. I think I'll be going.

He EXITS. As he does, we HEAR Hawkeye's voice on the P.A.

HAWKEYE

(o.s.; on the P.A.)

Attention, all personnel! It is now 12:01, which means it's no longer today. It's tomorrow. This is Benjamin Franklin Berle, livening up your dead of night.

INT. KLINGER'S OFFICE - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS ACTION) 20

Hawkeye sits at the P.A. mike.

INTERCUT WITH:

REACTION SHOTS

21

of those who are referred to in the Officers' Club. When Baldwin's name is mentioned, we SEE a SHOT of a departing Jeep.

HAWKEYE

(on P.A.)

...Thanks to B.J. Hunnicutt I had a brief bout with jokus interruptus. But now I'm back to abnormal. Bear with me while I take care of some unfinished business...Hey, Igor, keeper of the public ptomaine. Before you go to bed, don't forget to walk tomorrow's breakfast...And let me tell you something, Margaret, you always talk about the leather, but you never do anything about it... And a big hello to Charles, our Chief Procurement Officer, I guess you found out you can't get to Tokyo on the layaway plan ...And the ever popular Horace Baldwin is hereby awarded the fig leaf cluster for service above and beneath the call of duty...But seriously, folks...

X

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

FADE IN

INT. OFFICERS' CLUB - NIGHT (A FEW MINUTES LATER) 22

Charles and Hot Lips are sitting at a table together. Charles is depressed.

CHARLES ^{TAT. SHIRT BELT AND GUN BELT. BUTTEND.}
 Sayonara, Tokyo. Sayonara ^{PAINTS NOT REUSED.}
 sukiyaki, sake, and sumo.

HOT LIPS
 You should be proud of
 yourself, Charles.

CHARLES
 Proud? Proud to know that I
 will never again have the
 pleasure of enjoying dinner
 with my shoes off?

HOT LIPS
 Proud of the way you came to
 my rescue when you refused to
 prostitute yourself.

CHARLES
 Please don't say prostitute.

HOT LIPS
 Think of it. Instead of just
 taking the easy way out, you
 stood up for a principle.

CHARLES
 I did, didn't I?
 (a beat)
 Well, I certainly won't let it
 happen again.

FADE OUT

THE END