

"M*A*S*H"

Screenplay by

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Based on the novel by

Richard Hooker

Final Draft

February 26, 1969

FADE IN:

EXT. LANDING AREA OUTSIDE 4077TH MASH , DAY

Our attention is concentrated on a sign reading: "THIS IS WHERE IT IS , PARALLEL 38." Below these words, arrows point to "NORTH KOREA" in one direction, "SOUTH KOREA" in opposite one. Two Air Rescue helicopters are coming in low from the north, descending to a point just outside the entrance to the hospital Admitting Ward.

Transferring our attention to the helicopters, our gaze goes from the first sign to a second one, on which all we can read at first are the very large letters: "M-A-S-H." Moving closer to the helicopters as they hit the ground, we can make out the rest of the sign. Above the four large letters it says: "4077TH," and then we see there is the remainder of a word following each of the large letters, but in much smaller print, so that "M-A-S-H" becomes "Mobile Army Surgical Hospital." The helicopters land and enlisted men of the U.S. Army Medical Corps Carry two wounded soldiers from each into the Admitting Ward.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL HENRY BLAKE, a permanent member of the Medical Corps and Commanding Officer of the 4077th, watches grimly as the wounded are borne from the helicopters into his hospital. CORPORAL "RADAR" O'REILLY, with a long thin neck, large ears and a knack for anticipating his Colonel's wishes, moves up close behind him.

HENRY
(loudly)
O'Reilly!

RADAR
(at his side)
Yes, sir?

HENRY
Dammit, Radar, wait till I call you!
Tell Major Burns...

RADAR
One of the surgeons from the day
shift will have to stay on duty
tonight?

HENRY
Yes, dammit, and...

He interrupts himself, frightened by the intense expression on Radar's face. The Corporal's head is turning back and forth like an actual radar receiver, monitoring the northern horizon where the valley of a river meanders between mountainous ridges.

HENRY
O'Reilly, what is it?
(appalled at the
thought)
There aren't more choppers coming?

RADAR
I'm afraid so, Colonel.

HENRY
We've got too many wounded for us to
handle now! Get on the phone right
away and...

RADAR
Yes, sir, I'll see if I can reach
General Hammond in Seoul for you.
You think he'll finally break down
and give us two more surgeons?

The DISTANT SOUND of more HELICOPTERS becomes faintly audible to the normal human ear, and a moment later one appears over a ridge.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. MOTOR POOL AND RAILROAD DEPOT , 325TH EVACUATION HOSPITAL , YONG-DONG-PA , DAY

Two officers come from opposite directions toward a Jeep, each carrying a Valpac and trailing a barracks bag. Though they still wear such later-to-be-discarded refinements as captain's bars on their caps and overcoats, they are far from West Point standards in dress and manner. DUKE, 29, is still solidly built like the fullback he once was. HAWKEYE, 28, a former end, is taller and rangier, wears glasses. Their accents, Georgia and Maine respectively, are in sharp contrast. A MOTOR POOL SARGEANT who has driven the Jeep up climbs out.

MOTOR POOL DRIVER

You the guys going to the 4077th?

DUKE

I'm one of 'em.

HAWKEYE

(state of Maine
affirmative)

Ayuh. I'm the other then.

As they stow their gear in the back of the Jeep.

MOTOR POOL SARGEANT

Lots of luck.

He leaves.

HAWKEYE

My name's Hawkeye Pierce.

DUKE

Duke Forrest.

Hawkeye takes the driver's seat. Duke, getting into the right-

hand side, has no objection, just a question.

DUKE

You got directions?

HAWKEYE

Ayuh, only it's early, I need a drink to wake me up.

DUKE

I got some.

He turns around and opens his barracks bag, where he finds a pint bottle conveniently located near the top.

HAWKEYE

Make it yourself, or is it real?

DUKE

Georgia, where I come from, it's real if you make it yourself. But I been buying from the Yankee Government since they put me in this soldier suit and give me a rate.

HAWKEYE

Tax-free booze. It's about all you can say for army life.

DUKE

(passing bottle)

Where you from with that crazy way of talking?

HAWKEYE

Crabapple Cove. Maine.

DUKE

Damn! That must be about as far north as you can get.

HAWKEYE

Pretty near. What do you know about the outfit we're going to?

DUKE

C.O. is Colonel Blake. Lieutenant Colonel Henry Braymore Blake. One of them regular army clowns. Push you around so it's hard to get any decent work done.

HAWKEYE

We got to head them off, right at the start. Push them around first.

They have exchanged the bottle a couple of times. In the act of raising it to his mouth, Hawkeye looks toward the hospital doorway.

HAWKEYE

I think we already caught their eye.

Two MPs have emerged from the hospital administration offices and are heading toward them. Hawkeye goes into action quickly, starting the Jeep engine.

DUKE

What's the initials 'MP' stand for, Hawkeye?

HAWKEYE

Shore Patrol, Duke. Let's go!

The Jeep starts off at its maximum takeoff speed and accelerates dangerously as it careens out of the hospital grounds.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. ROAD NEAR OUIJONGBU , DAY

Hawkeye and Duke are driving the Jeep along the muddy road , they come upon a sign which fills a large part of the screen: "Last chance before Peking". A short distance behind the sign, it is now revealed are three parked U.S. Army trucks, in front of which parades a group of Korean prostitutes from fourteen to forty-five.

Despite the autumn weather, their costumes, mixed American mail order and Korean, are chosen for seductive appeal rather than warmth.

HAWKEYE

Must be the Famous Curb Service Whore

°
(pronounced 'howah')
House. You in the market Duke?

DUKE

(in negation)
I done my shopping in Seoul last
night.

They now have a fairly clear view of a GI and a Korean female lying in tight formation in the bed on one of the trucks, their activity only partially concealed by a blanket.

DUKE

Curb service is right.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. APPROACH TO 4077TH MASH , DAY

Hawkeye stops the Jeep as they come to a place in the road where they can get a downward look at their future home. The river valley in which the 4077th Mash is situated is almost surrounded by mountains. The components of the post are spread out in a rough horseshoe with a large compound of level ground in the middle. At the closed end of the horseshoe is the main hospital building, made of wood with a tin roof marked by a large red cross; everything else is canvas. To the left of the main building are strung out the Admitting Ward, Laboratory, Dental Clinic, Mess Hall, PX, Showers Tent, Barber Tent and the Enlisted Men's Tents. On the right side are the Postop Ward, Officers' Tents, Nurses' Tents, Korean Domestic's Tents and finally, the Officers' Club. In the f.g., from Duke and Hawkeye's angle are four helicopters belonging to the 5th Air Rescue Squadron, and the signs we have already seen marking the post and the 38th Parallel.

HAWKEYE

Well, there it is. Jesus!

DUKE

The spot we picked to spend the
winter. Maybe we ought to look a

little harder.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. MASH MESS HALL , DAY

As Hawkeye and Duke enter. The large tent has two floor levels separated by a railing into a section for officers and one for enlisted men, the two groups being much closer to numerical equality here than in an ordinary military installation. There is a further voluntary piece of segregation within the officers' section: the men , medical officers plus a couple of administrative officers and a helicopter pilot , are at one long, rectangular table; the nurses, ranging in rank from second lieutenant to captain, at another.

Hawkeye starts to lead the way to an empty table in the officers' section, but Duke calls his attention to the outstanding feature of the nurses' table: LIEUTENANT DISH, 24, blonde and clearly, even in her winter fatigues, the sexiest looking nurse in military history.

DUKE

What do you think of that piece of scenery, Yankee boy?

HAWKEYE

Finest kind. We'll sit where we can get the best view.

Accordingly, they select seats close to the nurses and facing the Lieutenant. Some personnel are on duty in the hospital during this lunch period, but beside Dish, two of the following three nurses with whom we will become acquainted are present here:

KNOCKO, who is black, a captain in her thirties, solidly built, very strong and very competent in her job; LESLIE, also a captain, not more than thirty, bright, attractive, cheerful, the kind of girl that brings out the latent male matrimonial instinct but who, strangely, is treated as inviolate by the by the sex-starved men of the post; and LIEUTENANT SCORCH, who can't match Dish or Leslie by physical standards but has the asset of instant availability.

A Korean boy, not yet of military age, in green fatigue pants and an off-white coat, appears promptly and heaps Duke and Hawkeye's plates with food. Duke is hungry enough to turn his whole attention to the meal, but Hawkeye is unable to keep his eyes off Lieutenant Dish while eating. Thus neither of them is aware of the attention they are getting from the male officers' group, which includes HENRY, a couple of medical captains named MURRHARDT and BANDINI; DAGO RED (officially, Father John Patrick Mulcahy, red-haired Catholic Chaplain of the area) and the PAINLESS POLE (Captain Walter Zaldowski, Dental Officer), both in their thirties; and CAPTAIN UGLY JOHN BLACK, an Australian anesthesiologist.

There is also curiosity about the newcomers from the unlisted men's section, where we see among others RADAR; VOLLMER, Henry's overweight Sargeant Major; CORPORAL JUDSON, young, black and fresh from Mississippi; PRIVATE BOONE, who looks too young and nervous to be in any man's army; and PFC SEIDMAN, whose first trip out of New York has taken him halfway around the world.

Henry, who alone has reason to be personally affronted by Duke and Hawkeye's unmilitary behavior, gets up and crosses to where they are sitting.

HENRY

I'm Colonel Blake. You fellows just passing through?

HAWKEYE

Nope, we're assigned heah.

With which reminder we will abandon all indications of the Maine accent.

DUKE

Y'all were short a couple cutters and we're what the Army sent.

HENRY

Don't you know the first thing you're supposed to do at a new post is present yourself to the commanding officer with your orders?

DUKE

Reckon so, but we been boozing all day and you work up an appetite.

HENRY

(taking out orders
and handing Duke a
copy)

You're welcome to one of these,
whatever they are.

DUKE

(finding his orders)

They give you copies to burn.

Henry scans both papers to find what he considers the most important part. There is a RUMBLE OF ARTILLERY in the distance.

HENRY

Good. You've both been working close
to the front.

DUKE

(listening to artillery)

Never this close.

HENRY

They've hit us on Cherry Hill. I
just got word. We have our slack
periods but when the action starts,
you'll have more work in twelve hours
than a civilian surgeon does in a
week.

HAWKEYE

Colonel Blake, have no fear. Hawkeye
and Duke are here.

DUKE

(to Henry)

That's right, pal. You just sit up
front and sign the mail, and leave
the cutting to us.

HENRY

I may need you to go to work

practically immediately. But meanwhile perhaps you'd like to meet some of your fellow officers.

DUKE

Just one for a start.

HAWKEYE

The blonde dish.

HENRY

If you mean...

(looking toward
Lieutenant Dish)

She is a lieutenant in the Army
Nursing Corps, Captain.

HAWKEYE

Okay, Lieutenant Dish. I guess she's
already... involved with somebody
here.

HENRY

They've all tried. Nobody's got to
first base.

He is interrupted by the fact that Dish and Knocko have risen from their table and are passing right by them on their way to the door.

The Lieutenant has just as nice a walk as you would hope for, and the men's eyes follow her till she is again out of hearing distance.

HAWKEYE

Why bother with first base? I'd go
right for the home run.

The Painless Pole and Dago Red have come over.

DAGO RED

This the new talent, Henry?

HENRY

Captain Pierce, Captain Forrest...
Father Mulcahy, the Catholic Chaplain

of the area, and Captain Waldowski,
our Dental Officer.

PAINLESS

Better known as Painless Pole.

Murrhardt and Bandini come over and all ADLIB introductions
, asking each other their backgrounds, etc.

BANDINI

We all call him Dago Red.

DUKE

I'm Duke and he's Hawkeye.

PAINLESS

Glad to know you. Drop in at my clinic
anytime you feel like playing a little
poker, or even if a tooth is bothering
you.

HAWKEYE

Poker sounds great. When do you play?

MURRHARDT

He said anytime. Day and night, seven
days a week. The players change but
the game never stops.

HENRY

(to Hawkeye and Duke)

You'll be living with Major Burns.
O'Reilly!

Before his name is uttered, Radar has already risen from the
enlisted men's group, and is now at Henry's side.

RADAR

Sir?

HENRY

Don't do that, Radar! You make me
nervous.

RADAR

Sir?

HENRY

Don't come so quickly when I call. I want you to take these officers...

RADAR

To Major Burns' tent. Yes, sir.

HENRY

Stop that, O'Rielly!

RADAR

Sir?

HENRY

Oh, get out of here!

RADAR

Yes, Colonel.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

EXT. / INT. "THE SWAMP" (PRESENTLY FRANK'S TENT) , DAY

Hawkeye and Duke drag their bags from the Jeep, which Radar drives away. They look over their new residence, a standard army tent, square with peaked roof, a wooden door attached to the canvas. Then as they approach it, they become aware of a youthful Korean voice reading, in heavily accented English, words that have no meaning for the speaker.

HO-JON'S VOICE (O.S.)

'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death...'

DUKE

Jesus Christ!

HAWKEYE

One of his ancestors, I think.

HO-JON'S VOICE (O.S.)

'I shall fear no evil for Thou art with me...'

They open the door of the tent and go in. There are three

canvas cots with sleeping bags on them, a plank floor, an oil stove, electric light, a few crude shelves, one table and one chair plus assorted crates serving as same.

MAJOR FRANK BURNS, 35, from Wisconsin, is sitting on one of the two more favorably situated cots listening to HO-JON, a Korean boy of 16, read from the Bible. He corrects the word that has given Ho-Jon the most trouble.

FRANK

Thou. For Thou art with me.
(sees Duke and Hawkeye,
jumps up)
Welcome, welcome, welcome!

DUKE

What the hell's going on here?

FRANK

This is Ho-Jon, my houseboy. Our houseboy. I'm teaching him English.

DUKE

Where's he gonna use that kind of talk? 'The valley of the shadow of death.' Wait a minute, Ho-Jon...
(rummages in barracks bag)
I got something for you.

He takes out sex magazine, gives it to Ho-Jon in such a way that we see the nude on the cover, but Frank doesn't.

DUKE

(to Frank)
Little light reading matter. Just right for his age.

HAWKEYE

(to Duke)
Well, southern boy, I suppose you want the sack that's convenient to the door.

DUKE

And gets the wind every time it opens.

No, thanks. I'll take that one.

He indicates the unoccupied cot which, like Frank's, is at the rear of the tent with the stove between it and the front door. Hawkeye shrugs and reaches into his barracks bag.

HAWKEYE

Let's choose for it.
(finds baseball bat,
hands it to Duke)
You toss.

Duke tosses the bat vertically in the air. As it comes down Hawkeye grabs it expertly at the tape with his left hand. Duke puts his left hand above that, and Duke is left with his right hand waving in the air with nothing to grab.

HAWKEYE

(to Ho-Jon)
Part of your education. Always use
your own bat.

He tosses Valpac onto the desired cot.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. ADMITTING WARD , NIGHT

It's pretty full already and more wounded are being brought in by corpsmen. In contrast to the opening scene, where the casualties were a generalized fact seen at a distance, in this scene they are viewed individually and at close range, and the effect, both on the eye and the ear, is almost unbearable. Hawkeye, in a white gown as are all the surgeons and nurses, moves from a patient he has just examined to one who is letting out a number of unintelligible SOUNDS mixed in with such clear and frequently repeated words as "Christ," "Mother," "God damn" and "Please." As Hawkeye approaches, Lieutenant Scorch removes enough of the bandaging done in the field to display an abdomen with part of its contents on the outside.

HAWKEYE

Two-man job. How much blood has he
had?

LIEUTENANT SCORCH
Second pint.

HAWKEYE
Duke...

Duke has just examined a patient. He takes a step towards Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE
This kid's ready but we won't know all the damage till we get in and see what's happened. What have you got?

DUKE
Nothing can't wait. Shall we check it out with the Major?

He indicates a Major who is standing a short distance away, looking like a boss but not actually doing anything. Also in Admitting Ward are, Murrhardt, Lieutenant Dish, PFC Seidman, Corporal Judson.

HAWKEYE
Naw, I already found out. The only thing he doesn't like about being in charge is making decisions.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

NOTE: All principal cast should be available for all operating scenes.

There are three operations going on at once. Here all personnel wear white caps and masks and it is hard to identify individuals except that at close range we can distinguish Hawkeye by his glasses and Duke by his eyes and his build. They are working together with great efficiency and an instinctive collaboration that seems to require no verbal exchange. What we see them do, without necessarily recognizing the portion of anatomy involved, is to cut out a section of bowel damaged by a shell fragment, and start sewing the divided ends together.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye and Duke are working together on the last stages of a leg amputation. This time there is no doubt about the surgical process we are watching; we see the almost severed leg and the process of controlling bleeding; then the limb is actually separated from its stump and handed by Duke to a corpsman. Hawkeye speaks to the nurse standing behind him.

HAWKEYE

Hot pack.

Watching her dip the pack into a warm solution and wring it out, he recognizes, despite cap and mask, that it is Lieutenant Dish. His eyes linger on hers for a brief moment.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. OUTSIDE OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Lieutenant Dish comes out of the Operating Room, tears in her eyes, trying to control her sobs, and moves just outside the circle of light from the fixture over the entrance. There, no longer under observation, she lets herself cry. Hawkeye comes out the door, registers surprise at the sight of her just as if he hadn't followed her out. He moves to her side and puts a comforting arm around her.

She looks up just long enough to see who it is, then buries her head on his shoulder as his other arm goes around her.

LIEUTENANT DISH

Isn't this ridiculous, Doctor? Six months I've been here and there are still times when I can't stand it. I just go to pieces.

HAWKEYE

There's nothing ridiculous about it.
(turns her face up to
his)
A kid like you...

She doesn't move her head from the way he has arranged it, and her lips are very close to his. He kisses her and it turns out, from the ardent way she responds, that's what she wanted him to do.

LIEUTENANT DISH

Thank you, Captain Pierce.
(her voice full of
need)
It's been so long.

HAWKEYE

No trouble at all.
(then)
Hawkeye.

LIEUTENANT DISH

How did you get called that?

HAWKEYE

'The Last of the Mohicans.' Only
book my father ever read.

He kisses her again and again she clings to him.

LIEUTENANT DISH

You're getting a workout, you and
Captain Forrest, your first night.

HAWKEYE

It isn't always this rough?

LIEUTENANT DISH

Oh, no. We have dull stretches every
week or so, thank God, when there's
nothing to do after midnight.

HAWKEYE

They don't have to be dull. I mean
if you and me put our minds
together...

LIEUTENANT DISH

Our minds?

HAWKEYE

For a start. I just have a hunch...
well, it isn't entirely a hunch...

LIEUTENANT DISH
You're an attractive man.

HAWKEYE
You have a certain modest charm
yourself.

LIEUTENANT DISH
(continuing her own
thoughts)
But I'm married.

HAWKEYE
Something else we have in common.

LIEUTENANT DISH
Very happily married.

HAWKEYE
Same here.

LIEUTENANT DISH
And absolutely determined to be
faithful to my husband. Do we have
that in common, Captain?

HAWKEYE
It's a matter of definition. Faithful
in spirit, yes.

LIEUTENANT DISH
I don't make the distinction. But
the sex urge is a powerful force. In
women just as much as men.

HAWKEYE
Ayuh.

LIEUTENANT DISH
You'd think now, with only six weeks
before they ship me back home, it
would be easier. But it isn't.

HAWKEYE

Of course not.

LIEUTENANT DISH

It's terribly hard. Sometimes the temptation is just too much.

HAWKEYE

Then why not, as long as it wouldn't hurt anybody...?

LIEUTENANT DISH

(not hearing him,
just continuing her
own thought)

But you've made me feel strong again,
Captain. Hawkeye.

(smiling, tears gone,
ready to return to
work)

You helped me pull together when I
needed it.

With a grateful look at him, she goes back inside. Hawkeye contemplates the accomplishment she has credited him with, and finds it appalling.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye and Duke are working across the table from each other again, this time inside a man's chest, stopping a hemorrhage and debriding the wound.

DUKE

Now that's what I call real pretty.
We can close up here and go into his
belly.

HAWKEYE

He can't take much more time on the
table.

DUKE

So we got to cut him fast. I figure
from the X-ray it ain't just the
spleen. We also got to snatch his

right kidney.

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , MORNING

Wearing fatigues now, Hawkeye and Duke are making their weary way from the hospital to their tent after a night's work. There is an announcement coming over the post-wide public address system, but it doesn't concern them.

SERGEANT VOLLMER'S VOICE

(over P.A.)

Captain Murrhardt, please report to the Colonel's office at the earliest opportunity. Captain Murrhardt.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. THE SWAMP , MORNING

Ho-Jon throws a match into the oil stove, but it doesn't work. He looks into it, strikes another match, and this time it lights up so quickly he is almost singed by the flame. Hawkeye and Duke open the door and come in. Ho-Jon straightens and bows.

HO-JON

Good morning, Captain Pierce and Captain Forrest.

HAWKEYE

You can cut the bow.

HO-JON

I have not understood what you means.

HAWKEYE

(demonstrating bow)

That. It's out of the act.

He and Duke remove their outer clothing during the ensuing:

HO-JON

Because is not democrash? All peoples created equal?

DUKE

Hey, you been sneaking some reading
outside the frigging Bible!

HO-JON

I have great interest for America,
his peoples and his custom.

DUKE

Good, because we got a fine old
American custom we want to teach
you. You know what these are?

He gives Ho-Jon two bottles. The boy looks at the labels.

HO-JON

Gin. I know, yes.

(reads other label)

Dry...

(has trouble with the
word)

...vermouth.

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , MORNING

Frank walks toward the tent from the direction of the
hospital.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. THE SWAMP , MORNING

Frank opens the door and is taken aback by the sight of the
two bottles on the table and Ho-Jon filling glasses held by
Duke and Hawkeye, who have climbed into their sleeping bags.
He is so disturbed he fails to shut the door.

FRANK

Is that liquor?

HAWKEYE

Finest kind. We're training Ho-Jon
to be a bartender. Join us?

DUKE

But first will you please kindly
shut the goddam door?

FRANK

I don't drink intoxicants.

HAWKEYE

(to Duke)

Christ Almighty, I think he means it!

DUKE

We been had.

FRANK

I don't believe it's right for you to involve a boy who's not seventeen years old yet...

DUKE

The door, Frank, the door! Where you from anyhow, Alaska?

FRANK

(closing door)

Wisconsin.

DUKE

Same general idea.

Frank proceeds to take off his outer clothing preparatory to retiring.

HO-JON

Officer all sleep now, yes? And I go wash clothes.

HAWKEYE

Right, Ho-Jon. See you later.

FRANK

So long, Ho-Jon.

DUKE

You make a mean martini, kid.

Ho-Jon goes out. Duke and Hawkeye settle back to enjoy their drinks but they both come bolt upright when they see Frank

drop to his knees by his cot and begin to intone the Lord's Prayer.

FRANK

Our Father who art in Heaven Hallow'd
be Thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy
will be done, On earth as it is in
Heaven...

Hawkeye and Duke find it hard to believe their eyes and ears.
They never expected to see a grown man behaving as Frank is
now.

FRANK

Give us this day our daily...

HAWKEYE

You ever caught this bread, and
forgive our syndrome before, Duke?

FRANK

...trespasses as we forgive those
who trespass against...

DUKE

Us. Lead us not into...

FRANK

...No cases over the age of temptation
but deliver us eight. from evil. For
Thine is the kingdom, the power and...

HAWKEYE & DUKE

...the glory forever. Amen.
(raising martini
glasses)
Amen!

DUKE

(singing)
Onward Christian soldiers...

DUKE & HAWKEYE

(singing)
Marching as to war. With the cross
of Jesus going on before. Christ our

Royal Master, leads against the foe.
Forward into battle...

DUKE
(breaking off singing,
points to Frank)
He ain't finished!

For a moment, before Hawkeye speaks, some of the words Frank is mumbling come through.

FRANK
...And for our young men on the field
of battle, that they may return home
to their dear ones...

HAWKEYE
Come clean with us, Frank. Were you
on this religious kick back home, or
did you start to crack up here on
the post?

FRANK
(ignoring him)
...And for our Supreme Commander
over here and our Commander-in-Chief
in Washington.

DUKE
How long does the show go on, Frank?

Frank turns his head toward Duke while remaining in praying position.

FRANK
It gets longer all the time. Now I
have your soul to pray for, and
Captain Pierce's.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. HENRY'S OUTER OFFICE , DAY

Sargeant Vollmer is working on some papers at his desk when Hawkeye and Duke come in. They pass right by him and head for Henry's door.

VOLLMER
Hey! That's a Colonel's office!

HAWKEYE
(hand on Henry's door)
Ayuh. Just who we're looking for.
(opens door)
Henry, you got to do something!

LESLIE exits from Henry's office as they enter.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE , DAY

Henry is at his desk. Duke and Hawkeye come in and seat themselves in informal comfort. Both watch Leslie exit.

HAWKEYE
We've stuck it out for a whole week
now... Pretty girl.

DUKE
We sure don't aim to cause any
trouble... Yeah, she seems to grow
on you.

HENRY
You don't aim to cause any trouble ,
But?

HAWKEYE
But we strongly suspect something
will happen to screw up this splendid
organization of yours if you don't
get that sky pilot out of our tent.

HENRY
Your tent?

DUKE
Yeah, maybe move that nurse in. She
don't seem the type to keep you awake
praying.

HENRY
(pause)

I have been in this Army a long time.
I know just what you guys are up to.
But there are limits...

HAWKEYE

We'll find out what they are when
you throw us out.

HENRY

That's all the commitment you're
offering me?

(to Duke)

Or do you have some more extravagant
gesture of cooperation?

DUKE

No, Hawkeye just said it all.

HAWKEYE

Except we forgot one other small
thing.

DUKE

What's that?

HAWKEYE

The chest-cutter.

DUKE

Yeah, that's right.

(to Henry)

You better get us a chest-cutter
before there's trouble.

HAWKEYE

This outfit needs somebody who can
find his way around the pulmonary
anatomy when the bases are loaded.

DUKE

And it's the ninth inning.

HENRY

Forget it. No Mash unit has a chest
surgeon and we aren't about to get
one. Your housing problem I'll give

some thought to in the next couple of weeks.

Radar O'Reilly comes in with "Emergency" written all over his expressive face. He makes a hand gesture to Henry that could loosely be construed as a salute.

HENRY
Yes, O'Reilly?

DUKE
How you, Radar?

RADAR
They're running behind in the OR, sir, and the Preop Ward is all jammed up. Two choppers and three ambulances full.

This is the most serious kind of crisis for the outfit, and Henry's expression shows it.

HENRY
(to Duke and Hawkeye)
You boys'll have to go to work early.

DUKE
You fixing to add overtime to a twelve-hour day? The union ain't gonna like it.

HAWKEYE
You work those kind of hours, you got to have rest. Which you can't get with somebody jabbering away on a direct line to heaven.

HENRY
(crisply)
Major Burns will be out of your tent in twenty-four hours.
(to Radar)
Tell them Captain Pierce and Captain Forrest are on their way.

Radar goes out. Duke gets to his feet and Hawkeye makes a

preliminary move toward doing so.

HAWKEYE

About that chest-cutter...

HENRY

I'll try, d-d-dammit! You can't ask
any more than that!

HAWKEYE

We don't want any more than that.
(following Duke out)
Right now.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , DUSK

Hawkeye and Lieutenant Dish are walking close together in an
otherwise deserted area.

HAWKEYE

Cold?

He puts an arm around her without waiting for an answer. She
smiles at him fondly.

LIEUTENANT DISH

Even if I weren't.

HAWKEYE

Maria...

He kisses her and they cling together, standing outside a
tent identified by a sign: "OFFICER'S CLUB."

LIEUTENANT DISH

Oh, Hawkeye, I don't think I could
stick it out these next few weeks
without you.

Hawkeye opens the door of the Officers' Club, looks in.

HAWKEYE

Nobody here.

He steps aside to let her precede him in. There is nothing inside except a pool table. She hesitates. He takes her in his arms again, this time pressing his hands against the seat of her fatigue pants.

LIEUTENANT DISH

You understand why I still can't...

Ho-Jon appears in his line of vision, not hers.

HO-JON

Captain Pierces...

Hawkeye lets go of her, and they try to look like innocent strollers.

HAWKEYE

Hi, Ho-Jon. How they goin'?

HO-JON

Finest kind. Captain Forrests say you better haul ass home quick. We got new chest-cutter in our tent.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

EXT. THE SWAMP , DUSK

The wooden front of the tent has a new sign identifying it as "THE SWAMP."

INT. THE SWAMP , DUSK

First we see Hawkeye sitting on his cot, looking across the tent at the newcomer. Attached to the canvas wall behind him is a photograph of his wife and two sons, aged four and two. Next we turn our attention to Duke on the adjoining cot (formerly Frank's). He also has a family picture on display: his wife, two-year-old daughter and an infant. Then we get our first glimpse of TRAPPER JOHN, their new tentmate, about 30, tall and very thin, his head pretty well hidden inside the hood of a parka. He is using cellophane tape to install one of the popular nude photos of the day (such as the one of Marilyn Monroe that circulated so widely in the early 1950's).

Completing the group is Ho-Jon, who sits on the floor, silently taking in everything that is done or said.

Finished with his decorating effort, Trapper reaches into the depths of his parka to produce a can of beer. He digs into the other side, finds an opener and opens the beer. Then his head goes back inside the parka along with the can as he takes a swig from it.

DUKE

(to Hawkeye)

Now I got you for a witness, I'm going to try again. So far all I dragged out of him is he's from Bahston and he's only been in the Army two months.

(to Trapper)

Where were you when they drafted you?

TRAPPER

Home.

DUKE

I mean, what were you doing? Were you a resident or on a staff someplace?

TRAPPER

That's right.

DUKE

Where?

TRAPPER

Hospital.

DUKE

Which hospital?

TRAPPER

Back home.

DUKE

Is there any reason why we shouldn't know the name of it?

TRAPPER

No.
(a long swig of beer)
Or why you should.

HAWKEYE

(to Duke)
I think I've seen this nut somewhere.
(to Trapper)
Haven't I?

TRAPPER

If you don't know what you've seen,
why should I?

Hawkeye is unsatisfied. He keeps staring at Trapper, sure he's seen him before.

DUKE

(to Trapper)
You ready to switch to a little tonic
we generally take us about this time?
Ho-Jon...

Ho-Jon goes to the table and takes a few ice cubes from a hospital ice-bag, puts them into the pitcher along with gin and a dash of vermouth.

TRAPPER

Don't you use olives?

DUKE

Where you think you are, boy? They
probably never seen a olive in this
country.

Ho-Jon pours three water-glasses full of martini and starts to distribute them.

HAWKEYE

(to Trapper)
That's the front up the road a few
miles. We have to get by without
some of the comforts of home.

TRAPPER

I like an olive.

He reaches into his parka, comes up with a bottle of olives, takes one out and puts it into the martini Ho-Jon serves him. Then, as Hawkeye and Duke gape at him, he offers them the bottle.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , DAY

There are two operations going on, one of them being a simple procedure requiring one surgeon and one nurse. The other by contrast is a very special event. Trapper is operating, assisted by another surgeon, a couple of nurses, a corpsman, and the anesthesiologist, UGLY JOHN BLACK. Beside these actual participants almost all the nurses and doctors from both shifts, including Duke, Hawkeye (with Lieutenant Dish), Frank and Henry, are in a circle around the operating table as spectators.

Trapper's job is repairing a lacerated pulmonary artery, or some other delicate piece of surgery close to the heart and involving a large chest incision. We see enough of the process to observe that it is gory and deep inside a critical area, but necessarily it is the reactions of the people watching, especially Duke and Hawkeye, that tell us how tricky an operation it is and how expertly Trapper is handling it.

The sequence is silent except for incidental operating room noises.

Even Trapper's occasional terse instructions to his assistants and his brief exchange with Ugly John are spoken too low for us to hear.

There are four stages to the action:

1. The beginning of the operation before an attentive audience, drawn by their interest in the new man and by the fact that this is a surgical procedure they have never dared to attempt.

2. Limited approval and professional respect for the assurance with which Trapper plots his incision and starts working his

way to his destination.

3. Mounting tension as the crucial stage is reached. The suspense reaches its crest during the few moments when Trapper is doing the actual mending job to which all the preliminaries have led. The faces of his colleagues express anxiety and hope that he can accomplish what he set out to do, and accomplish it quickly enough to permit the patient to survive. Henry, not certain of his own judgment, looks to Duke for confirmation, and Duke nods to indicate he thinks Trapper has the situation under control.

4. The tension breaks as Trapper finishes the job to his satisfaction and begins, along with his assistant surgeon, to close up. Henry's smile of relief is unsure and only tentative until he catches Hawkeye's signal that the job has been done to perfection.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , DAY

Trapper, Hawkeye and Duke emerge from the hospital in fatigues. Some enlisted men are tossing a football around. One of them makes a wild throw and the ball rolls to a stop at Trapper's feet. He stops to look at it and the other two halt with him. Then very slowly, Trapper leans over and picks up the ball, waving Hawkeye downfield.

Hawkeye complies unquestioningly and when he is about thirty yards away, Trapper whips a perfect pass into his arms. Hawkeye just stands where he is, holding the ball, oblivious of the enlisted men who want it back, as Trapper and Duke continue toward him.

Revelation jolts him with apocalyptic force.

HAWKEYE

Jesus to Jesus and eight hands around!
Duke, did I ever tell you how I beat
Dartmouth by intercepting a pass?

DUKE

Sixteen times.

HAWKEYE

We didn't have a chance, little Androscoggin College against the Big Green, but there was this blizzard and we held then nothing nothing till the last twenty seconds. Then this great passer of theirs let one go, snow and all...

TRAPPER

Lucky you didn't have your mouth open or it would have gone down your throat.

HAWKEYE

He's Trapper John! Only man in history who ever found fulfillment in the ladies' can of a Boston and Maine Railroad car! When the Conductor caught him in there with his Winter Carnival date, she screamed: 'He trapped me!' What have you been doing since those days, Trapper?

DUKE

What does he have to do? A score like that, a man could just live on his reputation.

The enlisted men, increasingly concerned about their football, are muttering mutinously to each other. Hawkeye is too carried away about Trapper's identity to notice this till Trapper calls it to his attention.

TRAPPER

(to Hawkeye)

Ball.

Hawkeye looks at the football and at the enlisted men, and, finally getting the point, throws it back to them.

TRAPPER

(relieved to find
another subject)

What gives over there?

They look across the compound to the Shower Tent, behind

which an Army truck full of GIs has just pulled up. While Hawkeye and Duke explain what's going on to Trapper, and the three of them move in for a closer look, we see the visiting GIs drop one by one from the rear of the truck, pay their admission fees and take their places in the line leading up to the strategically placed peep hole in the rear corner of the tent.

DUKE

Must be Painless Pole Day in the Shower Tent.

HAWKEYE

(to Trapper)

You met him. Walt Waldowski, the Dental Officer.

DUKE

Nice guy, for an enamel surgeon.

TRAPPER

What are they peeking at? Captain Waldowski in the shower?

HAWKEYE

Part of him. Painless is the owner and operator of the Pride of Hamtrack. That's where he comes from... Hamtrack, Michigan.

DUKE

Best equipped dentist in the whole goddam Army. Care to have a look, a man with your background?

HAWKEYE

Way we hear it, the Pride is supposed to have run up the highest lifetime batting average ever recorded in Wayne County.

EXT. SHOWER TENT , DAY

Corporal Judson from Mississippi takes his turn at the peephole. His speech is that of the rural southern black.

JUDSON
Ah'd purely love to see it angry.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye and Duke are working on a patient about whose chances their faces reveal extreme pessimism. The nurse in attendance is Leslie.

Hawkeye takes the patient's blood pressure and frowns at the reading.

HAWKEYE
This kid looks like a loser. Maybe we better get the bead-jiggler to put in a fix.

DUKE
(to Leslie)
Call Dago Red.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Without interfering with the administration of blood and other medical measures, Dago Red is just finishing giving last rites to the patient.

DAGO RED
...May God remit unto thee the pains of the present and future life, open to thee the gates of heaven, and bring thee to everlasting life.
(makes the sign of the Cross)
May Almighty God bless thee, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

LESLIE
(taking patient's pulse)
Duke...

She wants him to feel it and he does, reacting excitedly.

DUKE
Slowing down!

Hawkeye meanwhile is checking blood pressure again.

HAWKEYE
Going up. Nice work, Red.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. THE SWAMP , DAY

Dago Red is the cocktail guest of the three Swampmen. Ho-Jon sits in his usual place on the floor, following everything that's said and refilling martini glasses wherever needed.

DAGO RED
There's sort of a built-in prayer for the sick man to get well, but of course that's not the basic intention.

HAWKEYE
I don't care about the intention. I just know your Cross Action is a plus on our side. I've seen it come through four times.

DUKE
And you've had a natural four times in a row in a crap game. Right? Does that mean...?

HAWKEYE
Not without lots of praying and kissing the dice.
(to Dago Red)
It's a different ritual but it works the same.

DUKE
What do you think, Trapper?

TRAPPER
Me? I was raised a mackerel-snapper...

Dago Red gives him a quick, intent look, which Hawkeye notes.

TRAPPER

..But I turned in my knee pads.

HAWKEYE

Ho-Jon, give the Father some more martini.

DAGO RED

Just a taste, Ho-Jon.

(to the group)

I'd better get to the point... what I came here for today.

DUKE

You came because we asked you, for a drink.

HAWKEYE

We wanted to tell you how you were helping us with your fixes.

DAGO RED

Well, sure, but I'm also worried about Walt Waldowski , Painless. His poker players got in an argument and asked him for a ruling, and he said what difference did it make, it was just a card game.

It's obvious from the shocked reactions of the Swampmen that the priest couldn't have reported a more ominous symptom.

HAWKEYE

I guess I'm getting a toothache I better have looked at.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. DENTAL CLINIC , DAY

There is no activity around the dental chair, but the nonstop poker game is thriving as Hawkeye enters, carrying a bottle in a paper bag. The players are evenly divided between

officers (UGLY JOHN, MURRHARDT and a visiting HELICOPTER PILOT) and enlisted men (VOLLMER, RADAR and JUDSON).

UGLY JOHN

Take a seat, Hawk. We can use a fresh pigeon.

HAWKEYE

Got to see the man about a tooth.
Where is he?

RADAR

(to Vollmer)

Call. With a pair of kings.
(to Hawkeye, pointing
to smaller tent
attached)
Inside.

Hawkeye goes on into Painless' private quarters.

VOLLMER

(indignantly, to Radar)

How can you call with one lousy pair?
Ought to be a house rule against
mind reading.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. PAINLESS' TENT , DAY

Painless is lying on his back on the cot, staring blankly at the ceiling. Hawkeye has poured drinks from his bottle and is sipping his, but Painless' remains untouched.

PAINLESS

If a man isn't a man anymore, what's
he got left to live for?

HAWKEYE

Tell me the whole story, Walt.

PAINLESS

There's this native broad works in
the laundry. I don't know if you've
noticed.

HAWKEYE

There's only one worth noticing.

PAINLESS

You noticed. I wasn't going to fool around over here. I've got these three girls I'm engaged to back home...

He indicates three photographs of young women, displayed with equal prominence. Any one of them could make Miss America.

PAINLESS

But I had this feeling I ought to make the effort. To test myself. And I flunked.

HAWKEYE

What did you have to test, for God's sake... the dental Don Juan of Detroit?

PAINLESS

Don Juanism is just a cover... I've been reading up on it.

(emotionally overcome,
turning away)

I'm a fake, I'm a fraud, I've been living a lie!

Moved by the intensity of his self-denunciation, Hawkeye bends down close to Painless, puts a comforting hand on his shoulder.

HAWKEYE

Painless, you mustn't talk that way. It's a lot of crap. Cover for what?

PAINLESS

Homosexuality.

Hawkeye straightens abruptly, his hand rising from Painless' shoulder as from a hot stove.

PAINLESS

Now I know that's been my problem since I was a kid. But it only caught up to me last night.

HAWKEYE

You've been drawn to other males? Since you were a kid?

PAINLESS

No, never in the slightest.

HAWKEYE

Just in dreams?

PAINLESS

Or in dreams either. I repressed it completely. Classic pattern of inhibition.

HAWKEYE

That's what you've been doing all these years with every dame you could lay your hands on? Repressing your real self?

PAINLESS

But it's all over now, and I can't face it. Imagine if you found out you were one, you wouldn't like breaking the news to your wife. Well, I got the same problem multiplied.

HAWKEYE

You don't have any problem. You've got thirty good years ahead of you, easy. Maybe you'll have to cut down as you grow older, get along with just two fiancées, but...

PAINLESS

No, one thing I finally know for sure, I'll never function with a woman again.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. THE SWAMP , NIGHT

Hawkeye is reporting to Duke and Trapper. Murrhardt and Bandini are there, as well as Ho-Jon.

HAWKEYE

There ought to be a law against dentists reading. Matter of fact, I thought there was. Anyway, this is an obsession. He can't be persuaded out of it.

HO-JON

(appearing in doorway)
He's comin' this-a-way! The jaw-breaker!

DUKE

Y'all just act natural.

HAWKEYE

Get out the scotch, Ho-Jon.
(to the others)
Don't mention the sex thing unless he brings it up.

A perfunctory knock on the door is immediately followed by the entrance of Painless.

DUKE

How you, Walt? We was just fixing to have a nightcap.

TRAPPER

(to Ho-Jon)
Pour one for Painless.

Ho-Jon serves drinks all around. There is a silence as each of the hosts tries to think of a conversational opening.

PAINLESS

I thought you guys ought to know.
I'm going to commit suicide.

This leads to another silence, broken by Trapper, who doesn't

go so far as to stand up but leans way out from his sack to grasp the dentist by the hand.

TRAPPER

Miss you, Walt.

DUKE

He said it for us all, Walt.

BANDIDI

How about leaving me your record player?

HAWKEYE

How do you figure to go? Forty-five between the eyes?

DUKE

Powerful sloppy.

MURRHARDT

Reliable though.

PAINLESS

That's really what I came here for. See what you guys recommend.

HAWKEYE

(as in a medical consultation)

Well, I'm sure my colleagues will agree there are a number of dependable measures for extinguishing the vital forces.

TRAPPER

Black capsule.

HAWKEYE

The black capsule. Finest kind. Thank you, Dr. McIntyre.

PAINLESS

What is it?

TRAPPER

Easy, pleasant, never-miss ride.

HAWKEYE

In the direction you want to go.

PAINLESS

You guys got any black capsules?

DUKE

For a buddy we got whatever it takes
to stamp out the last spark of life.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. DAGO RED'S TENT , DAY

The priest is sitting at his desk reading his breviary when Hawkeye and Trapper enter. Trapper goes over to Red's beer supply, opens it and distributes three cans while Hawkeye greets their host.

HAWKEYE

How they goin', Losing Preacher?
What do you hear from the Pope?

DAGO RED

You talked to Walt?

HAWKEYE

He's parted his moorings.

TRAPPER

We're throwing him a Last Supper. We
came to invite you.

HAWKEYE

The Painless Pole plans to cross the
Great Divide tonight and we need
your help to straighten him out.

DAGO RED

What do you want me to do?

HAWKEYE

Put in one of your fixes. Walt knows
he's loused himself with the Church,

but it's part of our plan to make him think he has the keys to the kingdom. Which he will think if you grease the skids for him.

DAGO RED

I don't think I can give absolution to a man who's about to commit suicide. It's a mortal sin.

HAWKEYE

What is, Red, the intention or the act?

DAGO RED

(confused)

I believe it takes both. I'd have to look it up.

HAWKEYE

Just use common sense. Your job is preventing sin, and the way to do that is give him your best Cross Action.

TRAPPER

Or you can let him knock himself out. You personally'd be sending him to his grave.

HAWKEYE

An eternal damnation.

DAGO RED

(feeling cornered)

I don't know. I'm not sure what the Military Vicar's office would think...

TRAPPER

They sure as hell won't hear about it from us.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. DENTAL CLINIC , NIGHT

The poker table, and dental chair have been removed to make room for two long tables from the Mess Hall. At these a sumptuous, candlelit, stag banquet is coming to an end. The guests are doctors, administrative officers, chopper pilots and enlisted men. Duke is on his feet, raising a glass of champagne in a toast. (All our male cast except Henry and Frank)

DUKE

Y'all come here to say a final goodbye to our old friend Walt. But maybe it ain't so final. Maybe he's just going on ahead into the Unknown to do a little recon job for us all.

During this tribute the guests rise, their eyes on the guest of honor, who sits with his food untouched, a vacant expression on his face. When Duke has finished and everyone has drunk the toast, they applaud and sit down again. Trapper raps for attention and indicates Hawkeye, who rises.

HAWKEYE

I just got this one thing to say. Nobody ordered Walt to take on this mission. He volunteered, for certain death. That's what we award our highest medal for. That's what being a soldier is all about.

Except for Painless himself, the gathering is deeply moved by this thought, some of them to the point of tears. Again Trapper restores order.

TRAPPER

Only one man here can add anything to that.

He looks to Dago Red, who stands up, dressed for the first time in the priestly vestments he wears for Sunday Mass. He walks to where Painless sits and there begins the viaticum (holy communion for those in danger of death).

DAGO RED

Receive, my brother, this food for your journey...

A coffin, borne into the room by two enlisted men while Red is still speaking, is lined with blankets, equipped with a pillow for comfortable reclining prior to the onset of death, and furnished with mementos of Painless' earthly career: two fresh decks of cards, a box of poker chips, a fifth of scotch, some basic dental instruments and the photographs of his three fiancées. It is set down on the floor next to Painless, who regards it with the first show of interest he has manifested during the proceedings.

DAGO RED

(bestowing the sacred
host)

...The body of our Lord Jesus Christ,
that He may guard you from the wicked
enemy and lead you into everlasting
life. Amen.

Red is making the sign of the Cross when Painless' curiosity asserts itself.

PAINLESS

What the hell's that?

TRAPPER

Coffin. Yours.

PAINLESS

I'm not even dead yet.

HAWKEYE

You're a pretty heavy guy to lug
around. Be a hell of a lot more
convenient for everybody if you got
into the box as soon as you've taken
the capsule.

He produces and opens a small box, inside which, surrounded by pure white cotton, a black capsule is displayed like a rare jewel. Dago Red, meanwhile, preferring not to know what happens from here on, makes his way out.

PAINLESS

(scrutinizing the
capsule)

How do you take it?

DUKE

(appearing at his
side with tumbler of
whiskey)

With whiskey. A good swallow first
and a big one afterwards. Speeds it
into the bloodstream.

Painless takes the tumbler from him with one hand, the capsule
with the other. He downs a good-sized swig of whiskey, then,
with the capsule in front of his face, hesitates.

PAINLESS

You guys sure this'll do the job?

DUKE

We wouldn't give you nothing but the
best.

TRAPPER

We stand behind all our work.

HAWKEYE

You want it straight? Medical history
records no instance of anyone taking
this particular prescription and
surviving.

PAINLESS

Here goes nothing.

He pops the capsule into his mouth and washes it down with a
large drink of whiskey. Hawkeye gestures to the waiting
coffin. Painless gets up and lowers himself into it.

PAINLESS

How much time do I have?

HAWKEYE

Just about enough to say goodbye to
everybody.

(announcing)

Line up over here, men, if you want
to pay your last respects. Keep moving
and file on out when you're through.

PAINLESS

I wonder, if Red's fix swings it for me, what's heaven really like?

TRAPPER

It's a bedroom where a man is always at his peak and doesn't have to take any time outs.

HAWKEYE

And all the angels are built like Lieutenant Dish.

The Last Supper guests are filing by the coffin, bending low to shake Painless' hand and murmur words of farewell.

DUKE

Drink up, Walt. One for the glory road.

He holds the glass to Painless' lips, helps him down the rest of the whiskey.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. POSTOP WARD , NIGHT

Hawkeye finishes checking a patient, looks to doorway and sees lieutenant Dish standing there. He crosses to join her.

HAWKEYE

Thanks for coming, Maria.
(takes her arm and
leads her through
exit)
Sorry it had to be so late.

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , NIGHT

Hawkeye and Lieutenant Dish walk from the Postop Ward.

LIEUTENANT DISH

I couldn't have slept tonight anyhow.

HAWKEYE

You're leaving tomorrow?

LIEUTENANT DISH

In less than twelve hours I'll be on my way.

HAWKEYE

That's when the real strain starts.
Three weeks on a troopship.
(embraces her)
Poor baby.

LIEUTENANT DISH

(kissing him)
Dear, sweet Hawkeye.

HAWKEYE

Though I guess who it'll really be rough on is your husband.

LIEUTENANT DISH

You're on his side all of the sudden?

HAWKEYE

A man would be more considerate. He wouldn't come home to his wife a nervous wreck.

LIEUTENANT DISH

How would he avoid it... as if I needed to ask?

HAWKEYE

It could be a purely impersonal thing. What matters is the therapeutic value of relieving your tensions.

LIEUTENANT DISH

You should have been a marriage counselor.
(drawing his head closer to hers)
But I'll show you what's wrong with your theory.

They kiss passionately. Dish is shaken by it and that shows

in her voice when she continues making her point.

LIEUTENANT DISH

Do you think anything between us could be impersonal? Or pure? You better forget logic, because you're proving why I shouldn't go to bed with you.

HAWKEYE

(after a moment of massive internal struggle)

I didn't mean with me.

It takes a couple of seconds for what he has said to penetrate her consciousness. She looks at him incredulously.

LIEUTENANT DISH

You're asking for somebody else?

HAWKEYE

It happens to be a matter of life and death.

LIEUTENANT DISH

A man is going to die if he doesn't have my fair young body?

HAWKEYE

Precisely, Maria. Tonight you have the same privilege that comes on rare occasions to the chief executive of some state or nation... the privilege of restoring life, by one tender act of mercy, to a doomed fellow creature.

While he is speaking, a blue light goes on in a tent in the background. As they turn to see what is going on, four men carrying a heavy box approach the tent.

EXT. BLUE-LIT TENT , NIGHT (OFFICER'S CLUB)

At closer range the box is revealed to be Painless' coffin with the departed dentist inside it. The four men who carry

it into the tent are Radar, Judson, Boone and Seidman. This tent doesn't have a wooden door like the Swamp, just a flap.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

EXT. BLUE-LIT TENT , NIGHT

The four enlisted men carry the coffin, empty, out of the tent. Then Hawkeye and Dish appear, moving slowly toward the tent as he continues to break down her resistance.

HAWKEYE

He should come to now for a while, but he's got so much dope in him by tomorrow he won't know fact from fantasy.

LIEUTENANT DISH

You think he won't.

HAWKEYE

What do you care? You'll be on your way to Japan.

LIEUTENANT DISH

I'm fond of Painless, and I'd feel terrible if anything happened to him...

HAWKEYE

It's your decision, Maria. I don't want to high-pressure you.

LIEUTENANT DISH

I'd be crazy to think my virtue, such as it is, was more important than his life...

HAWKEYE

In fact I'd rather not try to influence you at all.

(opening tent flap)

Let's just go in and take a look, and then you think it through for yourself.

INT. BLUE-LIT TENT , NIGHT

The tent has been fixed up with all the resources at their disposal , cushions, parachute cloth, mirrors and little touches of elegance gathered from all over the post , to resemble a luxurious bedroom on the home front. Lying in bed (the pool table) between clean, inviting sheets is Painless. The boys have undressed him as we can see by his bare shoulders. Hawkeye takes Dish by the hand and leads her to the side of the bed.

HAWKEYE

One last look at him...
(raises sheet,
uncovering Painless
to the knees)
...still alive...
(slips raised sheet
into Dish's grasp)
...the whole man.

Dish's eyes pop at what she sees. So astounded is she that she doesn't notice Hawkeye has given her the sheet and made off.

LIEUTENANT DISH

My God, Hawkeye, I never realized...
I never even dreamed...
(becoming aware he's
no longer at her
side)
Hawkeye! Hawk...

She finds he's disappeared altogether. She can't resist turning her gaze back to the uncovered Painless. Then she drops the sheet.

EXT. BLUE-LIT TENT , NIGHT

The tent flap drops into place, continuing the movement of the sheet. Our attention is drawn up the front of the tent to its peak, which points firmly upwards.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. THE SWAMP , MORNING

There is the SOUND of a HELICOPTER overhead. Hawkeye emerges from the tent to look at it, verifying that it is coming from the peaceful south rather than the embattled north. Then he sees Lieutenant Dish coming out of her tent, wearing her Army uniform and followed by one of the enlisted men carrying her bags. Hawkeye waves goodbye but Dish doesn't see him. Her face, seen up close, has a serene, faraway look, neither happy nor unhappy, but enriched by experience.

Hawkeye is not distressed by her failure to acknowledge him; he understands it's a question of preoccupation and not a deliberate snub. He starts across the compound to the Mess Hall, noting that the helicopter is descending to land on the far side of the hospital.

EXT. LANDING AREA OUTSIDE 4077TH MASH , MORNING

There is a small welcoming party on hand, headed by Henry himself, to greet the passenger arriving in the helicopter. When it lands the door is opened and HOT LIPS (as she will soon be known) gets out smartly, which is the way she does everything. Her official name is Major Margaret Houlihan and she is tallish, willowish, blondish, fortyish, prettyish. She and Henry exchange salutes and then shake hands. The others in the greeting party are out of the habit of saluting, and have to be reminded by a stern look from their Commanding Officer.

As Henry and Hot Lips, followed by the others, head for the hospital entrance, Lieutenant Dish appears with the enlisted man behind her.

She gets into the helicopter and he lifts her bags in after her. A moment later the chopper is airborne again.

INT. MESS HALL , DAY

One of the first people Hawkeye sees in the officer's section is Painless, who is eating an enormous breakfast with great gusto.

HAWKEYE
Morning Painless. How they goin'?

PAINLESS

Big day. Two jaws to rebuild.

INT. POSTOP WARD , DAY

Frank is listening gravely to a wounded soldier's heartbeat through a stethoscope. Standing by awaiting orders is Private Boone. Frank has a disturbed reaction to the lack of vital signs from the patient.

FRANK

(to Boone)

Get me one c.c. of adrenaline and a cardiac needle.

BOONE

What's a...?

FRANK

Never mind questions. Get them!

As Boone dashes off with no comprehension of the errand he is supposed to perform, Trapper, a couple of beds away, in the soiled fatigues he wears on nonoperating room duty, can see and hear what is going on. While he watches, Frank checks the patient further and establishes that he is dead. With a disappointed sigh, he drops the man's lifeless arm and throws the bedcovers back over him up to his neck.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , DAY

Henry is showing Hot Lips through the hospital and introducing her to personnel. At the moment he is presenting Knocko.

HENRY

Captain Williams, Major.

(to Knocko)

Major Houlihan is our new Chief Nurse.

Knocko holds out her hand in friendly greeting, and is startled to find Hot Lips expects a salute instead.

INT. POSTOP WARD , DAY

Trapper, having observed Frank's recognition of the fact his patient is dead, is unprepared for what the Major does when Boone comes running back with a syringe, a small vial and an

ordinary hypodermic needle.

BOONE

(anxiously)

This what you wanted, Major?

FRANK

(looking at vial)

No, you idiot. I said adrenaline.
And a cardiac needle.

He turns back to the patient and goes all over again through the same checking process he followed before.

BOONE

(desperately)

I'll ask a nurse!

FRANK

It's too late. You killed him, Boone.

A ghastly look appears on Boone's face. He tries to say something, can't get it out, and bursts into tears instead. Then additionally ashamed of himself for this weakness, he runs out. Frank, deciding not to discipline the boy for the display of unsoldierly conduct, is proceeding about his business when Trapper accosts him.

TRAPPER

You got a moment, Frank?

He indicates the Utility Room, which leads off the Operating Room and the Postop Ward. When Frank assents, Trapper opens the door and ushers him in.

INT. UTILITY ROOM , DAY

It's a small room containing, among other items, a table with a pot of coffee and cups which are available to medical personnel at all hours.

TRAPPER

You all through work for the day?

FRANK

Yes, I am. Why do you want to know?

TRAPPER

Make sure you got time to sleep this off.

He puts his whole hundred and thirty pounds behind a right uppercut that lands squarely on Frank's jaw. At the same instant the door from the Operating Room opens, and Henry gallantly makes way for Hot Lips to precede him.

HENRY

This is the...

Frank drops to the floor, momentarily knocked out.

HENRY

T-Trapper!... C-C-Captain McIntyre...
what the hell... ?

HOT LIPS

(staring at Trapper
incredulously)

That's a captain?

Frank is coming to and could probably get back into the fight by a count of eight if he had any desire to.

HENRY

(to Trapper)

What's going on? Who started this?

TRAPPER

You mean who hit who?

HENRY

Yes, that's what I mean.

TRAPPER

I did. First and only blow. So far.

FRANK

(getting up)

He wouldn't have touched me if I'd had my guard up. Let us settle this between ourselves, Colonel. Alone.

HENRY

What do you think I'm running, an English boarding school? McIntyre, you're under arrest. Confine yourself to quarters, pending an investigation.

TRAPPER

If you say so, Henry. But remember my claustrophobia.

HENRY

(to Hot Lips)

I deeply regret this unfortunate incident. We try to remember we're a military organization.

HOT LIPS

I certainly would have thought so.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. THE SWAMP , NIGHT

Henry is standing indignantly over Trapper, who is sipping a beer in his sleeping bag. Duke, Hawkeye and Ho-Jon are witnesses to the encounter.

HENRY

(yelling)

What's wrong with you?

TRAPPER

I don't know. I must have lost my punch. I didn't think the son-of-a-bitch would get up.

HAWKEYE

Stop acting like a colonel, Henry. You know Trapper wouldn't sock him without a good reason.

HENRY

There's no reason good enough for one medical officer to strike another.

DUKE

That there Frank Burns is a menace.
Whenever a patient croaks on him
it's either God's will or somebody
else's fault.

HAWKEYE

This time he did it to a kid who's
simple enough to believe him. Why
don't you dump the mother, Henry? He
creates more work than he gets done.

HENRY

I should fire him because he got in
the way of Trapper's fist? No. I've
put up with a lot from you guys, but
now I finally have to take
disciplinary action.

HAWKEYE

Christ. All of a sudden it's West
Point.

DUKE

What are you going to do with him?

HENRY

Well...

(to Trapper)

I was going to name you Chief
Surgeon...

(to Hawkeye)

To consult on both shifts, yours and
Frank's.

DUKE

Hey, that's great, Henry! Good
thinking!

HAWKEYE

First decent idea you've had in a
month.

HENRY

Now I'll have to wait at least a
week. If I announced it tomorrow,
after what our new Chief Nurse saw

this afternoon, they'd hear her
yelling from Seoul to Washington.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. MESS HALL , DAY

Hot Lip's handsome face is relaxed into her most charming smile as she approaches Hawkeye at the table where he sits by himself having a late breakfast after a long night's work. Hawkeye (like Trapper and Duke) no longer makes any attempt at a proper military appearance.

HOT LIPS

Captain Pierce, would I be
imposing...?

HAWKEYE

Honey, nobody as pretty as you could
ever impose... please sit down.
Coffee?

He offers her some from the pot beside him, and she holds out a cup while he pours it.

HOT LIPS

Captain, I've been observing the
nurses on your shift. But naturally
your own opinion is more informed
than mine.

HAWKEYE

I'm glad you feel that way, Major,
because you see it's a team effort...
doctors, nurses, enlisted men... and
I feel responsible for my whole team,
and I want you to know I'm satisfied
with them.

HOT LIPS

All of them?

HAWKEYE

That's right. We work well together.

HOT LIPS

Major Burns is far from satisfied.

HAWKEYE

That don't surprise me. If you're a good observer, you must have observed by now that Frank Burns is a jerk.

HOT LIPS

On the contrary, I've observed he's not only a good technical surgeon, he's a good military surgeon. And that includes how a man dresses and how he bears himself and his sense of what it means to be an officer in the United States Army.

HAWKEYE

And his track record, that don't count? Look, honey, when you watch the two shifts try to notice which one does the most work with the least fuss.

HOT LIPS

I've noticed that both nurses and enlisted men address you as 'Hawkeye.'

HAWKEYE

It's my name. Maybe that sounds silly to you but...

HOT LIPS

That kind of familiarity is inconsistent with maximum efficiency in a military organization.

HAWKEYE

Okay, Major, honey.

(pushes back his chair)

I'm going to have a couple shots scotch and go to bed. I'd normally ask you to join me but obviously you're a female version of the routine Regular Army clown. And that turns me off, so just leave my outfit alone and we'll get along fine.

(stands up to go)
See you around the campus.

HOT LIPS

(icily)

I wonder how a degenerated person like you could have reached a position of responsibility in the Army Medical Corps.

HAWKEYE

Sister, if I knew the answer to that I sure as hell wouldn't be here.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. / INT. MESS HALL , DAY (SNOW ON GROUND)

People are going in and out of the Mess Hall, when an announcement comes over the public address system.

VOLLMER'S VOICE

(over P.A. system)

Attention, everybody. I have an announcement. 'Effective today, Thirteen April, Captain John S. McIntyre, U.S. Army Reserve, is appointed Chief Surgeon at 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital. Henry B. Blake, Commanding Officer.'

(informally, on his own)

Nice going, Trapper.

Ugly John and Captain Bandini shake Trapper's hand in congratulations. The only two officers in the outfit who don't like the news come out of the Mess Hall together: Major Burns and Houlihan.

HOT LIPS

There's no point appealing to Colonel Blake. They've got him bewitched.

FRANK

No. The only thing to do is write General Hammond.

(knowing perfectly
well she has her own
tent)

But it's hard to find a place around
here for a private discussion.

HOT LIPS

I have a tent to myself.

FRANK

People will talk.

HOT LIPS

I don't mind. If we give them
something to talk about.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. HOT LIP'S TENT , NIGHT

Hot Lips finishes reading the letter she and Frank have
drafted, signs it and stands up as she folds it and puts it
in a prepared envelope.

HOT LIPS

I think it's a marvelous letter.

FRANK

We're a good team.

HOT LIPS

We think the same way.

FRANK

It's supper time.
(as casually as he
can say it)
But you're not hungry are you?

HOT LIPS

Ravenous. What about you?

FRANK

(trying to hide his
disappointment)
Well, sure, if you are, Margaret...

HOT LIPS

Anyway, we want to get this letter off.

He grabs her and kisses her and from her reaction we get a clear picture of the kind of female she is. She responds to the kiss fervently, pressing her lips and body against his, but the moment she decides to end it she switches right back to her businesslike manner.

HOT LIPS

The sooner it reaches him, the sooner we can turn this into a tight military outfit.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. MASH MAIN BUILDING , AT MAIL DEPOSIT BOX , NIGHT

Frank deposits the letter in the box while Hot Lips stands by. Then they proceed on their way to the Mess Hall, unaware that they have been observed by Radar on the other side of the partition into which the mailbox is set.

INT. MASH MAIN BUILDING , NIGHT

Radar picks up the letter Frank deposited and reads the address.

INT. THE SWAMP , NIGHT

There is a party going on. Present, in addition to the three occupants, are Painless, Ugly John, Bandini, Judson, Vollmer, Ho-Jon, Boone, Murrhardt and Seidman. Radar enters, engages Hawkeye's attention and shows him the letter. Hawkeye glances through it, looks to Radar for confirmation and, getting it, tears up the letter. Meanwhile under Duke's leadership, a bedpan is affixed with adhesive tape to Trapper's head.

DUKE

Hail to the chief! We-all got a responsibility, men. He's crowned like a king ought to be, but he can't just walk to the Mess Hall by himself. He has to be carried by native

bearers.

HAWKEYE

Good thinking, Duke. How about it, Ho-Jon? Can you round up a few of the boys?

HO-JON

I don't get what you mean, native bearers.

MURRHARDT

Bear is the same thing as carry.

HO-JON

It's the other word I'm not sure.

HAWKEYE

(afraid of where this is leading)

Never mind. Forget it.

DUKE

(simultaneously)

A native is someone who is born in a particular place.

HO-JON

And if I go to New York, the natives there will carry me? I don't think so.

HAWKEYE

I don't think so either.

DUKE

I don't think I should have opened my big mouth. Sorry, Ho-Jon.

HO-JON

(smiling)

That's okay. Live a little, learn a little.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. MESS HALL , NIGHT

Frank and Hot Lips, sitting by themselves in a corner are disgusted, and the rest of the people there are mildly amused, by the spectacle of Trapper's entrance. The new Chief Surgeon, still wearing his bedpan crown, is borne in on his cot by Hawkeye, Duke, Painless and Ugly John. They set him down and break into song.

DUKE, HAWKEYE, PAINLESS AND UGLY JOHN

(singing)

Hail to the Chief And King of all
the surgeons He needs a queen To
satisfy his urgin's.

TRAPPER

(loudly, pointing at
Hot Lips)

I'd like to try out that one over
there.

HAWKEYE

Very well, Your Majesty.

(starting toward Frank
and Hot Lips)

Congratulations, Frank. He picked
you.

TRAPPER

No, no, that one.

HAWKEYE

Oh, you want to play it straight?

(to Hot Lips)

I guess I owe you an apology.

Her eyes blazing with indignation, Hot Lips gets up and stalks out.

Frank follows her.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. HOT LIPS' TENT , NIGHT

Frank is sitting next to Hot Lips on her cot with a soothing

arm around her.

FRANK

Godless buffoons, all of them.

HOT LIPS

(her hands on his
face, turning it
towards her)

It's that disrespect for you, that's
what I can't forgive them.

FRANK

Oh, I'm used to it. What makes me
sore is how they behave towards you.

(pulling her into a
tight embrace)

They ought to be grateful to have
you.

(kisses her, his hand
vanishing beneath
her skirt)

I certainly am.

HOT LIPS

(undoing one of his
buttons and sliding
her hand under his
blouse)

And I'm grateful for you, Frank,
especially with those boors around.

We've grown very close in a short
time.

He kisses her around the neck and bosom, removing such of
the clothing as gets in the way.

FRANK

It isn't just chance, I'm sure of
that. God meant us to find each other.

Instead of lingering on a scene that threatens to become
pornographic, our attention is drawn down beneath Hot Lips'
cot, where a strange object is being inserted under the canvas
wall of the tent. It is a microphone.

HOT LIPS

His will be done.
(then, in excited
response to an
inflammatory move on
his part)
Da-a-arling!

EXT. HOT LIPS' TENT , NIGHT

Radar, who has just planted the microphone, lets a coil of wire spin out as he moves away.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. HENRY'S OUTER OFFICE , NIGHT

Gathered here illicitly, in what is not only Sergeant Vollmer's domain but the communication hub of the post, are Trapper, Duke, Radar and Ugly John. They are listening, on their own private speaker, to what is being said in Hot Lips' tent.

HOT LIPS' VOICE

(over speaker)
Frank... Frank... Frank... Frank...
Frank...

DUKE

What'd'y'all reckon he's doing to her?

TRAPPER

Casting her horoscope.

FRANK'S VOICE

(over speaker)
Give me your lips, love. Set me on fire.

DUKE

(to Radar)
Plug it in, boy. We got no call to be selfish with a show like this.

Radar accordingly transfers the lead from the microphone to

the outlet for the post loudspeaker system.

EXT. ENLISTED MEN'S TENTS , NIGHT

The occupants of one tent are engaged in a crap game, while the men in the adjoining one are settling down for the night. They are all dumbfounded to hear Hot Lips' voice over the public address speakers.

HOT LIPS' VOICE

(over speaker)

I want you to make love to me all night. I don't want anything to take you away from me.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye is performing surgery on a patient, assisted by Captain Bandini. Both doctors and Leslie, the nurse working with them, have stopped to listen to the lovers' dialogue coming over the OR speaker.

FRANK'S VOICE

(over speaker)

Nothing can, with the Colonel gone. I'm in charge tonight.

INT. HOT LIPS' TENT , NIGHT

Frank is on top of Hot Lips and, though the details of their amorous activity are hidden under the covers, we can see enough to know it is reaching a climax.

HOT LIPS

I like a man who is in charge.

Each word she speaks is instantly echoed on the speaker system so that the word "charge" is still sounding after she has finished saying it. She suddenly realizes there is something wrong, though she doesn't immediately figure out what it is.

HOT LIPS

(disturbed)

Frank...

FRANK

Don't stop now! Please...

The word "please" is repeated so distinctly outside that, while Frank in his critical condition remains unaware of it, Hot Lips sits bolt upright, pushing him aside.

HOT LIPS

Wait a second...

FRANK

I can't... couldn't.

EXT. FRONT OF THE 4077TH , DAY

A Jeep driven by Henry pulls up near the hospital entrance, from which Radar emerges to meet him. Leslie also joins them.

RADAR

Good morning, Colonel.

HENRY

Morning, Radar. How were things?

RADAR

Splendid, sir. No problems.

HENRY

Morning, Captain.

LESLIE

Morning, Colonel.

INT. MESS HALL , DAY

Hot Lips is finishing breakfast at a table with some of the other nurses. Frank is sitting near her but at another table with a handful of male officers, including Hawkeye directly opposite him.

Duke and Trapper enter together as Hot Lips rises to leave.

TRAPPER

(cheerily, to nurses)

Morning, girls. Good morning Major.

HOT LIPS

(coldly)
Good morning.

DUKE
Hiya, Frank. Hiya, Hot Lips.

Duke and Trapper continue on their way to their table in the officers' section. Frank reacts angrily and is about to go after Duke when Hot Lips touches his shoulder and speaks in a low tone.

HOT LIPS
No, leave all the rowdiness to them.
Calm down, drink your coffee.

Hawkeye probably can't make out her exact words, but his gaze follows her as she goes out the open door. Then he looks at Frank, bending low across the table as if he, too, had something confidential to say, but actually speaking quite distinctly.

HAWKEYE
Tell me, Frank, is that stuff you're
tapping any good?

Frank reacts with such rage he can't speak for a moment.

EXT. MESS HALL , DAY

Henry, Leslie and Radar, passing by the Mess Hall entrance, encounter Hot Lips on her way out. Her salute catches Henry by surprise, but he makes a quick stab at returning it though his attention is on what he sees through the Mess Hall windows.

HENRY
(to Radar)
Hawkeye and Frank Burns. That's
encouraging.

INT. MESS HALL , DAY

Hawkeye, who can see Henry outside (which Frank can't), affects surprise at receiving no answer to his question.

HAWKEYE

I was just asking...

FRANK

Shut up or I'll tear you apart.

EXT. MESS HALL , DAY

HENRY

Can you make out what they're talking about?

RADAR

I can try, sir.

INT. MESS HALL , DAY

HAWKEYE

I only wanted to know what she's like in the sack. Do those big boobs hold up or are they kind of droopy?

EXT. MESS HALL , DAY

RADAR

(to Henry)

Hawkeye's asking the Major's opinion on a point of anatomy.

INT. MESS HALL , DAY

HAWKEYE

Also I'm curious whether she's a moaner or...

FRANK

Say that again and I'll kill you.

EXT. MESS HALL , DAY

RADAR

The Major wishes to have the question repeated.

INT. MESS HALL , DAY

HAWKEYE

You know, does she go in for sound effects...?

He keeps a wary eye on Frank while talking, and thus is able to duck the coffee pot Frank hurls at him. From where Henry stands in the doorway, this act of unprovoked aggression is astonishing enough, for he can see Hawkeye innocently eating his cereal, but the Colonel is even more amazed when Frank follows it by springing across the table onto Hawkeye and raining blows on him. Hawkeye puts up no resistance but simply covers his head and screams.

HAWKEYE

Help! He's gone mad! Help, somebody!

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , DAY

Two MPs are dragging Frank in a straitjacket to an MP Jeep. They load him into the back and one of them gets in alongside him while the other takes the wheel.

Watching the MPs drive off with their prisoner are Henry, Duke and Trapper.

DUKE

Fair's fair, Henry. If I get into Hot Lips and jump Hawkeye Pierce, do I get to go home, too?

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. REPUBLIC OF KOREA ARMY INDUCTION CENTER IN SEOUL , DAY
(SNOW IS GONE)

It is now February. A jeep with Hawkeye at the wheel, Ho-Jon beside him, drives up to the entrance. Hawkeye gives Ho-Jon a final instruction as the boy gets out of the Jeep and goes into the building. Hawkeye finds a place to park in the shade. Lieutenant Scorch is with them.

LIEUTENANT SCORCH

It was really nice of you to take me along.

HAWKEYE

I didn't have much choice.

LIEUTENANT SCORCH

You really say the cutest things.

HAWKEYE

Yeah!

INT. KOREAN ARMY INDUCTION CENTER , DAY

The locale is established by the presence of military personnel in uniform and the fact that a KOREAN ARMY DOCTOR, with the aid of one assistant, is examining in quick succession a long line of naked young Korean boys. Ho-Jon's turn comes up and we see how perfunctory the process is: a brief overall scrutiny for visible defects, a blood pressure reading, and the application of a stethoscope to a few key spots. Ho-Jon looks healthy and the doctor is startled by the unexpected reaction he gets on applying the stethoscope to the boy's heart. He turns to check the blood pressure figure which his assistant is about to record on the form he has taken from Ho-Jon.

Apparently the pressure is just as out-of-line as the heartbeat, and the doctor feels Ho-Jon is ineligible for military service.

KOREAN DOCTOR

(to assistant, in
Korean)

We can't take this one. His heartbeat is much too fast, and his blood pressure is dangerously high.

(to Ho-Jon)

Have you ever seen a doctor before?

(abruptly, to assistant)

Wait a minute! What does it say there about where he's been working?

(takes Ho-Jon's form
and reads the
information for
himself; then, to
assistant)

Get the check on his urine sample right away.

(to Ho-Jon)
You'll have to wait around for a while, young man. I need some more information before I talk to you again.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

EXT. KOREAN ARMY INDUCTION CENTER , DAY

Hawkeye, with Lieutenant Scorch, waiting in the Jeep, is startled at being addressed by a stranger, whom he recognizes as the doctor that examined Ho-Jon. Ho-Jon is with him.

KOREAN DOCTOR
(in English)
You please excuse...
(as Hawkeye turns and sees them)
I have been making examination of this young man to find if he will be soldier in our army.

HAWKEYE
Yes, I know. Hi, Ho-Jon. How did it go?

KOREAN DOCTOR
I don't liking it at all, what I hear when I listen to the heart. And such a blood pressure for so young a boys. Is frightening.

HAWKEYE
I'm sorry to hear that. You think he's unfit for military service?

KOREAN DOCTOR
At first is no doubt. But then I am seeing on his paper he work in American hospital. And I think there are so many drugs in such a places, he could take some by mistake.

HAWKEYE
Why would he do that?

KOREAN DOCTOR

Who is knowing? But the drug I have
find in his urine is solving all
mysteries. By tomorrow will be gone
his fast heart and high blood
pressure. So I think maybe you will
like to tell him goodbye. Okay?

He gives Hawkeye a warm smile and leaves the two of them
alone. It's clear from Hawkeye's expression that he has no
choice but to admit defeat.

HAWKEYE

Sorry, Ho-Jon. I didn't think they'd
be that sharp. But I'm still going
to start the ball rolling for you to
go to college in America when you
get out. My old school, Androscoggin.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. OFFICERS' LATRINE , DAY

It's a warm spring day in a climate much like the northeastern
part of the United States. At first we see nothing but the
latrine tent, which is identified by a sign. A couple of
small missiles propelled with considerable force strike the
canvas, but it is only when they roll back to the ground
that we can identify them as golf balls. A closer look at
the ground area reveals a dozen other balls scattered around,
and then we see two Korean Houseboys appear from protected
places on the sides of the tent, looking carefully to make
sure there are no more balls coming, and proceed to gather
up those on the ground. During this action there is the SOUND
of a helicopter landing near the hospital.

EXT. FIELD BEHIND OFFICERS' LATRINE , DAY

The disreputability in clothes and grooming that has been
increasing with each view of the Swampmen has reached an
extreme stage in the view we now get of Hawkeye and Trapper.
ALong with their soiled fatigue pants, Hawkeye wears a torn,
dirty T-shirt of some unlikely color, Trapper a sport shirt
that looks as if he had picked it up in Hawaii on the way
over and worn it ever since. Both are unshaven.

Each has a well-equipped golf bag into which he now replaces the iron club he has been using for the medium-range shots they have been practicing. Taking out drivers, they set tees in the ground and, as the houseboys run up with the balls, Trapper indicates they will be shooting down the longest dimension of the field. After addressing the balls with a few practice swings, they deliver expert drives that are not only in the 250-yard range but fairly straight in the intended direction.

HAWKEYE

(pleased with himself)

I came within about ten yards of you. You know something, Trapper, the way we been going, if we ever got to see a real golf course again, I bet we could burn it up.

TRAPPER

As far as the greens maybe. I don't know if my putting would come back or not, without some practice.

The SOUND of the helicopter taking off again doesn't concern them till they realize it is headed directly toward them. It comes down so close to them they step back to avoid the wind from the propeller blades, which the PILOT keeps going as he and Vollmer climb out.

VOLLMER

(to pilot)

That's him on the right.

PILOT

That's Captain McIntyre?

VOLLMER

(to Trapper)

The Lieutenant's flown up from Seoul just to find you.

PILOT

You're Captain McIntyre?

TRAPPER

That's what the Army calls me. Stick out your tongue, take off your shirt and tell me where it hurts you.

His face showing his bewilderment, the Pilot silently hands Trapper a long white envelope and a large brown one. Trapper tears open the white one, glances at the top copy of the order it contains.

TRAPPER

'...Proceed immediately to Kokura, Japan...'

(to Pilot)

Do you know what this is about?

PILOT

There's a GI there whose father's a Congressman. A grenade went off in training and they think there's a piece of it in his heart.

TRAPPER

(opening brown envelope)

These his X-rays?

PILOT

Yes, sir. Apparently some big chest surgeon in Boston told the Congressman the only man to take care of his son was Captain John McIntyre.

(his doubt undiminished)

I suppose there could be more than one doctor with that name...

Trapper meanwhile has held the X-rays up to the sunlight and invited Hawkeye to look at them at the same time.

TRAPPER

(looking back at orders; to Hawkeye)

General Hammond says I can take anyone along I need to assist me. Want to come?

Hawkeye uses the pretense of scanning the X-rays from another angle to draw Trapper aside, so they can speak without the

Pilot and Vollmer hearing them.

HAWKEYE

I'm not so sure the goddam thing's
in his heart.

TRAPPER

'Course it isn't, but how many chances
do we get to go to Japan? With our
golf clubs.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. AIRPORT IN KOKURA, JAPAN , DAY

It is a bright, sunny afternoon in peaceful Japan. Hawkeye and Trapper, in the same outlandish clothes, walk from the military transport plane in which they have made the trip from Seoul, and approach a car with "25TH STATION HOSPITAL" emblazoned on its side.

The driver, SERGEANT GORMAN, is asleep. With their golf clubs slung over their shoulders, they get into the back seat. Hawkeye pulls the door closed with the loudest possible BANG, and succeeds in waking Gorman, who turns on them with outraged indignation.

GORMAN

Garrada there!

TRAPPER

What?

HAWKEYE

Let me translate. I've had some
exposure to the language. The young
man is from Brooklyn and he wants us
to vacate this vehicle.

TRAPPER

(to Gorman)

But weren't you supposed to meet the
surgeons who are going to slice up
the Congressman's son?

GORMAN

You guys are the quacks?

HAWKEYE

You betcher ever-loving A, buddy-boy.

GORMAN

Poor kid. Goddam Army.

TRAPPER

But besides the operation, we've got to get in at least eighteen holes of golf.

HAWKEYE

So let's haul ass, Sergeant.

GORMAN

Goddam Army.

But he starts the engine.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. ARMY CAR , DAY

There is silence between Sergeant Gorman and his passengers as the military hospital comes into view. But something else comes into view in the distance at the same time: the unmistakable contours of a golf course.

TRAPPER

Look.

HAWKEYE

Beautiful. What do you think? Should we stop and play nine holes now and operate on the kid later? If he's still alive.

GORMAN

Goddam Army.

TRAPPER

I think we ought to operate first, no frills, get through it on the

double. Then we'll be nice and relaxed on the course.

HAWKEYE
Good thinking.

GORMAN
Goddam, goddam Army.

They are coming to a stop in front of the hospital.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. 25TH STATION HOSPITAL , DAY

A PRETTY WAC sits behind a reception desk doing a job so utterly routine she doesn't even look up from her magazine when Hawkeye puts a question to her.

HAWKEYE
Where's the Congressman's son at, honey?

PRETTY WAC
Ward Six.

But then she does glimpse enough of their costumes to take a full look, and her reaction indicates clearly that she is not prepared for unkempt, unmilitary-looking men carrying golf bags.

PRETTY WAC
Hey you can't go in there! Who are you?

HAWKEYE
I'm the pro from Dover and this is my favorite caddie.

PRETTY WAC
Well, you can't go in. No till you tell me your business and I check with Colonel Merrill's office.

HAWKEYE
(relenting)

Well, if you must know...

But Trapper has meanwhile made a feint toward the door, to which the Pretty Wac responds by rising and interposing herself in his path.

TRAPPER

(to Hawkeye)

Hold it. If this soldier enforces her own orders. I'm ready to take her on. Anxious. Single combat.

He moves toward the girl, who holds her ground staunchly till they are almost in contact. Then she takes a step back, and continues to take one step backwards for each one of his in her direction. When they get close to the door, her resistance collapses entirely and she scurries back to her seat at the desk, where she grabs the phone as Trapper and Hawkeye march through the door.

PRETTY WAC

(into phone)

Colonel Marril's office.

INT. 25TH STATION HOSPITAL , DAY

All personnel, American and Japanese (who, like the Koreans at MASH, do the menial work) react in surprise to the sight of Trapper and Hawkeye making their way around a few corners till they find Ward Six.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. WARD SIX , DAY

Two golf bags are propped against the foot of the Congressman's son's bed. Trapper listens closely to the boy's chest while Hawkeye bends down to his ear to reassure him. A WARD NURSE hovers near him, not actually cooperating with them but not defying them either.

HAWKEYE

(to Congressman's son)

Don't worry, son. That's Captain McIntyre, and he's the best chest surgeon in the Far East and maybe in

the whole U.S. Army. He'll fix you up fine. Your daddy saw to that.

TRAPPER

Just like we thought, it's a routine problem. Nurse, who's in charge of operating room preparations?

By the time he has begun his question to her, the WARD NURSE has spotted someone approaching of whom she is in obvious dread. And it is at this figure that she points by way of answer: a firece looking NURSE CORPS CAPTAIN.

WARD NURSE

Sh-sh-she is.

Anticipating that a major confrontation is about to take place, Trapper and Hawkeye decide to keep it away from their patient's beside. Accordingly they pick up their golf bags and go to meet the advancing Captain.

NURSE CORPS CAPTAIN

What are you hoodlums doing in this hospital?

HAWKEYE

(politely)

We're surgeons, ma'am, we're here to work. All we want is our starting time.

NURSE CORPS CAPTAIN

You can't even look at a patient here till Colonel Merrill says it's okay. And he's still out for lunch.

TRAPPER

(quietly)

Look, Mother. I want to go to work in one hour. We're the pros from Dover and we figure to crack that kid's chest and get out to the golf course before it's dark. So find the gas-passer and tell him to premedicate the patient. Then bring me the latest pictures on him; the ones we saw

must be forty-eight hours old by now. And tell the kitchen to rustle up some lunch. Ham and eggs'll do; steak would be even better. And give me at least one nurse who knows how to work in close without getting her tits in my way.

(as she hesitates)

You're going to have to move quicker than that. I said an hour.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. 25TH STATION HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM , DAY

CAPTAIN E.B. (ME LAY) MARSTON is the anesthesiologist at the 25th.

Wearing gown, cap, and mask, he is busily at work checking the Congressman's son to make sure he is properly anesthetized. At that moment the doors open and in come Trapper and Hawkeye, also wearing OR outfits, as are the two nurses who stand by waiting for them. Trapper looks questioningly at Me Lay, who answers with a nod that all is ready.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. 25TH STATION HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM , DAY

The atmosphere in the OR is tense. Hawkeye is maintaining proper traction on the clamp that holds the lung in place, while Trapper concentrates on removing the fragment.

TRAPPER

Got it.

COLONEL MERRILL

I demand an explanation!

COLONEL MERRILL, Commanding Officer of the hospital, has stormed through the OR swinging doors in full military uniform without any antiseptic precautions.

HAWKEYE

(to circulating nurse)

Get that dirty old man out of the operating room!

COLONEL MERRILL
I'm Colonel Merrill!

HAWKEYE
Beat it, Pop. If this chest gets infected, I'll tell the Congressman who did it.

To everyone's astonishment, including the Colonel's, it works. He turns around and walks out without another word. Most affected of all by Hawkeye's audacity is Me Lay, who reacts with a sharp look in Hawkeye's direction and then by picking up his anesthesia chart and writing, in the space labeled "First Assistant," the name "Hawkeye Pierce."

TRAPPER
Okay, I'm closing up. Everybody relax.

ME LAY
(to Hawkeye)
May I have the surgeon's name, please?

HAWKEYE
He's the pro from Dover and I'm the Ghost of Smokey Joe.

ME LAY
Save that crap for the rest of the clamdiggers back home.

Both surgeons stop working in their surprise. Hawkeye looks at the anesthesia chart and sees where Me Lay has written his name. Then he takes a closer look at Me Lay himself, or what shows of him between his cap and his mask.

HAWKEYE
(to Trapper)
Did I ever tell you about Me Lay Marston?

TRAPPER
Your high school friend who went around saying 'Me lay, you lay?' to

all the young females in the community. As I remember, you said it was quite a successful approach.

HAWKEYE

Well, he wouldn't score more than once in seven or eight tries, but the important thing was he didn't waste time socializing. Anyway, Trapper John, this is Me Lay.

ME LAY

The real Trapper John? The one who threw you the famous pass and went to greater glory on the Boston and Maine Railroad?

HAWKEYE

The one and only.

ME LAY

Proud to know you, Trapper. Like to shake your hand if you'll hurry up and get that chest closed.

(looks around to make sure the nurses can't hear)

You still working the trains?

TRAPPER

Planes mostly. May take a crack at rickshaws. How does the direct approach work over here?

ME LAY

I been out of action since I got over here five months ago.

HAWKEYE

You don't go after the local scrunch?

ME LAY

I'm too busy, actually. Not for the Army, of course, but where I live. Dr. Yamachi's New Era Pediatric Hospital and Whorehouse. I'm serious.

The guy has this crude hospital for kids and a warehouse on the side to finance it, all in the same building.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. SURGEONS' DRESSING ROOM, 25TH STATION HOSPITAL , DAY

Hawkeye and Trapper have washed and put their golf practice clothes back on. Me Lay is dressed in fresh fatigues with Captain's bars.

HAWKEYE

(to Me Lay)

What do you do in the joint besides pimp?

ME LAY

That's about the only thing I don't do , that I'm built for. I inspect the girls and take care of some of the kids in the hospital. Sometimes I tend bar and act as bouncer.

A CORPORAL enters with the manner of a messenger from on high.

CORPORAL

Captain Pierce? Captain McIntyre?
Colonel Merrill wishes you to report to his office immediately.

HAWKEYE

Tell him we'll think about it.

(to Trapper)

I suppose we do have to reach some sort of understanding with the old boy.

TRAPPER

(to Me Lay)

What's the bastard really like?

ME LAY

(for the Corporal's benefit as well as

theirs)

Colonel Merrill is a veteran of twenty-five years in the Regular Army, a soldier first and a doctor second. A member of several patriotic organizations, he believes it's America's God-given mission to maintain a foothold for freedom on the Asian mainland.

TRAPPER

That bad?

(to Hawkeye)

But I guess you're right. We might as well see him.

(reaches for golf bag, to Corporal)

Got any caddie carts?

CORPORAL

What?

Trapper just slings his golf bag over his shoulder with a sigh, as does Hawkeye. Me Lay, meanwhile, has written a few words on a scrap of paper.

TRAPPER

(to Corporal)

Never mind.

ME LAY

(hands paper to Hawkeye)

The address of the N.E.P.H. and W. Why don't you meet me there when you're through golf for drinks and dinner and whatever strikes the fancy?

TRAPPER

Mine's already been struck, and it doesn't have to be very fancy.

HAWKEYE

(to Corporal)

Lead the way.

The Corporal does so and they follow him out.

INT. 25TH STATION HOSPITAL , DAY

Hawkeye and Trapper come out of the dressing room after the Corporal and follow him down a corridor. Then they realize to their surprise that there are two other soldiers following them who have been stationed outside the dressing door. Their invitation from the Colonel is getting to seem less casual every moment.

INT. COLONEL MERRILL'S OUTER OFFICE , DAY

A SECOND LIEUTENANT and a Sergeant seated on opposite sides of a desk look up with interest as Trapper and Hawkeye come in with escorts fore and aft.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

These the prisoners?

CORPORAL

Yes, sir.

Hawkeye and Trapper exchange looks.

SECOND LIEUTENANT

They can wait in the Colonel's office.
He'll be back in a few minutes.

The Corporal opens the door to the Colonel's empty and quite luxurious office. Trapper and Hawkeye go in with their golf bags.

INT. COLONEL MERRILL'S OFFICE , DAY

Trapper and Hawkeye enter, the door closing behind them, and look around. It is a long time since they have seen surroundings like these, with Western upholstered furniture, pictures on the walls and high quality wall-to-wall carpeting. It is this last feature that attracts Hawkeye's attention. He squats down to feel its texture and with a look invites Trapper to do the same. Trapper is also impressed with the smoothness of the surface, and without having to exchange a word about it, they each find a putter and a golf ball and start lining up targets for their brief sorely missed putting practice.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. COLONEL MERRILL'S OFFICE , DAY

The Colonel comes in militarily, which is the way he makes all his entrances.

COLONEL MERRILL

You men are under arrest!

TRAPPER

Quiet! Can't you see I'm putting?

COLONEL MERRILL

I'll have you...!

HAWKEYE

Please!

(completes a putt,
walks over and picks
up ball)

Face it, Colonel, you don't have us, we have you. Your boys blew this case, we bailed you out. We figure we ought to hang around a day to check the Congressman's kid, and we also figure to play some golf. So if that's okay with you, we got a deal.

TRAPPER

And if it isn't, why don't we call Washington on your telephone? You tell your story, we'll tell ours.

HAWKEYE

(picking up his clubs)

When you make up your mind, get in touch. The golf club is probably the best place to leave a message.

Trapper has also taken his golf bag, and the two of them walk out serenely together. The Colonel supports himself on his desk as he makes his way to his chair and sits down to absorb the shock to his system.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. JAPANESE GOLF CLUB PRO SHOP , LATE AFTERNOON

The shop features an assortment of Western style golfing attire, all about two decades behind the times. Trapper is holding a pair of 'plus fours' in front of him to test the size. The GOLF PRO looks on with the studied approval of the dedicated salesman everywhere; Hawkeye with amusement.

TRAPPER

These the longest you've got?

GOLF PRO

Wonderful. They are looking like they are made for you.

Hawkeye has discovered a pair of knee-length argyle socks, which he exhibits to Trapper.

HAWKEYE

We got to have these to wear with them.

(glances out window)

You know, by the time we get all this stuff on, it'll be practically dark.

Two GIRL CADDIES enter the shop while he is speaking. They are very young, not more than seventeen, dressed in slacks. They see Trapper and Hawkeye's golf bags and start to sling them over their shoulders.

TRAPPER

(agreeing)

Yeah, maybe we ought to...

(sees caddies)

Hey, who are they?

GOLF PRO

Your caddies. But perhaps it is becoming too late to start.

TRAPPER

(walking over to caddies for closer look)

Not at all.

(touches the prettier
one under the chin
to raise her downcast
head)

What's your name, honey?

HAWKEYE

Come on, Trapper. We got to forget
golf for today.

TRAPPER

I don't know why. As long as it's
light enough to see your caddie.

HAWKEYE

(to Golf Pro)

What's the age of consent in this
country?

GOLF PRO

Which? I do not know what you mean.

HAWKEYE

Never mind.

(to Trapper)

Let's take one sport at a time. The
place for tonight's is the New Era
Pediatric Hospital Et Cetera.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. DR. YAMACHI'S N.E.P.H. & W. , DINING ROOM , NIGHT

Trapper and Hawkeye, dressed in kimonos, are sitting Japanese style on the floor with Me Lay around a low table. Three girls serve them attentively, doing everything for them except actually feeding them.

A girl named MICHIKO takes away a plate that Trapper has left virtually untouched and puts a bowl of thick soup in front of him.

The second girl serves soup to Hawkeye and Me Lay, and the third brings in a large bowl of rice.

TRAPPER

Soup? Rice? What are we doing,
beginning all over again?

ME LAY

No, we had a clear soup to start.
This is a thick one and you ought to
taste it. There's nothing like it
back home.

TRAPPER

How can I taste it now? We've already
had like twelve courses.

MICHIKO

You are not wishing to eat more? I
bring you most special plum brandy.

TRAPPER

I don't want it. I don't want to
eat, I don't want to drink.

(reaches out and grabs
Michiko's ankle)

All I want...

There is a KNOCK on the door, followed immediately by the
entrance of a Japanese nurse, who indicates an urgent desire
to speak to Me Lay. Me Lay gets up and listens to what she
tells him in an undertone. Trapper meanwhile has succeeded
in pulling Michiko off her feet, and makes clear the general
direction of his intentions by sprawling out on the floor
with her in his embrace.

ME LAY

(to Hawkeye and Trapper)

Can you guys take one minute to look
at a kid for me?

TRAPPER

Now?

HAWKEYE

(to Me Lay)

Why can't you look at him?

ME LAY

I have but well, you know, I've been mainly an anesthetist a long time now and... well, I'd like you guys to take a look at him.

HAWKEYE

What's the story?

ME LAY

Well, one of the girls got careless and two days ago she gave birth to an eight-pound American-Japanese male.

HAWKEYE

What's wrong with him?

ME LAY

Every time we feed him, it either comes right back up or he coughs and turns blue and has a hell of a time.

TRAPPER

(releasing Michiko
and sitting up
reluctantly)

We don't have to see him. Call that halfassed Army hospital and tell them to be ready to put some lipiodol in this kid's esophagus and take X-rays.

ME LAY

But it's ten-thirty at night. We can't get military personnel out for a civilian. A foreign civilian.

HAWKEYE

Don't give them any unnecessary details. Just say the pros from Dover are on their way with an emergency. And you'd better get the OR cranked up because I got a feeling you're going to pass some gas while I help Trapper close a little bastard's tracheo-esophageal fistula.

INT. 25TH STATION HOSPITAL OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Three OR nurses are at work getting things on order when the swinging doors open and Me Lay, carrying the two-day-old baby, enters, accompanied by Hawkeye and Trapper. Nothing has led the nurses to expect an infant patient, and they are distinctly taken aback.

FIRST OR NURSE

Where did that baby come from? Is that what you got us up for?

HAWKEYE

Yes, ladies, that's why we got you up. Me Lay, put him down there...

(indicating operating table)

...and get ready to start giving him the anesthetic.

(to nurses)

We stumbled on this deal. We didn't want it but we don't see how we can walk away from it, no matter whose rules are broken. This baby has no legal right to be taken care of in an Army hospital, though his father was probably an American soldier. But he's going to die if we don't fix him now, tonight. So what about it?

FIRST OR NURSE

Let's get going.

Me Lay places the mask attached to his gas container on the baby's face and starts to administer a carefully limited quantity.

COLONEL MERRILL

This time I will not be intimidated!

He has come into the OR while he is talking, and he is so menacing that all preparations are halted while he finishes his pronouncement.

COLONEL MERRILL

I command that this improper and illegal use of Army facilities cease immediately. Twice you men have forced me into appeasing your aggression by threatening me with what you'll say to a certain Congressman. Well, I don't care what you tell him or anyone else! I don't care if it costs me my command and my whole career in the Army. On this point I stand as a matter of principle, as unshakable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

HAWKEYE

Me Lay? Trapper?

Moving in concert, Hawkeye and Trapper grab Colonel Merrill and drag him over to Me Lay's end of the operating table. Me Lay takes the anesthetic mask from the baby's face and clamps it firmly on the Colonel's. The Colonel struggles for a while but they manage to hold him and pretty soon he is quiet.

HAWKEYE

Is he out?

TRAPPER

Like the Rock of Gibraltar.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. DR. YAMACHI'S N.E.P.H. & W. , HALLWAY , NIGHT

Trapper, Hawkeye and Me Lay are half-dragging, half-carrying Colonel Merrill along a corridor, and girls, including Michiko and the others we have seen before, have come out of their rooms to watch.

ME LAY

He's coming to.

HAWKEYE

Let's get his clothes off quick.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. DR. N.E.P.H. & W. , BEDROOM , NIGHT

Colonel Merrill is stirring on the bed as Hawkeye and Me Lay remove the last item of his clothing. The Colonel opens his eyes but he is still too drugged to have any idea where he is or how he got there.

ME LAY

Okay, Michiko.

Michiko moves toward the bed, removing the kimono which is her only garment. At the same time Hawkeye grabs a camera, which is all ready for use with a flashbulb attachment and starts to take a series of shots of the Colonel and Michiko, both naked in the bed. The Colonel reacts to the intermittent bursts of light.

COLONEL MERRILL

What the hell's going on?

MICHIKO

Please, you no worry, sweetheart.
Just keeping close.

HAWKEYE

(after five or six
shots)

All right, that's plenty. You can
put your clothes on, Colonel.

Michiko reaches for her kimono and puts it back on as she gets out of bed. The Colonel sits up, still a bit dazed but becoming more aware of what's happening all the time.

COLONEL MERILL

I've been framed!

HAWKEYE

That's what they all say. But I have
photographic evidence here that you're
a lecherous old man and a disgrace
to the uniform. However, I won't
even develop the film if your people
watch that baby we operated on like
he was the Congressman's grandson.
Which for all we know he may be.

INT. DR. YAMACHI'S N.E.P.H. & W. , HALLWAY , NIGHT

Michiko joins Me Lay.

MICHIKO

Where is Captain McIntyre? I am waiting so long for him.

Me Lay open a bedroom door, revealing Trapper fully dressed and sound asleep on the bed.

ME LAY

Give him a few hours, Michiko. Right now he couldn't get up a flight of stairs.

Michiko's answering smile indicates superior feminine wisdom in these matters. She goes into the room, closing the door behind her.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. WARD SIX. 25TH STATION HOSPITAL , DAY

Hawkeye, dressed in the Japanese adaptation of the well-dressed American golfer of the 1930's, and carrying his golf bag, is at the Congressman's son's bedside. He looks at the boy's chart and then at the patient himself, finding both of them quite satisfactory.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM , DAY

Trapper, similarly outfitted with individual variations of his own, has just examined the baby they operated on. He writes out some instructions and gives them to a nurse. Then he picks up his golf bag and goes out to a corridor where Hawkeye is waiting for him.

They start to walk toward the hospital entrance, finally ready for a few hours of relaxation on the golf course.

VOICE

(over loudspeaker system)

Captain Pierce and Captain McIntyre!

Please contact the message center.
Captain Pierce and Captain McIntyre!

They look at each other with foreboding.

HAWKEYE
It couldn't be good news.

By joint unspoken agreement, they quicken their pace in the same direction. Then their resolution falters.

TRAPPER
(to a passing nurse)
Where's the goddam message center?

TIME LAPSE:

INT. 4077TH MASH , LATE AFTERNOON

OR facilities are being utilized to capacity. For the first time we see Henry himself in surgeon's working dress, winding up an operation. Completing his work, looking tired and anxious, he walks through the crowded OR to the Preop Ward, which is also jammed up with cases awaiting surgery. Leslie comes to meet him.

HENRY
What's the lineup, Major?

LESLIE
Six cases ready for surgery, sir,
and four more that just need a little
more blood or a little more time for
the antibiotics to take hold.

HENRY
I guess we can handle them, if there
aren't any six o'clock choppers.
Every time they fly while it's still
daylight, they've got wounded that
can't wait.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

EXT. LANDING AREA OUTSIDE 4077TH MASH , LATE AFTERNOON

Henry's watch says a minute or two after six o'clock. Once more, as at the beginning, he is standing outside the Admitting Ward with Radar, listening for helicopters coming from the north. Radar, straining his superhearing to listen, reacts unhappily to a sound neither we nor Henry can catch.

RADAR

Chopper coming in, Colonel. Two of them, I'm afraid.

HENRY

Damn.

RADAR

(a puzzled look)

And another one, but it's from the south.

(looking south)

There.

Henry looks eagerly to the south as the COMBINED SOUND of three helicopters becomes audible and quickly mounts in intensity.

EXT. SKY TO THE SOUTH , DAY

A helicopter (the type that came from Seoul to pick up Trapper and Hawkeye, rather than the Air Rescue Squadron ones that bring the wounded from the front) approaches the landing area and starts to make its descent. There is a golf bag full of clubs attached to each of its pods.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. ADMITTING WARD , DAY

Trapper and Hawkeye, conspicuous because they are still in their golf costumes, are among the surgeons checking the newly arrived wounded. More cases are still being brought in from helicopters and ambulances, mainly on stretchers, a few under their own power assisted by a Medical Corpsman or two. This is really the most hideous face of war; the mangled bodies and limbs and faces, the expressions alive with pain and dulled by shock, are more terrible than any number of quiescent corpses. Trapper finishes examining a man and speaks to Hot Lips.

TRAPPER

This one goes right to the OR. Tell Duke to do him ahead of the busted spleen.

(moving on to another patient, a Korean)

And this kid can't wait. I'll take him myself, before I get to that ruptured diaphragm.

HOT LIPS

Captain...

(securing his attention)

'This kid' is a prisoner of war.

TRAPPER

Yeah?

HOT LIPS

It's an American boy's rupture you're supposed to close.

TRAPPER

Listen, we get a deluge like this, just deciding priorities on a medical basis is hard enough. So never mind the side issues.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

A few days later. Duke is working deep inside a belly with a new young surgeon, CAPTAIN LAPHAM, assisting him. Lapham glances at the patient's face.

LAPHAM

Duke...

Duke looks, too, and the patient's eyes are enough to tell him the job he's doing no longer has any function. After an almost superfluous check of the heartbeat, Lapham closes the man's eyes.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye, with Ugly John handling the anesthetic, is digging out pieces of metal from a face that will never quite look like a face again.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Trapper, with Painless filling in as anesthesiologist, is working in close to a patient's heart. Suddenly all the lights in the OR go out. This is not an unprecedented event, and one by one three corpsmen appear in different locations around the operating table with flashlights whose combined beams make it possible for Trapper to carry on.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

With the electric light restored, Duke and Lapham are at work on another case, removing several feet of small bowel no longer useful to the owner.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Henry and Murrhardt, with Scorch assisting, are amputating an arm.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

A dead patient, face covered with a sheet is removed from an operating table by two corpsmen. Immediately two other corpsmen bring a stretcher to the other side of the table and unload a new patient onto it. Ugly John and a nurse start to prepare him for surgery.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye, with Knocko helping, is sewing up an incision which we can see is in the area of the groin. Dago Red comes by.

DAGO RED

Nice looking kid. Going to be okay?

HAWKEYE

He'll live if that's what you mean.
But somebody better be around when
he comes to and finds out there's
nothing left between his legs.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. ADMITTING WARD , DAY

A few days later. A new group of patients is being brought in on stretchers by corpsmen. Trapper and Duke are examining an unconscious Negro private. Trapper looks at him with special attention to the eyes. The right pupil is dilated and fixed. Duke meanwhile checks his pulse and blood pressure.

DUKE

Pulse, slow, very little pressure.

TRAPPER

Look at that right eye.

DUKE

Epidural hematoma?

TRAPPER

I don't know what else. You've been that route a little, haven't you?

DUKE

Not enough to be a pro.

He moves to another case. Duke continues to examine the private with particular attention to the right side of the head. The more he observes, the more alarmed he becomes.

DUKE

(to corpsman)

Into the OR! Right now.

He runs ahead of the stretcher through the Preop Ward. At the entrance to the OR he runs into Knocko.

DUKE

Quick, Knocko, get me gloves, knife, hammer, chisel, Gelfoam and a drain.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , DAY

Knocko finishes saving and cleaning the right temporal area of the unconscious private's head, and Duke wastes no time making an incision down to the bone.

DUKE

Okay, give me the hammer and chisel.
There are drills you can make nice,
neat holes in the skull with, but we
ain't got none.

(taking hammer and
chisel, fortifying
himself for the act)

So here goes.

He pounds the chisel into the private's skull and keeps at it till he cracks his way through. Blood flows out in a torrent. Duke pulls his tools away and just watches. Very quickly he is rewarded by the sight of a torrent diminishing to a dribble.

KNOCKO

What happens now?

DUKE

We sew him up.

He stuffs Gelfoam down into the bleeding site, puts in a rubber drain and starts to sew the skin back together with silk sutures.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , DAY

The private is moaning and stirring restlessly on the table as Duke finishes closing the incision and Knocko takes the Patient's pulse.

KNOCKO

Pulse is way back. Nearly sixty.

DUKE

We took the pressure off his brain.
You know, Knocko, this boy might
just make it, and if he does you and
me ought to be ready with a story.

KNOCKO

What do you mean?

DUKE

One thing everybody knows for sure that don't know hardly anything else, is how delicate any kind of brain surgery is. So I certainly wouldn't like it if there was somebody going around saying all I did was crack him on the head with a hammer and chisel.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. ADMITTING WARD , DAY

Hawkeye is examining a young PRIVATE FIRST CLASS who is in shock, semiconscious and saturated with mud over his whole uniform, hair and skin. There is a muddy, bloody bandage around his neck.

HAWKEYE

(to a corpsman)

Get that bandage off so I can see what the hell's underneath.

He moves on to the next stretcher. The corpsman undoes the bandage and pulls it away. The Private First Class turns his head to the left, and blood spurts two feet into the air from a hole in the right side of his neck.

PRIVATE FIRST CLASS

Mama, Mama! Oh, Mama, I'm dying!

The blood continues to gush as the people in the immediate vicinity watch in fascination. As it comes down again it falls on the PFC's face and into his mouth. He reacts by coughing, spraying his audience with blood. Hawkeye runs back and sticks his index finger down the hole, blocking off the severed artery and stopping the flow of blood.

HAWKEYE

(to corpsmen)

Bring him to the OR right on this

stretcher. I can't take my finger out. Somebody find Ugly John and get his ass in there.

They are already in motion toward OR, Hawkeye moving along beside the stretcher with his finger in the hole. On the way they pass near Leslie.

HAWKEYE

This one is urgent, Les. Start somebody cutting off his clothes. Tell the lab to come in with a couple of pints of low titre O, and type and cross-match him for five or six more. Get somebody to do two countdowns and start the blood. Come to think of it, get somebody to start rounding up donors, and send some cowboys to Seoul for all the goddam blood they can get. And get that miserable gas-passer in here!

UGLY JOHN

(at OR entrance)

I'm here.

HAWKEYE

Good. Get him asleep and a tube in him if you can. His common carotid is cut and I can't do anything with the son-of-a-bitch jumping all over the place.

(to Leslie)

Find somebody to help me. I got to keep a finger on this or we lose him, and I can't get it clamped with my left hand.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , DAY

The PFC has been transferred to an operating table without Hawkeye losing his finger pressure on the artery. The clothes have been cut off him, and Ugly John has both blood and anesthetic going into him, the latter through an intratracheal

tube. Hawkeye has a scalpel in his left hand and with it he enlarges the wound around his right index finger. Then he tries to slide a Kelly clamp down his finger into the wound to clamp the artery but he can't manage it lefthanded.

He looks desperately around the OR only to observe that every surgeon and nurse is fully engaged, including Henry and Hot Lips. Ugly John is having a hard time fulfilling his dual function as it is, and can't possibly take on another. Hawkeye tried again with the clamp and fails, and then, to his great relief, there appears within in his peripheral vision as he concentrates his attention on the PFC's neck, a male figure, gowned, capped, masked and gloved. It doesn't matter to Hawkeye which of his colleagues it is; he just tells him what assistance he needs from him.

HAWKEYE

Grab this Kelly, ride it down my
fingers and we'll have this mother
under control.

The newcomer, though Hawkeye doesn't realize it, is Dago Red.

Following instructions, he takes the clamp and inserts it in the wound.

DAGO RED

What do I do with it Hawk? This is a
little out of my line.

HAWKEYE

Didn't recognize you, Red. When you
get the clamp all the way down, open
it as wide as you can and see if you
can close it on the artery.

Dagor Red obeys these orders cautiously. When he widens the clamp and starts to close it again, he has the satisfying sensation of feeling something substantial, and seizes it vigorously.

DAGO RED

I got it! I got it!

But what he has grabbed with the clamp is Hawkeye's finger

and Hawkeye, by reflex action, pulls it out to where we can see it with the clamp grasping it. The blood starts to spurt again and Hawkeye goes back into the wound, but this time with his left index finger.

HAWKEYE

You got my finger for Christ's sake.
But maybe I can do better with my
right hand.

(inserts a retractor
into wound, puts the
working end of it in
Dago Red's hands,
taking back the Kelly
clamp)

Pull it toward you. More. Good.

(rides clamp down his
left index finger
and this time he
closes it on the
right place)

There. That does it for now.

(to Ugly John)

We'll keep him right where he is
till Trapper John can give me a hand
sewing that artery back together.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. LANDING AREA OUTSIDE 4077TH MASH , LATE AFTERNOON

Two helicopters descend to the ground, and corpsmen start unloading the wounded. Also visible are a couple of ambulances that are being unloaded. Henry and the three Swampmen have stepped outside the Admitting Ward entrance to watch. They are all haggard, unshaven and groggy, but Henry, the oldest, is the one who shows the strain the most.

HENRY

Fifteenth straight day there've been
six o'clock choppers. How long can a
battle go on?

HAWKEYE

You got to relax, Henry. Since the
deluge started, you been working in

the OR and running the outfit, too.

TRAPPER

Best thing you could do for all of us is grab some sack time.

HAWKEYE

(calling)

Radar!

Radar appears as usual on the instant.

RADAR

Yes, sir? I've been trying to persuade the Colonel to take some rest.

DUKE

Well, stop persuading, just make him.

RADAR

(to Duke)

Yes, sir.

(to Henry)

Come along, sir.

Henry is so fatigued he allows himself to be led away by Radar.

HAWKEYE

Believe me, Henry, outside of us, no one'll even know you're gone.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. PREOP WARD , DAY

Here the more seriously wounded of those brought into the Admitting Ward are getting transfusions, have had Foley catheters inserted in their bladders and/or Levin tubes in their stomachs, and have their X-rays on display on wires in front of each cot. Trapper, Hawkeye and Duke are checking them to establish priorities. They reach the last cot, on which Ho-Jon is lying, attended by a Corpsman we haven't seen before.

CORPSMAN
This kid is pretty bad.

Out of habit Hawkeye looks at the X-ray first.

HAWKEYE
For you, Trapper.

TRAPPER
(looking at X-ray)
Okay, but I'll need you to help.
Duke, will you take that belly back
there? The Australian?

Duke turns back to undertake his assignment. Trapper and
Hawkeye continue to study the X-ray.

HAWKEYE
It's in pretty deep.

TRAPPER
Yeah, and he's lost a lot of blood.
I'm afraid it's hit more than just
the lung.

Ho-Jon opens his eyes and smiles at the sight of his old
friends.

CORPSMAN
(to Ho-Jon)
You'll be okay, boy.

HO-JON
I know. I got the best there is.
Captain Pierce and Captain...

HAWKEYE
Christ, it's Ho-Jon!

TRAPPER
Hiya, Ho-Jon. You got a piece of a
shell in your chest, but we'll take
it out as soon as you've had more
blood. Hey, Radar!

Radar, passing through the ward, comes over in response to

the summons.

TRAPPER

(to Radar)

Has that A-negative come from Seoul?
We'll need some in the OR.

RADAR

There isn't any. We keep ordering
and they don't deliver.

HAWKEYE

We got to have at least one pint.
It's for Ho-Jon.

Radar reacts in surprise and looks toward Ho-Jon's cot.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye is assisting Trapper in making the incision in Ho-Jon's right chest. Ugly John is giving the boy additional anesthetic.

HAWKEYE

If we squeeze him through, I'm going
to get him into Androscoggin College.

TRAPPER

How about squeezing him through into
Dartmouth? If all he wants to do is
catch lobsters, he can learn that
here.

HAWKEYE

Dartmouth's too big and too expensive.
If he's as good as I think he is, he
can move into the big league later.
But Androscoggin first.

TRAPPER

(studying the incision)

We'll need room. The sixth rib goes.

HAWKEYE

Never mind the conversation. Do it,
Dad.

TRAPPER

You aspirate the blood from the chest
cavity. Damn, there's more of it
than I thought.

HAWKEYE

(preparing to use
suction device)

If we don't get that pint, he's in
trouble.

EXT. AND INT. HENRY'S TENT , NIGHT

Radar, followed by an associate lab technician, enters Henry's
tent.

Henry is snoring away in deep sleep. Gently Radar straightens
Henry's right arm and deftly injects Novocaine over a vein.
Henry stirs.

HENRY

(mumbling in sleep)

Not now, honey. Gobacksleep.

The lab technician tightens the sleeve of Henry's T-shirt to
serve as a tourniquet, and Radar expertly inserts a needle
into the vein and starts extracting blood into a pint
container.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye has finished aspirating the blood. Trapper reaches
down into the wound.

TRAPPER

(triumphantly)

I got it. Here, feel. In the cava.

He takes his hand out and lets Hawkeye put his in.

HAWKEYE

I don't feel anything.

TRAPPER

Oh, Jesus.

He indicates that he wants to feel again. Hawkeye withdraws his hand and Trapper puts his back in again.

TRAPPER

I can't feel it now either. The mother must have gone in.

HAWKEYE

I don't get it.

TRAPPER

It was in the cava and the hole sealed itself off. I must have jiggled it just enough to turn it loose. I can't feel it in the heart or the right pulmonary artery. So it's in the left pulmonary artery.

HAWKEYE

What do we do?

TRAPPER

We'll have to close this hole and make one on the other side.

HAWKEYE

Be kind of rough on him if there's no blood. Why don't we close up and sit on him a couple of days?

TRAPPER

Sure, that's the right way... at John Hopkins or someplace. But how do we know there won't be even more of a jam-up a few days from now? Maybe we won't be able to get to him when we want to. Maybe the goddam thing'll erode the artery when nobody's looking. Our best shot is now.

Radar comes up to the operating table with a container of blood.

RADAR

A-negative. I've cross-matched it.

HAWKEYE

I though you said we didn't have a drop.

RADAR

I found a doner.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Trapper has exposed Ho-Jon's left pulmonary artery. Duke and Hawkeye are assisting him by applying traction to the tapes on either side of where Trapper is now cutting the artery, so that there is only a small flow of blood from the incision. Trapper brings out his hand and displays the tiny metal fragment which is the object of their efforts.

TRAPPER

(to Ugly John)

How is he?

UGLY JOHN

Nice.

TRAPPER

(to nurse)

Arterial silk.

He starts to sew the artery back together.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM

The artery is joined again.

TRAPPER

(to Hawkeye and Duke)

Ease off on those tapes, and let's see how much it bleeds.

(sees a few drops of

blood come through
incision)
How is he?

UGLY JOHN
Nice.

TRAPPER
Boys, we're home free.

HAWKEYE
When will he be able to write?

DUKE
What's he got to write, for God's
sake?

HAWKEYE
An application to Androscoggin
College.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE , DAY

Henry is on the phone. Hawkeye, Duke, Painless and Radar
wait eagerly for the news.

HENRY
(into phone)
Colonel Blake here.

INT. GENERAL HAMMOND'S OFFICE, 325 EVAC HOSPITAL , DAY

HAMMOND, a one-star general, has a major and a lieutenant
colonel with him as he talks to Henry.

GENERAL HAMMOND
(into phone)
I got news for you, Henry. You've
been so concerned about that battle
for Old Baldy. It's all over.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE , DAY

Henry nods happily to the others to tell them that the word

is favorable.

HENRY

(into phone)

Thanks, General. Thanks for calling.

He hangs up and turns to the others to pass on the General's exact words.

INT. GENERAL HAMMOND'S OFFICE, 325 EVAC HOSPITAL , DAY

The General wasn't through talking and didn't expect Henry to hang up at that point. He is quite startled, in fact, because he has been saving the most important piece of information for the end.

GENERAL HAMMOND

(to major and
lieutenant colonel)

He didn't wait to hear who won.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. FIELD NEAR RIVERBANK , DAY

A very hot day in late August. Standing all by itself in an empty field is a sign on which some fairly careful carpentry and lettering work has been expended. It reads: "38TH PARALLEL MEDICAL SOCIETY MEETS HERE SUNDAYS."

CAMERA PANS to the river, where Trapper, Hawkeye and Duke are lying on their stomachs, naked or nearly so, on air mattresses. The heat from which they seek relief is obviously intense, and they are pampering themselves further with tall, ice-filled drinks. On the riverbank near them stands one empty cup and one half-full bottle of Pimms No. 1 Cup, and all three surgeons are more noticeably drunk than we have previously seen them.

TRAPPER

She had this shiny black hair piled up on her head, but later on she let it hang loose and I'll be damned if it didn't come all the way down to her ass.

DUKE

I've always had a hankering for blonde pussy myself. My wife's hair is a wonderful golden yellow, and this time of year it gets even lighter.

HAWKEYE

I guess that's why you go for Hot Lips Houlihan.

DUKE

You know damn well I nearly puke when I look at her. I don't even think she's a real blonde.

HAWKEYE

How can you say a thing like that about an officer in the United States Army?

DUKE

I not only say it, I'll back it up twenty buck's worth.

HAWKEYE

You got yourself a bet, Georgia boy.
(to Trapper)
You're a witness.

TRAPPER

Okay, I'm a witness, but how do you prove who's right?

DUKE

There's only one way.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. SHOWER TENT , NIGHT

Twelve hours later. The shower tent is simply an ordinary Army tent enclosing a row of showers supplied by a water tank on a high platform in back of the tent. Duke and Hawkeye are working under cover of darkness to loosen each of the stakes that secures the tent to the ground around it.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. THE SWAMP , DAY

The following afternoon. Trapper and Hawkeye sit in chairs outside their tent, glasses in hand, still on their tall, hot-weather drink kick. Trapper looks at his watch.

TRAPPER

It's five minutes into nurses' shower hour. Where are they?

HAWKEYE

They're coming.

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , DAY

The Swamp is at the end of the officers' row nearest the nurses' tents, so they have a good view of the women as they emerge from their quarters dressed in bathrobes and carrying towels, shower caps and bars of soap. The first two to appear are Knocko and Lieutenant Scorch. Next, from her own private tent, comes Hot Lips.

HAWKEYE

Hey, Knocko, I got those pictures you promised to look at of my kids. You too, Wilma. It won't take a minute.

(to Hot Lips politely)

You can see them too, if you want.

HOT LIPS

No, thank you. I'm not the slightest bit interested.

She continues on across the compound and enters the shower tent.

Knocko and Lieutenant Scorch come over to the Swamp while Hawkeye goes inside to find the pictures. Then two more nurses emerge from a tent and head for the showers. Trapper gets up and saunters over to intercept them.

EXT. SHOWER TENT , DAY

The door of the tent is closed behind Hot Lips, and after a moment there is the sound of water being turned on. Then our attention is drawn to the peak of the tent, to which a thin scarcely visible strand of wire has been attached. The wire is drawn taut and runs across the peak of the barbershop tent next door and down the far side of it to where Duke sits on the ground operating a sort of windlass upon which the wire is wound. He turns the crank with a quick burst of energy.

Back at the shower tent the force of the wire pulls the canvas tight, the loosened stakes come out of the ground, and the whole tent is whisked right off its center pole, revealing Hot Lips nude under the shower.

EXT. BARBERSHOP TENT , DAY

Duke abandons his machine and moves to where he can get the crucial view of Hot Lips. The he calls across the compound to Hawkeye.

DUKE

Okay, Yankee know-it-all! Pay up!

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. HENRY'S TENT , DAY

Hot Lips, in her robe, her hair still wet from the shower, carrying her towel and shower cap, is expressing her wrath forcefully to Henry, ignoring the facts that he is in bed and that Leslie is in bed with him, which explains why we have never seen anybody make a pass at her.

HOT LIPS

This isn't a hospital, it's an insane asylum! And it's your fault because you don't do anything to discourage them!

HENRY

What do you expect me to do?

HOT LIPS

Put them under arrest! See what a courtmartial thinks of their drunken

hooliganism. It started with their calling me Hot Lips and your letting them get away with it. You let them get away with everything! And if you don't turn them over to the MPs now, I'm going to resign my commission and...!

HENRY

Oh, g-g-goddamit, Hot Lips, resign your ggodam c-commission!

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. FRONT OF 4077TH MASH , NIGHT

Two days later. An Army car bearing the single star of a brigadier general drives up to the entrance. The sergeant at the wheel jumps out and open the rear door for General Hammond and his aide, a captain.

GENERAL HAMMOND

(to aide)

Tell them I want to talk to all the officers on the post except those on emergency duty.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. MESS HALL , NIGHT

Most of the officers of 4077th Mash are assembled to listen to General Hammond. Henry and Hot Lips are both in the front row but separated by some distance and not looking at each other. All the Swampmen are on hand.

GENERAL HAMMOND

...These are very serious accusations, and without prejudging the charges against him, I am suspending Colonel Blake from all his duties during the investigation, which I will conduct myself. I will also serve as your Commanding Officer during that time. I shall be calling on a number of you for your individual testimony on

the points at issue.

Thank you. Carry on.

INT. DENTAL CLINIC , NIGHT

Hawkeye, Duke and Painless are playing poker with a British, a Norwegian and an Australian officer. It is close to two o'clock the same night. General Hammond opens the door and looks in, doesn't like what he sees and steps inside. All six players are immediately aware of his presence but decide to act as if they weren't.

HAWKEYE
(to British Officer,
who is dealing)
Gimme three.

GENERAL HAMMOND
At ease. Captain Pierce, you have a seriously wounded patient for whom you are responsible. Yet I find you in a poker game.

HAWKEYE
You betcher ass, Dad.

GENERAL HAMMOND
What?

BRITISH OFFICER
One to the dealer.
(to Hawkeye)
You're the opener.

HAWKEYE
Check.

GENERAL HAMMOND
Pierce! That soldier requires immediate attention. I'm a surgeon and I know.

HAWKEYE
You betcher ass, General.

BRITISH OFFICER
I'll wager a dollar.

DUKE
I fold.

PAINLESS
See the bet.

NORWEGIAN OFFICER
Me likewise.

Hawkeye and the Australian throw in their hands.

GENERAL HAMMOND
Are you going to take care of your
patient or are you going to play
poker?

BRITISH OFFICER
King-high flush.

Painless and the Norwegian throw in their hands, and the
Englishman pulls in the pot.

HAWKEYE
(to the general)
I'm going to play poker until three
a.m. or until the patient is ready
for surgery. However, if you'd like
to operate on him yourself right
now, be my guest. I get the same
dough whether I work or not.

GENERAL HAMMOND
I want to talk to you, Pierce.

HAWKEYE
There's nothing to talk about,
General. You take the case yourself
or join me at three o'clock. Either
way you're liable to learn something.

The General is far from pleased with the disrespect accorded
him, but as the poker players start a new hand, he decides
against making an issue on terms selected by Hawkeye. Instead

he turns around and goes out.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Ugly John is attending a Korean soldier on the operating table with a belly wound. The OR clock reveals that the time is 2:55. Hawkeye and Seidman look in.

UGLY JOHN

He's practically there.

HAWKEYE

(to Seidman)

Please ask General Hammond to join us.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. SURGEONS' WASH-UP ROOM , NIGHT

General Hammond joins Hawkeye at the scrub sink, prepared to take part in the coming operation.

HAWKEYE

General, at one-thirty when I checked him last, this guy had had less than a pint of blood, and he'd lost two or three. His pulse then was 120 and his blood pressure was about 90. Now, at three o'clock, he's had three pints of blood. His pulse is 80 and his pressure 120. His collapsed lung has been expanded and he's had a gram of terramycin intravenously. We can operate on him safely and we should do it quickly, but we don't have to do it frantically or carelessly.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Hawkeye has been doing the repair work in the patient's belly,

with General Hammond functioning as a largely nonparticipating assistant.

The incision is still open with sections of bowel on which repairs have been done still exposed.

HAWKEYE

Now, General, I'm going to sandbag you. Do you think we're ready to get out of this belly?

GENERAL HAMMOND

Obviously you don't think so, and I don't know why.

HAWKEYE

Well, Dad, we haven't found any holes in the large bowel. They've all been in the small bowel, but the smell is different. I caught a whiff of large bowel, but it ain't staring us in the face, right?

GENERAL HAMMOND

Right.

HAWKEYE

So if it ain't staring us in the face, it's got to be retroperitoneal. And that, along with the look of the wounds, makes me figure he's got a hole in his sigmoid colon that we won't find unless we look for it.

He has been working all the time he has been talking, and now, after a little more manipulation within the incision, is able to indicate the perforation he has hypothesized.

HAWKEYE

And there it is.

GENERAL HAMMOND

I'm impressed, Pierce. Naturally, the kind of job I have, I don't get much chance to keep up with what goes on in the OR.

HAWKEYE

Neither does Henry Blake. But I'll tell you what makes him the best C.O. you've got in any of your hospitals. He leaves all the medical decisions to the men who do the day-to-day work and understand what meatball surgery is.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. THE SWAMP , DAY

The following day. General Hammond is having a drink with Hawkeye, Trapper and Duke. Ho-Jon keeps the glasses full.

TRAPPER

It certainly isn't Henry's fault Hot Lips Houlihan doesn't like her name.

DUKE

Or her figger.

HAWKEYE

She's so square she's even against our having a football team.

This stirs the General's curiosity, but Duke speaks before he has a chance to ask his question.

DUKE

You don't think we'd be speaking up for a goddam Regular Army colonel, do you, if it wasn't important? Begging your pardon, General. I forgot.

GENERAL HAMMOND

(to Hawkeye)

Football?

TRAPPER

Anybody you replaced Henry with couldn't last. We guarantee that.

GENERAL HAMMOND

I didn't know you had a football team.

HAWKEYE

Well, it's still pretty much in the talk stage.

GENERAL HAMMOND

We had a team at the 325th Evac last fall. I coached the boys myself.

HAWKEYE

I think I heard about that.

GENERAL HAMMOND

Now we're working out a schedule of the outfits we're going to play this year. We all chip into a pool and make bets.

HAWKEYE

Must be fun. But the point we want to make about Henry...

GENERAL HAMMOND

(rising)

I'm sure we could find a date for your team. Why don't I take it up with Henry?

(exiting)

Thanks for the drink, boys.

After the General has left, the other two Swampmen look at Hawkeye uncomprehendingly.

DUKE

Where the hell we going to get us a football team?

HAWKEYE

All three of us played for our schools. And there are at least four other guys...

TRAPPER

But he's got five times the man-power
to draw on.

HAWKEYE

We can balance that by getting
ourselves a ringer. Henry has to say
he needs a neurosurgeon and put in a
specific request for Dr. Oliver Harmon
Jones.

DUKE

Never heard of him.

HAWKEYE

Sure you have, only as 'Spearchucker'
Jones.

DUKE

The nigra boy with the Philadelphia
Eagles?

TRAPPER

He only lasted one season.

HAWKEYE

On account he got caught in the doctor
draft. He was a surgical resident
playing semi-pro ball weekends when
the Eagles signed him.

DUKE

How come nobody knows about him? And
you do?

HAWKEYE

I worked with Spearchucker my first
month over here, at the 72nd Evac in
Taegu. Most of the colored guys know
who he is but they're not talking
because he asked them not to.

TRAPPER

So what makes you think he'll play
for us?

HAWKEYE

We'll cut him in on the bets we make.
And still have enough profit to send
Ho-Jon to college.

TRAPPER

Might make kind of a social issue,
not having any other Negro officer.

HAWKEYE

He can move in here with us.

DUKE

Now wait a minute, Hawkeye. I come a
long way, learning to put up with a
couple of crazy Yankees, but...

HAWKEYE

Don't tell me about your problems,
boy. Explain them to Ho-Jon.

INT. HENRY'S OFFICE , DAY

Henry, nervous at what he thinks is going to be his showdown
with General Hammond, is startled by the General's unexpected
proposal.

GENERAL HAMMOND

If we had closer relations, there
wouldn't be any misunderstandings.
That's where a football game would
help. Between your outfit and mine.

HENRY

A football game?

GENERAL HAMMOND

Special Services in Tokyo are all
for it. They say it's one of the
main gimmicks we have to keep the
American way of life going here in
Asia.

HENRY

But what about Major Houlihan?

GENERAL HAMMOND

You mean Hot Lips? Screw her.

HENRY

N-n-no thanks, G-General.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. LANDING AREA OUTSIDE 4077TH MASH , DAY

It is September. A helicopter descends to the ground in the familiar location and, as on earlier occasions, Medical Corpsmen come from the hospital to aid in unloading it. But this time the cargo, instead of wounded men, turns out to be boxes which the corpsmen rip open and which contains football uniforms: black shoes, cardinal red jerseys, white helmets and white pants.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. FIELD BEHIND OFFICERS' LATRINE , DAY

A day or two later. Fifteen men are wearing uniforms from the chopper load. Practice at this point is confined to kicking and passing the three footballs at their disposal, and the uniforms still look clean and new. Trapper is a good passer, Hawkeye is a better-than-average receiver, and Duke punts well, but generally speaking, the balls are dropped more often than they are caught, and the overall effect is pretty ragged. Among the other players are Vollmer, Ugly John, Boone, Painless and Judson. On the sidelines watching are Henry, with a whistle tied to a piece of rubber hospital tubing around his neck, and, in uniform, SPEARCHUCKER, a very big, broad-shouldered black man in his early thirties.

SPEARCHUCKER

If I can make a suggestion, Coach.

HENRY

The way I run an organization, any man in it has the right to speak his mind.

SPEARCHUCKER

In that case, here are ten basic plays. I think that's about all this bunch can handle.

He hands Henry ten sheets of paper, on each of which a running or pass play is diagrammed down to the finest detail.

HENRY

Thank you, Spearchucker. I'll certainly take a look at these. Where the hell did you ever get that name?

SPEARCHUCKER

I used to throw the javelin.

Hawkeye catches a pass from Trapper and runs with the ball right to where Henry and Spearchucker are standing.

HAWKEYE

Listen, we look pretty lousy out there, right?

SPEARCHUCKER

Well, for college players that have been out of training seven or eight years...

HAWKEYE

I'm thinking about how we can make more money.

(to Henry)

Suppose we bet only part of our dough and keep this big animal out of the game the whole first half and let them roll up some points. Then you could bet the rest of our bundle between the halves and get the General and his friends to give us some real odds.

HENRY

It's a nice idea. I mean it has style.

HAWKEYE

It's the only way we can make enough to put Ho-Jon through Androscoggin.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD, 325TH EVAC HOSPITAL , DAY

It is November. The Mash team, in uniform, comes out of the quonset hut assigned to it as dressing quarters. Already on the bench toward which the players head are a few supporters including Dago Red, Knocko and Leslie. Radar is also there serving as water boy.

Spearchucker has a blanket wrapped over his head and held together at the chin to eliminate the chance of his being recognized as he looks over their opponents, who now file out of their quonset hut.

The first notable thing about them is that they number twenty-five as opposed to a total of fifteen in uniform for the Mash team.

Second is the even more discouraging fact that two of them, one black and one white are enormous, bigger than Spearchucker. The uniforms are orange and black.

SPEARCHUCKER

Those two big guys were tackles on the Cleveland Browns, and the redhead played halfback with the Rams.

HENRY

They can't do that to me!

HAWKEYE

The bastards outconned us.

SPEARCHUCKER

I think we could still have a chance.

HAWKEYE

If you start the game instead of waiting, you mean?

SPEARCHUCKER

No, let's stick to that strategy till we see whether you boys can do two things. The first is get that halfback out of the game. He had one year with the Rams before the Army got him, but he didn't play too often because he's one of those hot dogs.

DUKE

What?

SPEARCHUCKER

When he sees a little running room, he likes to make a show... you know, stutter steps and cross-overs and all that jazz. Also he never learned to button up when he gets hit, so if you two can get a good shot at him once, you can hurt him.

HAWKEYE

But we'd have to break his leg or something to keep him out of the game for good.

TRAPPER

Not necessarily.

UGLY JOHN

As long as there's a pile-up, we can do our bit to encourage his permanent withdrawal from the contest.

TRAPPER

It's a technique Ugly John and I worked out in case something like this came up.

DUKE

(gazing across at
opposition tackles)

Look at the size of those two beasts.

HAWKEYE

I don't think I could hurt one of them with a sledgehammer.

SPEARCHUCKER

You can make them run. They've got the occupational disease of oversized ex-athletes. They're carrying thirty pounds extra apiece. So we run everything wide, wide, wide... make them move more than they want to on

every play.

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD, 325TH EVAC HOSPITAL , DAY

The Mash team is lined up to kick off, which is Duke's function.

There is only one official, a REFEREE, dressed in conventional white.

HAWKEYE

The pro halback is playing safety.
Kick it to anybody else.

Duke accordingly kicks the ball about thirty yards and angled to his left. But the player who takes it on the thirty-yard line simply runs to his left and back a little toward his own goal line in order to hand it to the RAM HALFBACK as he charges downfield from his safety position. He sidesteps, straight-arms or otherwise eludes all eleven of the Mash players and runs unimpeded for a touchdown. A few moments later he kicks the ball over the bar for the point after touchdown.

HENRY

(screaming from
sidelines)
Stop him! Stop that man!

DUKE

(as they line up to
receive)
Sure, you just blindfold him first
and tie him to a stake.

Duke is the one to receive the kickoff, which he takes on the ten.

He runs it back about twenty yards, dodging several enemy tacklers, then sees the black tackle from Cleveland bearing down on him. Duke runs back and forth sideways a few times, not gaining any ground but making the other man move.

DUKE

Hawkeye!

He throws a lateral pass to Hawkeye, toward whom both tackles from Cleveland now run. Hawkeye leads them almost from one side of the field to the other, then reverses direction, keeping them on the move till he sees a chance to throw a lateral to Trapper.

SPEARCHUCKER

(from the bench)

That's the stuff! Run the hams off those big hogs!

Trapper returns the ball to Duke, who manages to make a couple of yards forward and a lot more sideways before the Ram halfback cuts him down from the rear. The Mash team goes into its first huddle.

TRAPPER

(to huddle)

Okay, don't give them a chance to get their breath. Hawkeye wide to the right.

They are near the sideline to their left, playing a winged T formation. Trapper takes the ball from Vollmer, the center, runs back as if to pass but really gives it to Hawkeye at left half as Hawkeye goes by him in a wide sweep that takes him all the way to the right sideline with the two Cleveland tackles in pursuit.

Hawkeye then cuts in quick and tries to get by them but one of them brings him down for a gain of no more than two yards.

On the next play Trapper really goes back to pass, but his blockers are of no use against the pro tackles, whom he sees descending on him. Trapper starts running straight back for a while, then makes a dash to the right followed by a dash to the left. He is almost tackled again, and his only route of escape is back toward his own goal line.

SPEARCHUCKER

(from the sideline)

Throw it! Throw it!

Faced with a loss of about twenty-five yards, Trapper spots Hawkeye in the area of the line of scrimmage and whips the ball to him.

Hawkeye catches it but there are tacklers all around him and he goes down almost immediately for no gain on the play. Moving faster than they have to in order not to give the opposition any rest, the team huddles.

TRAPPER

(to huddle)

Wide to the left. Duke, you're the pacesetter this time.

They go into action again. This time Trapper, taking the ball from Vollmer, gives it to Duke, who makes a feint at an off-tackle play, then turns back and into a wide end run instead. Duke is still a good ball carrier by college standards and he has little trouble shaking off the amateurs who try to tackle him, and is thus able to make it a running duel with the professionals. When they finally nab him, he is no more than two or three yards ahead of the scrimmage line, but the ex-tackles from Cleveland are visibly panting and wishing they hadn't allowed all that extra poundage to accumulate. On the fourth down, of course, they have to punt. Duke goes back to receive the ball from Vollmer at center.

HAWKEYE

Don't try to get it far down. Kick it up high so we can get there and surround that son-of-a-bitch.

DUKE

Yeah, if I can.

He does a good job of it. The kick is high enough so there are several red jerseys around the Ram halfback when he gets under it.

He raises his right arm for a fair catch. The would-be Mash tacklers, including Hawkeye and Trapper are frustrated. They array themselves defensively while their opponents have a huddle and line up to take the offense.

HAWKEYE

(to Duke and Trapper)

Let's get him this time. I don't think they've got anyone else who can carry the ball.

As Hawkeye anticipated, the opposing quarterback slips the ball to the Ram halfback, who starts to go wide of the tackle, sees Hawkeye, untouched by blockers, closing in from the outside, and makes his beautiful cross-over to cut back in. At the same time he is hit at the knees by Hawkeye, and high by Duke. And there are quite a few other Mash players in the immediate vicinity, Trapper and Ugly John in the forefront, so that a lot of weight is piled up on top of the flashy halfback.

A close look at Ugly John reveals him to be reaching inside his jersey and under a shoulder pad, from which he extracts a hypodermic needle. With the skill of an expert anesthesiologist he pulls up the sleeve of the tackled and stunned halfback, and plunges the needle into his arm.

The Referee meanwhile is indignantly pulling at the Mash players on top of the pile and orally expressing his disapproval.

REFEREE

Get off the guy! He's tackled. You don't all need to jump on.

The Mash players quickly remove themselves. Duke and Hawkeye are the last to get up. Remaining on the ground is the former halfback for the Rams, still firmly clutching the ball but looking as if he needed to get a lot of air into his lungs. His captain, the white pro tackle, takes one look at him and speaks to the Referee.

325TH CAPTAIN

Time! Time!

The Referee blows his whistle to stop the clock. The captain waves for assistance from the sidelines, and the trainer and water boy come running in. Radar also appears from the opposite sideline with water for his team. Ugly John takes advantage of his presence to slip the hypodermic he has been concealing in his hand into Radar's pocket.

Meanwhile there is agreement in the opposition camp that the Ram halfback should go out of the game for a while to rest up. A couple of his teammates assist him to the bench. The Mash players observe this.

TRAPPER

Well, he's taken care of. Scratch one hot dog.

DUKE

You really think we hurt him that bad?

TRAPPER

Hell, no, all you did was knock the wind out of him. But he won't be playing any more football today.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. 325TH EVAC TEAM'S DRESSING ROOM , DAY

It is between the halves and the General's players are resting, especially the ex-Cleveland tackles, who are stretched out prone.

General Hammond and his TRAINER (a medical Corps Captain) are concentrating on the ex-Los Angeles halfback, who sits on a table looking groggy. Henry sticks his head in the door.

TRAINER

(to Ram halfback)

The Trainer has to assist the man, and the moment he lets go of him, the halfback crumples to the floor.

HENRY

(starting out again)

Sorry. You obviously won't be wanting any more bets.

GENERAL HAMMOND

The hell we won't! You bastards pulled something, I don't know what, but we've been beating you without him. Ane we'll go on beating you!

HENRY

You willing to b-back that up with odds?

GENERAL HAMMOND

Damn right. Three to one, as much as you want to put up.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD, 325TH EVAC HOSPITAL , DAY

The two teams have taken the field again. Hawkeye has switched to left end, Spearchucker replacing him in the backfield. This time General Hammond's men are kicking off to Henry's. It's a long kick but it doesn't go toward the center of the goal line, where Spearchucker is waiting for it, but to Duke, who runs toward Spearchucker and tosses him an easy lateral.

The two pro tackles from the Browns run down the field so as to converge on Spearchucker around the Mash twenty-five. But the other Mash players divide themselves into equal units of five to do nothing but take out the two tackles. The other opposing players are no problem for Spearchucker, who runs around or right through them, and crosses their goal line for a touchdown. The ball is brought out for the extra point which Duke scores with a place kick. Before the teams reassemble for the next kickoff, the captain of the 325th team detours a few yards toward his bench and calls something to General Hammond, whose reaction is to stand up and shake his fist in Henry's direction. On the Mash bench, Radar leans over to Henry.

RADAR

General Hammond, sir, has just been informed about the identity of Captain Jones. His ringers recognized our ringer.

On the field Duke is preparing to kick off.

HAWKEYE

(to Spearchucker)

What's the matter?

SPEARCHUCKER

We may be in trouble, I can't catch my breath. I've got the occupational disease of oversized ex-athletes.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. ATHLETIC FIELD, 325TH EVAC HOSPITAL , DAY

Spearchucker is trying to block or intercept a forward pass, but the two tackles from Cleveland still have enough strength left to put him out of action with their combined efforts. They block him so forcibly, in fact, that he drops to the ground and has some trouble getting up. The pass is completed and the receiver tackled on the Mash thirty-five yard line.

SPEARCHUCKER

Timeout!

(to Referee as latter
blows whistle)

How much left?

REFEREE

Minute and twenty-five seconds. And
that's a first down.

Radar comes out to the Mash huddle with his water-bucket and towels.

SPEARCHUCKER

We got to stop them right here.

DUKE

And get ourselves another touchdown
to win.

(looking to opponents'
huddle)

I wish to hell we knew what they
were plotting.

HAWKEYE

(getting an idea)

Radar!

RADAR

All you have to do is ask.

(concentrates on the
huddle twelve yards
away)

The quarterback is saying they'll

run the old Statue of Liberty. Their left end will come across and take the ball out of his hand and try to get around our left end.

SPEARCHUCKER

What else?

RADAR

Everyone's talking at once, but now the captain is telling them to shut up. The quarterback says, if the Statue of Liberty doesn't work, they'll go into the double wing with the left halfback taking the handoff first and then slipping it to the right halfback heading to the left.

The Referee blows the whistle and the two teams line up to resume action. The 325th Evac quarterback drops back as if to pass, his left end starts to his right, and the whole Mash eleven starts to their left. Only Ugly John finds himself temporarily buried under a 265-pound tackle. The other ten men in red meet the enemy left end after he takes the ball off the quarterback's hand, and they bring him down for a loss. The opposing team goes into another huddle but their strategy remains as Radar overheard it. When the left halfback starts to his right, the Mash players start to their right, and after the right halfback takes over possession and tries to turn in, he finds himself hopelessly outnumbered. Spearchucker hits him first with a tackle so fierce it throws him back five yards and induces him to fumble the ball. A pile of half a dozen MASH players pounces on it, causing some damage to each other.

SPEARCHUCKER

(to Referee)

Time!

He goes over to the Referee and exchanges a few words with him, then walks into his team's huddle.

TRAPPER

(to Spearchucker)

You got to be the one. We're all agreed on that.

SPEARCHUCKER

No, it's too far and we're all too bushed. I just told the referee we're going to try something different. We make the center eligible by...

VOLLMER

Me? I can't catch a pass.

SPEARCHUCKER

You don't have to. We line up with everybody to the right of center except Hawkeye, who drops back a yard just before the snap. At the same time Duke moves to the right side of the line.

(to Vollmer)

That makes you eligible but all you have to do is take the ball right back from Trapper between your legs and hide it under your belly. Trapper, you make like you got the ball, fake to me and keep going. One of the big guys will hit you, maybe both...

TRAPPER

No! I only got my GI insurance.

SPEARCHUCKER

(to Vollmer)

As soon as that happens, Sergeant, you start walking, not running to their goal line. Remember that, don't run! Come on, we just got time!

They break out of the huddle and line up as directed, with all the linemen except Hawkeye on Vollmer's right. Their opponents have trouble adjusting to this and are even more confused when, just as Trapper bends down to take the ball from Vollmer, Hawkeye steps back into the backfield and Duke squeezes into the already crowded right line. Returning the ball to Vollmer, Trapper turns his back, fakes a pitchout to Spearchucker, who is racing toward the line, and continues backward, holding himself as if he still had the ball and were fading for a long pass. So successfully does he create

this impression that the two tackles from Cleveland, seeing clearly that Spearchucker hasn't received the ball, descend on Trapper with their last burst of energy. Two other orange-and-black linemen also fall on top of him. Meanwhile, Vollmer, holding his arms crossed under his stomach to further hide the ball, and looking as if he were suffering from a painful blow beneath the belt, starts walking down the field at an angle toward his own sideline, making the opposition think he is heading for the bench to seek relief from his injury.

Spearchucker stops running at about the enemy thirty, looks back to where Trapper's tacklers are beginning to remove themselves, but also notes out of the corner of his eye that only the opposing safety man is anywhere near Vollmer and that he isn't paying much attention to him.

From the bench a frantic Henry looks indignantly at the sight of his center and Sergeant Major coming off the field.

HENRY

What's going on? What the hell are you doing?

He opens his arms enough for Henry to see the pigskin cradled there.

HENRY

Then run for God's sake! Run!

Vollmer begins to run straight toward the goal line, which has the unfortunate effect of alerting the safety man to what is happening.

He races across the field to cut Vollmer off. Spearchucker starts into motion at the same instant and gets down there so fast that just as the safety man is tackling Vollmer in a way that would throw him out of bounds on the two-yard line, Spearchucker hurls himself against the safety man with a strong and well-aimed block that sends both men across the goal line.

General Hammond runs onto the field in vehement protest.

GENERAL HAMMOND

Illegal! Illegal!

The Referee, looking at his watch and raising his Army .45 to signal the end of the game, goes over to meet the General and explain the sad truth to him.

INT. MASH TEAM'S DRESSING ROOM , DAY

Some of the players are partly undressed but most of them are too exhausted to begin that process. Trapper is stretched out on a bench, apparently unconscious. Henry enters triumphantly, waving a thick stack of paper money.

HENRY

We got it, men... Ho-Jon's keep as Androscoggin... if there is such a place. And the big news is, the General wants a rematch.

TRAPPER

I'll tell you my news. I'm retiring from football.

DUKE

Me, too. Y'all just seen me play my last game.

HAWKEYE

Same here. You can retire my number.

HENRY

Well, there's one big satisfaction.

SPEARCHUCKER

What's that, Henry?

HENRY

I out-coached that General Hammond.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. FRONT OF 4077TH MASH , EVENING

A covered Army truck pulls up with the victorious football team breaking the normal rule for hospital zones by singing a boisterous old drinking song. Several of them have bottles in their hands as they descend to the ground. Hawkeye and Duke are among the first and the noisiest until they notice

Lapham (the new surgeon we saw the first time during the deluge) standing under the light at the hospital entrance. There is something in his expression that makes them break off their singing abruptly. Trapper and Spearchucker, jumping down after them, react the same way, and their sudden silence affects the others so that in a matter of seconds the singing has died out entirely. Hawkeye and Duke run toward the hospital entrance, Trapper and Spearchucker a little behind them.

BRIEF TIME LAPSE:

INT. AT HO-JON'S BEDSIDE , EVENING

Ho-Jon is unconscious. Lapham holds an X-ray while Trapper scans it.

TRAPPER

It's a massive one.

The X-ray is passed on to Hawkeye, Duke and Spearchucker in turn.

SPEARCHUCKER

Isn't he awful young...?

TRAPPER

That's the artery we sewed up last summer. Had to end up smaller, that much easier for the thrombosis to occur.

Ho-Jon opens his eyes, slowly reacting to the pressure of all the doctors.

HAWKEYE

Pain bad, Ho-Jon?

HO-JON

(with considerable effort)

I , wouldn't , wish , it , on , a , maneating , shark.

TRAPPER

(to Lapham)

More demerol.

Lapham goes off to get the medication.

HO-JON

You , must , open , me , up , again?

DUKE

No, Ho-Jon, we're not going to open you up.

Duke's words are intentionally ambiguous, and when Ho-Jon looks from one doctor to another to find the real meaning of them, they all try not to reveal it. But he knows.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. DENTAL CLINIC , DAY

Hawkeye and Trapper are in a stud poker game along with Painless, Vollmer, Radar, a helicopter pilot and the Norwegian Officer we saw playing before. There is an entrance to the hospital visible through a window, and an ambulance is parked outside it.

VOLLMER

Pair of sevens'll say a buck.

The ambulance driver and another soldier come out of the hospital bearing a shrouded corpse on a stretcher. Hawkeye, choosing not to call the bet, turns over his cards, stands up restlessly and sees the body on the stretcher. Trapper, who has a view out the window from the seat, also sees it, and the effect on him is to take his attention momentarily from the game.

PAINLESS

Make it two.

The helicopter pilot folds his hand, and it's Trapper's turn to be next. Radar, who is dealing, waits a moment to see if he has to be reminded.

RADAR

Two dollars to you, Trapper.

Ho-Jon's body is tossed into the back of the ambulance.
Trapper checks his cards and turns them over.

TRAPPER
Sorry. I'm out.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. MASH COMPOUND , NIGHT

Three months later, a cold winter night with snow on the ground.

Hawkeye, in a heavy sweater, is running toward the brightly lit hospital.

INT. OPERATING ROOM , NIGHT

Spearchucker is doing a brain operation with Duke assisting. Hawkeye comes in excitedly but stops within a few feet of the operating table because he isn't sterile. He grabs a surgical mask and holds it in front of his face as he speaks to Duke.

HAWKEYE
Henry's got our orders! We're going home!

DUKE
When?

HAWKEYE
Any time. Whenever we want.

DUKE
Be right with you.

SPEARCHUCKER
You mind if we get out of this guy's brain first?

DUKE
What's there to do? You found the sliver.

SPEARCHUCKER

There might be another tiny piece we missed. I want to look around before we close up.

DUKE
(to Hawkeye, referring
to Spearchucker)
Perfectionist.

He works the retractor he is holding to spread the incision while Spearchucker probes it.

HAWKEYE
There's no transportation anyway
this time of night.

DUKE
We could steal one of the choppers.

HAWKEYE
I looked. Suspicious bastards got
them all locked up.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. THE SWAMP , DAY

The next day, snow still on the ground. Ugly John is at the wheel of a Jeep into which Hawkeye and Duke are storing the same Valpacs and barracks bags they arrived with more than a year before. There is a small group gathered to say goodbye, including Dago Red, Lapham and Vollmer, who is Regular Army, but none of the others who were part of the outfit when they first arrived. When they are all ready to take off, Hawkeye and Duke go back inside the Swamp.

INT. THE SWAMP , DAY

Trapper is drunk and gloomy, Spearchucker in fairly good spirits.

Duke pours small drinks into three glasses and adds some to the drink Trapper is already holding.

DUKE
Y'all mind the store.

TRAPPER

Four goddam months. And they don't even give you time off for good behavior.

HAWKEYE

(shaking hands with
Spearchucker)

See you.

SPEARCHUCKER

It's possible

HAWKEYE

(extending hand to
Trapper)

Hang in there.

TRAPPER

Why don't you for Christ's sake get the hell out of here?

And that's what they proceed to do.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. JAPANESE SEAPORT DOCK , DAY

A couple of days later. Hawkeye and Duke are inspecting the troopship on which they will make the long voyage to Seattle. They have undergone a startling transformation: they have had shaves and haircuts, and they have abandoned their fatigues for clean, new-looking uniforms with Eisenhower jackets adorned with their proper insignia, including a caduceus of the Medical Corps. There is a lot of activity on board the ship and on the dock, where a MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT with a notebook accosts them.

MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

Excuse me, gentlemen, but are you sailing on the troopship tomorrow?

DUKE

That's right.

MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT
May I have your names, please?

DUKE
Sure, my...

HAWKEYE
(overlapping)
What for?

MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT
We need medical officers for short-arm inspection starting the first afternoon out.

HAWKEYE
Oh, certainly, Sergeant. My name is Captain George Limburger, and this is Captain Walter Camembert.

MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT
(writing)
C-A-M-E-M...?

HAWKEYE
B-E-R-T, right. See you tomorrow.

MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT
Oh, I'm not sailing with you. I work out of the hospital here.

He salutes them and goes on his way.

DUKE
(indicating his
shoulder insignia)
I thought we were heading for trouble putting on all these trinkets.

HAWKEYE
We got to start rehabilitating, Duke, if we want to be halfway human by the time we get back to our wives.

DUKE
But no short-arm inspection. I'm

with you there.

HAWKEYE

Screw it. We been earning our keep as respectable knife artists. Why should we do work any pill-rolling punk could handle?

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. HARBOR , DAY

The big troopship is making its way out of the harbor and heading for open ocean.

EXT. TROOPSHIP , DAY

A SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT walks along the deck at the officers' end of the ship.

SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

Captain Limburger! Captain Camembert!

All he gets in response are funny looks and laughter. By the time he comes near where Hawkeye and Duke are standing, the Sergeant is beginning to wonder if there is something peculiar about the names he is calling. For added protection Hawkeye and Duke have replaced their Medical Corps insignia with the simple cross of the Chaplain's Corps.

SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

Captain Camembert! Captain Camembert!

HAWKEYE

Excuse me, Sergeant.

SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

Yes, Reverend?

HAWKEYE

What do you want with those two medical officers?

SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

They're supposed to hold short-arm inspection.

DUKE

You can't be serious, man.

SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

Why not?

DUKE

The reason they're being shipped home is they're the two biggest fairies in the Far East Command.

HAWKEYE

Be the longest short-arm inspection you ever held!

SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

Thanks, Reverend. Thank you both for tipping me off.

(consulting list)

You don't know a Captain Forrest or a Captain Pierce, do you?

HAWKEYE

They missed the boat.

SECOND MEDICAL CORPS SERGEANT

(making a note)

Thanks.

HAWKEYE

Glad to help.

The Sergeant goes off in one direction, Duke and Hawkeye in another.

Pretty soon they come across a dice game and stop to watch.

DUKE

This a closed game or you take anybody's dough?

A couple of the DICE PLAYERS look up and react adversely to the Chaplain's Corps insignia.

FIRST DICE PLAYER

Well, almost anybody's.

SECOND DICE PLAYER

(apologetically, to
Duke)

Kind of a rough game, Reverend.

DUKE

Hell, man, that don't matter. We're loaded. We were big wheels in the black market in Seoul.

HAWKEYE

Plus running the opium concession for the whole Eighth Army.

These confessions arouse the interest of all the players. One, a SIGNAL CORPS CAPTAIN, looks at them intently, then smiles.

SIGNAL CORPS CAPTAIN

They're not chaplains at all. They're doctors from the 4077th Mash. I had a piece of steel dug out of my back there.

The player who told them it was a rough game, an infantry captain, extends his hand to greet them.

SECOND DICE PLAYER

Pleasure to have you. Lot of my men went through your outfit.

HAWKEYE

Glad to know you. Listen, we're ducking short-arm inspection but our cover isn't going to last long. How would you two boys like to do us a favor? Be Forrest and Pierce of the Medical Corps between here and Seattle.

SIGNAL CORPS CAPTAIN

We wouldn't know how to go about it.

HAWKEYE

Nothing to it. You just turn a chair around backwards and rest your chin on the top. You sit there with a big cigar in your mouth and every now and then, just to show you're looking, you say, 'Don't wave it so close to my cigar, soldier.' That's all you do. You can't go wrong.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. U.S. CIVILIAN AIRLINER , NIGHT

It is March. A STEWARDESS with a stern look approaches Duke and Hawkeye. Duke is sucking on a bottle of scotch.

STEWARDESS

I've told you twice to put away that bottle. Now I'll have to ask the captain to come back and speak to you.

HAWKEYE

Never mind your captain, honey.
(takes bottle from
Duke and puts it
away)
I'll take care of mine. Till we land
in Chicago.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. MEN'S ROOM , MIDWAY AIRPORT , CHICAGO , NIGHT

The bottle of scotch stands on a shelf over the wash basins. Duke is combing his hair, Hawkeye shaving.

ANNOUNCER'S VOICE

(over loudspeaker
system)
Flight 616 for Cincinnati, Knoxville
and Atlanta, now boarding at Gate
Five.

Hawkeye reaches for the bottle, hands it to Duke, who takes a sip and passes it back. Hawkeye kills it and throws it

into a trash can.

DUKE

Let's hear from you, you goddam
Yankee. Be nice to see you some time.

HAWKEYE

Like the Spearchucker said, that's
possible. Anyway, it's been an
interesting association.

Duke picks up his bags and starts out. Hawkeye resumes
shaving.

TIME LAPSE:

INT. ATLANTA AIRPORT , DAY

Duke is among the passengers entering the airport from an
incoming flight. He spots his wife and two daughters, now
three and one-and-a-half. He starts eagerly toward them but
we never get a distinct look at them.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. ROCKLAND, MAINE AIRPORT , DAY

Here incoming passengers can be met outside the terminal
building.

Hawkeye disembarks from a Northeast Airlines Convair and
sees his wife waiting for him with their sons, aged five and
three. The older one lets go his mother's hand, dashes out
to his father and jumps into his arms.

FIVE-YEAR-OLD

How they goin', Hawkeye?

HAWKEYE

Finest kind.

He looks toward his wife, but we don't see her in clear focus.

FADE OUT:

THE END

