

EMERGENCY HOSPITAL!

by

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Episode 1

30 minute TV spoof comedy pilot

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INT. FLAT - LOUNGE - DAY

The lounge looks like a bomb site, the result of a burglary. A MAN (let's call him FRED PATIENT) enters, puffing on a cigarette. Oh, frigging terrific, this is all he needs. Out comes his mobile phone, 999.

999 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Which service do you require?

FRED
Police. I've been burgled.

999 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold your horses. I haven't read out the choices yet.

FRED
What?

999 OPERATOR (V.O.)
That's how it works. I say police, fire or ambulance and then you choose one.

Annoyed, incredulous, FRED blindly steps backwards --

FRED
For God's sake, just put me thr-

-- then oops, he stumbles over an orphaned drawer and crashes through a coffee table - SMASH! - dropping the phone, the ciggie flying out of his hand and landing in a pile of discarded paperwork close to the window.

Flat on his back, this guy is in agony. He attempts to get up. Argh, it's too painful. He retrieves his phone and --

FRED
I think I need an ambulance.

999 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Make your bloody mind up. You said police just a second ago.

Then WHOOOOSH, the paper catches alight. And ROAAARRR, so do the curtains.

FRED
Shit! Get me the fire brigade!

999 OPERATOR (V.O.)
Is this some kind of wind up?

FRED

What? No! I really do need all three!

999 OPERATOR (V.O)

Bloody hoax callers.

The 999 OPERATOR hangs up.

FRED

Hello? Hello!?

Then WHOOSHSHHHHHH, the whole room goes up! A horrified FRED screams us into the OPENING TITLES.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Nee-naw, nee-naw, nee-naw, it's an ambulance in motion.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

Groaning in pain, FRED lays on the gurney, his face and clothes smudged in black soot, his singed hair smouldering. Think charred people in wacky cartoons.

Sitting over him is ALICE MALICE, a female paramedic. Close at hand is male assistant paramedic THING, a strange hunchbacked Igor-esque weirdo. He's drinking from a blood bag... and enjoying it! ALICE produces a clipboard and pen.

ALICE

Don't worry, Mr Patient, you're in good hands. My name is Alice Malice. This is Thing. We'll soon be arriving at Emergency Hospital. In the meantime, I'd like to conduct this short NHS survey. Question 1. How do you rate us as paramedics? A: Great or B: Awful.

FRED lets out an ARGH!

ALICE

No, no, no, there's no R. It's either A or B.

Another ARGHH! Louder this time.

ALICE

Mr Patient, is English not your first language? Read my lips. A or B?

This time, it's a record-breaking ARGHHHHHHH!!!!!! ALICE isn't best pleased. She turns to THING.

ALICE

Thing. This man is hysterical. Give him a shock.

Cackling like a madman, THING lobs the blood bag over his shoulder and eagerly grabs a pair of classic handheld defibrillator paddles.

EXT. STREET - DAY

As the ambulance races along, we hear the loud FZZZZZZZZ of high voltage amid FRED'S piercing scream.

INT. MARK AND JENNY'S FLAT - BEDROOM - DAY

MARK STAINES stirs in his sleep. He opens his eyes to find his smiling scatty girlfriend JENNY TULL looming over him. She wears the uniform of a student nurse.

JENNY

Morning, Mark.

She holds aloft what appears to be a bloodied human organ.

MARK

What the hell is that?

JENNY

Your appendix.

MARK

My what!?

Alarmed, he attempts to sit up in bed. Ouch, agony! Gawping down at his topless torso, he notices the freshly (and badly) stitched wound.

MARK

Shit, I can't believe you've been operating on me in my sleep! Again!

JENNY

How else am I supposed to learn without practical experience?

MARK

Jenny, you're a student nurse, not a bloody surgeon!

JENNY

I'm broadening my horizons. You might be happy as a hospital porter, but --

Argh, clutching his wound, MARK doubles up in agony. Uh-oh, rivers of blood pour out. JENNY'S face drops, ooer!

JENNY

Oh, nuts. We'd better get you to
Emergency Hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Establishing shot. Sign above the hospital entrance says "Emergency Hospital!" (Complete with the exclamation mark)

INT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION/WAITING ROOM/A&E WARD - DAY

In the waiting room sit various injured people. We pick out a down-in-the-mouth MOTHER and SON. It's the MOTHER who has a cliché saucepan stuck on her head.

DOCTOR CONSULTANT strolls past and we follow him. Wearing a traditional white coat and a stethoscope around his neck, he's a senior consultant who thinks he's George Clooney.

The reception phone rings. There is nobody in attendance, so he takes it upon himself to answer the call.

DOCTOR

Emergency Hospital. Doctor Consultant speaking.

CALLER (V.O.)

You've got to help me! My GP just told me I've got sixty seconds to live!

DOCTOR

Stay calm. Take two paracetamol. I'll call you back in ten minutes.

DOCTOR hangs up. And to himself --

DOCTOR

That's the trouble with this job. I'm surrounded by too many sick people.

The double doors burst open. In come paramedics ALICE and THING, wheeling in a groaning FRED, his hair still smouldering.

DOCTOR

What have we got here?

As the following exchange plays out, we follow their journey to the nearest free bed in the ward.

ALICE

This is Fred Patient. Sixty per cent burns. Major bruising to his spine. He's also suffering from a throbbing headache, an itchy anus, earache, stomach cramps, tennis elbow, constipation and genital warts. Oh, and he's surprisingly four months pregnant.

They transfer him from the gurney to the bed.

DOCTOR

Dear, oh, dear, he has been in the wars. By the way, Alice. Would you care to have dinner with me tonight?

ALICE

Doctor Consultant, I can't. I'm happily married to Thing.

DOCTOR

Shame. You'll miss out on my incredible sexual prowess.

THING

Need blood.

ALICE

Be patient, Thing. You never know, we might get lucky later with a fatal RTA.

THING

Mmmm. Torn flesh and guts.

ALICE and THING leave, wheeling the gurney away.

DOCTOR

So. Mr Patient. Any idea why you've developed all these ailments at once?

FRED

No idea, Doctor. Up until today, I've enjoyed perfect health.

DOCTOR

When did the symptoms begin?

FRED

This morning. Not long after I'd checked my emails.

DOCTOR

I see. Did you by any chance receive a message saying, "Send this email to twenty of your friends or horrible things will happen to you?"

FRED

Yes. I did. But I deleted it. Oh! Is that why I'm having such bad luck?

DOCTOR

Well, of course it is, you fool. What's the matter, don't you understand plain English?

FRED

I'm sorry, Doctor. I presumed it was superstitious claptrap. And besides, I don't have twenty friends.

DOCTOR

Idiot. I suppose you also discard emails from banks asking you for your login details. Or Nigerian Princes with lucrative business propositions.

FRED

Yes, but... aren't they all scams?

DOCTOR throws up both arms in despair.

DOCTOR

Why do I always get the timewasters?

SISTER BROTHER, a somewhat scary senior nurse approaches him. Ooer, she's casually holding a severed arm with the index finger of its hand extended. She uses it point to MRS WOMAN, a concerned visitor seated in the waiting area.

SISTER

Doctor Consultant. Mrs Woman has just arrived. What shall I say to her?

DOCTOR

Don't worry, Sister Brother, I'll deal with this. But first... dinner with me tonight? And afterwards... who knows?

SISTER

That's not a wise move. My vagina is packed full of razor-sharp teeth.

DOCTOR nods a casual fair enough. Then grave-faced, he ambles over to MRS WOMAN and seats himself beside her.

DOCTOR

Mrs Woman. I'm afraid I've got some bad news. We've lost your husband.

MRS WOMAN bursts into tears. Out comes her handkerchief.

DOCTOR

We can't find him anywhere.

MRS WOMAN

Was it... quick?

DOCTOR

Yes. One second, he was tucked up in bed. The next, he'd completely vanished. We did everything we could. Searched all the wards. Checked all the toilets. We even peeked down the back of the sofa. But it was no good. We couldn't bring him back.

MRS WOMAN

Oh, my poor husband. Such a waste.

DOCTOR

There is one consolation. When we were rifling down the back of the sofa, we discovered a felt tip pen, a boiled sweet and a twenty pence piece.

Out of his pocket come said objects which he offers across.

DOCTOR

I'm sure your husband would have wanted you to have them.

MRS WOMAN

Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Just doing my job. Oh, and while I've got you here... dinner tonight?

Eh? She looks at him funny.

Again, the double doors burst open. It's hello again to student nurse JENNY, struggling to help in a poorly MARK who is now wearing jeans, shoes and an unbuttoned shirt. Blood continues to seep from his appendix wound.

JENNY

Quick, help us! It's Mark! He's... had an accident.

MARK lobs her a confused and annoyed double take at the word "accident," but doesn't give the game away.

DOCTOR and SISTER (who no longer holds the severed arm) both rush to his aid. And as they steer him towards the free bed next to FRED --

DOCTOR

What happened?

-- JENNY continues her bullshit campaign.

JENNY

He was... attacked in the street. The mugger took his wallet, his phone and... his appendix.

SISTER

His appendix?

JENNY

Yes. I'm guessing black market organ trader.

They ease him onto the bed and hook him up to a heart monitor. We can see that MARK isn't pleased about his girlfriend lying through her teeth, but he keeps schtum.

DOCTOR

Mark. Did you get a good look at your attacker?

MARK stumbles, umming and ahing, clearly no good at the art of bullshit. A panicky JENNY takes the helm.

JENNY

It was a man. Average build and height. I didn't see his face. He was wearing... um...

Aha, she spots a sign on a nearby wall saying, "Watch Out, There's A Thieving Scrote About," alongside a cliché burglar caricature. JENNY draws inspiration from this.

JENNY

...a black and white striped top and a black eye mask. Oh, and he had a sack marked "swag" in bold lettering.

DOCTOR

Right. I'll put informing the police on my to-do list. I always write down important things like this on a notepad, so I don't forget.

He pats the pockets of his white coat.

DOCTOR

Now, where did I put that notepad?

SISTER

Doctor Consultant, hadn't we better book Mr Staines a slot in theatre ASAP? That wound needs stitching up properly.

DOCTOR

Dear God, whoever performed this botch job operation is a total buffoon.

JENNY looks visibly upset by the remark. DOCTOR and SISTER don't notice this as they leave.

JENNY

Did you hear that? I'm clearly rubbish.

MARK

Jenny, why did you lie to them?

JENNY

Think about it. If they find out what really happened, I'll lose my job.

Uh-oh, MARK croaks, his eyes roll back and he faints.

JENNY

Mark?

The heart machine flatlines.

JENNY

Oh, God! Help! Doctor!

DOCTOR and SISTER rush back to the bed.

DOCTOR

He's arrested. Crash team please!

TWO MEN with "Crash Team" on their uniforms sit nearby, next to a mobile machine. They fly into action, pushing the machine right past DOCTOR and out of shot. Seconds later, we hear an almighty CRASHHHHH!!!! DOCTOR rolls his eyes.

DOCTOR

Plan B. Sister Brother. Shock him.

SISTER puts her mouth close to MARK'S ear and --

SISTER

I once had sex with a horse.

MARK gasps and springs back to life. And yay, the heart monitor joyfully returns to its normal beep-beep state.

DOCTOR

He's back with us. Good work. It's fortunate you can lie convincingly.

SISTER

That wasn't a lie.

DOCTOR double takes, WTF? Then a prompt change of subject.

DOCTOR

Sister. Let's do the rounds. Who do we have in the next bed?

They walk along. MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT in a sequined outfit occupies the bed. Think Strictly on acid! A magician, THE GREAT MAGICO, sits on the bedside chair.

SISTER

This is Miss Lovely-Assistant, the victim of a sawing a woman in half trick gone wrong.

We then see the next bed. A disembodied pair of woman's legs stick out from beneath the covers.

SISTER

And so is this.

EXT. WAREHOUSE IN INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

Meet RONNIE SMALLS. He sits injured on the ground, his back propped against the warehouse wall, broken glass all around him, a bloodied shard of glass embedded in his left arm. Above him, a window is smashed. Oh, look, he has a black and white striped top, a black eye mask and a swag sack.

Nee-naw, nee-naw, the ambulance pulls up. ALICE and THING rush towards him. Then oh, they spot the glass and halt.

ALICE

Oh. Sorry, love. We can't treat you.

RONNIE

Why not?

ALICE

There's broken glass all around you.
It's a health and safety issue.

RONNIE

But I'm losing blood here!

ALICE

We'll get that injury sorted out for
you as soon as a responsible person
clears up the glass, okay? Those are
the rules, I'm afraid.

RONNIE

What happens if nobody responsible
turns up?

ALICE

You'll bleed to death.

RONNIE is horrified.

INT. A&E WARD - DAY

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT is listening to music on her MP3
player. In the other bed, her legs are bopping to the
beats. She spots DOCTOR'S arrival and quits the music.

DOCTOR

Miss Lovely-Assistant. Where's The
Great Magico?

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

He's disappeared.

DOCTOR

This is not the time or place for magic
tricks.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

No, no, I meant he wandered off
somewhere a few minutes ago.

DOCTOR

Oh. Right. By the way, I've booked you
in for your operation first thing
tomorrow morning. We'll soon have you
feeling whole again.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT looks nervous.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT
Doctor. When you stitch me back
together, I will be all right... won't
I?

DOCTOR
There are certain risks involved.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT
Such as?

DOCTOR
Well, being seen in public in that
outfit could get you beaten up. But the
operation itself should be a breeze.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT
Be honest. Will it leave a scar?

DOCTOR
Just a small one, yes. You probably
won't even notice it... as long as you
never look at your waist. Ever.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT
I don't get it. We've performed the
sawing a woman in half trick together
hundreds of times without any hiccups.
Why did it go wrong today?

DOCTOR
Accidents happen.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT
Yes, I guess you're right. Although,
I've had quite a few strange near-
misses lately. Cars almost bowling me
over. Pallets of bricks falling from a
great height. Sniper fire from tall
buildings. And funnily enough, it only
started happening the day I took out a
humungous life insurance policy. Weird,
huh?

Suspicious, DOCTOR holds aloft a rat... and smells it.

DOCTOR
Please excuse me.

He turns to leave, but --

DOCTOR

Oh, just one more thing before I go.
Are you free for dinner tonight?

She indicates to her half-body.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

Sorry, but no. The food would go right
through me.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Shifty and covert, THE GREAT MAGICO sneaks along the corridor. He sees a door with a sign that says "Baby Changing Facilities."

A WOMAN holding BABY BOY IN BLUE goes in. Seconds later, she walks out with a BABY GIRL IN PINK.

He frowns - WTF? - but doesn't pursue it.

Continuing his journey, he arrives at a door marked "Visitor's Dubious Phone Call Room." Aha, perfect. He checks that the coast is clear, then enters.

INT. VISITOR'S DUBIOUS PHONE CALL ROOM - DAY

Once inside, he closes the door and makes a call.

THE GREAT MAGICO

It's me. The Great Magico. It didn't work, she's still alive. ... Yes, I know it's not your problem, but I ... Please. Listen to me. I'll get you your money, I promise. I just need a little more time.

The recipient of the call hangs up.

THE GREAT MAGICO

Hello? Hello!? Damn.

DOCTOR enters, casting the narrowed eyes of suspicion.

DOCTOR

Everything all right?

THE GREAT MAGICO

Yes. Why wouldn't it be?

DOCTOR

Who were you calling?

THE GREAT MAGICO

Oh, um... my mother. It's her birthday.

DOCTOR

You're in the wrong room. This is for dubious phone calls only.

THE GREAT MAGICO

Oh. Sorry. I guess I must have taken a wrong turn.

DOCTOR

Maybe you should return to Miss Lovely-Assistant's bedside. I expect she'll be wondering where you've got to.

Getting the message, THE GREAT MAGICO departs.

DOCTOR remains in the room. A quick check for witnesses. All clear. Out comes his phone. He makes a call and --

DOCTOR

Hello, is that the Naughty XXX Sex Line? ... Oh, good. Dinner tonight?

EXT. WAREHOUSE IN INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - DAY

A ROADSWEeper with the words "Responsible Person" on the back of his uniform sweeps the broken glass away from the injured RONNIE SMALLS with his broom.

ALICE and THING nip over to RONNIE to treat him. She examines the protruding shard of glass in his arm.

ALICE

Ooh, nasty. What's your name, love?

RONNIE

It's Ronnie. Ronnie Smalls.

ALICE

Okay, let's get you onto your feet.

ALICE and THING help him up. Suspicious, ALICE spots the smashed window. And as they head towards the ambulance --

ALICE

Did you pick up this injury trying to climb through that smashed window?

RONNIE

What do you think I am, a thief? If you must know, I was innocently strolling past when the glass mysteriously shattered.

ALICE

A likely story.

RONNIE

Did I ask for your opinion?

ALICE

No. But I'll be asking for yours with my world-famous NHS survey, one question being: Are you a dickhead? A: Yes or B: Yes.

RONNIE

Just get me to Emergency Hospital, and make it quick, I'm a busy man. People to see, places to rob... uh, I mean go.

ALICE throws him a look of distrust as she and THING usher him into the back of the ambulance.

INT. A&E WARD - DAY

Now wearing a surgical gown, MARK sits up in bed. JENNY hovers by his bedside.

JENNY

Now you're feeling better, I'd better start my shift. You will be all right while I'm working, won't you?

MARK

Jenny, quit fretting, I'll be fine. Oh, and safe from your practical experience.

Ouch. It's clear that he hasn't forgiven her.

JENNY

Oh, please stop making me feel guilty. I said I'm sorry, didn't I?

MARK

How do you expect me to react? I could have died. Or even worse been seriously injured.

JENNY

Don't you love me anymore?

MARK

You know I do. But I'd prefer a relationship where all my body parts remain intact.

SISTER appears, flicking through a clipboard of notes.

SISTER

Mr Staines. I've been looking through your medical notes. You appear to have suffered a somewhat disturbing number of unexplained botched operations lately.

MARK and JENNY trade worried, guilty glances.

MARK

Oh? Have I?

SISTER

You mean you can't remember?

MARK

Um. Well, you know what us blokes are like. Memories like sieves.

SISTER

Allow me to refresh your memory. Two months ago: A tracheotomy, using the plastic tube of a pen, the likes of which is only ever seen in certain fictional TV medical dramas.

SISTER looks directly at the CAMERA.

SISTER

Because this is of course real life.

And back to the conversation with MARK.

SISTER

Three weeks ago: An attempted, but not quite realised brain transplant... which clearly didn't do you any good.

MARK

Oh, those botched up operations. It's funny what you forget.

SISTER

I haven't finished yet. Two days ago:
An unsuccessful penis enlargement.

MARK grimaces, rumbled, guilt-ridden. JENNY'S face drops.

JENNY

Penis enlargement?

It's obvious to us. She had nothing to do with the last operation. She's pretty cut up by this revelation.

SISTER

Care to reveal the maniac who performed these procedures?

MARK

I... can't remember. Sorry.

SISTER lobs him an icy stare.

SISTER

Suit yourself. But I assure you, Mr Staines, I will get to the bottom of this.

And she departs. MARK breathes a sigh of relief.

MARK

That was a close one.

JENNY glares at her boyfriend.

MARK

What are you looking at me like that for?

JENNY

I demand to know who performed that unsuccessful penis enlargement, because it certainly wasn't me.

MARK

I... can't say.

JENNY

Why not?

MARK has no answer prepared. Realisation hits JENNY.

JENNY

Oh, my God. You're having an affair.

MARK

What? Don't talk so daft.

JENNY

You are, aren't you? You're seeing another student nurse with psychotic tendencies. My mad impromptu operations are clearly not enough for you.

MARK

No! It's not like that.

JENNY

Then tell me who touched your wotsit.

MARK chooses to keep his mouth shut. JENNY is livid.

JENNY

Fine. Mark Staines. Consider yourself dumped.

And she angrily storms off.

MARK

Jenny, wait!

JENNY stops in her tracks and spins around.

JENNY

Jenny Waight? Is that the bitch's name?

MARK groans and buries his face in both hands.

JENNY

I'm going to kill her.

And she marches out of the ward.

ALICE and THING suddenly burst through the double doors, this time knocking the doors off their hinges, wheeling in RONNIE, the guy dressed like a cliché burglar.

DOCTOR is at hand to receive the patient as they all wheel him over to a free bed on the opposite side of the ward.

ALICE

This is Ronnie Smalls. Shard of glass stuck in his arm. Oh, and judging by the tiny lump in his trousers, he has a very small penis.

RONNIE

Oi, it's how you use it that counts.

RONNIE is helped onto the bed.

ALICE

Only people with inadequate dinkies say that.

DOCTOR

Don't you worry, Mr Smalls. We'll have that glass out of your arm in no time at all.

RONNIE

How long is no time at all?

DOCTOR

Oh, I'd say...

He holds aloft a piece of string, estimating its length.

DOCTOR

...about two or three hours.

RONNIE

Two or three hours? Why can't you sort me out now?

DOCTOR

I'm sorry, but any less than a two hour wait is strictly against NHS policy.

RONNIE

Oh, sod that for a laugh. I'll do it myself.

RONNIE yanks the shard free from his arm --

DOCTOR/ALICE

No!!

-- and a wild surge of blood sprays from the wound.

RONNIE

Oh, shit! Help me, I'm leaking!

DOCTOR

Quick! We need something to curb the bleed!

THING has a lightbulb moment. He lunges forward and smothers the open wound with his mouth. Blood flow blocked, he happily sucks away like a baby with a bottle.

ALICE

Good thinking, Thing, you've saved the day.

Still in position, THING gives ALICE a thumbs-up.

As SISTER walks past, DOCTOR catches her attention.

DOCTOR

Sister. Has Mark Staines been prepped for theatre?

SISTER

Yes, Doctor.

DOCTOR heads over to MARK'S bed. MARK is now wearing 3D glasses and holding a large box of popcorn.

DOCTOR

Just to let you know, Mark, theatre is ready for you now.

MARK

Okay, thanks, Doctor Consultant.

DOCTOR

You work here as a porter, don't you?

MARK

Usually, yes.

DOCTOR

Oh, good. That means if you die on the operating table, you can wheel yourself to the morgue.

We now join SISTER as she walks past FRED PATIENT'S bed. FRED waves her down.

FRED

Oh, Sister. Can I have a word?

SISTER

Yes, what is it?

FRED

My valuables have been stolen.

SISTER

Oh? Can you tell me exactly what has gone missing?

FRED

Yes. A gold ring, five hundred pounds in a rolled-up wad and a spare red sock. I don't care about the ring and the money, but that spare red sock is of great sentimental value.

SISTER

Yes, I know what you mean. I've just been to my office and something I hold very dearly has gone walkabout.

FRED

What's that?

SISTER

A severed arm. I feel so lost without it.

FRED lobs a double take, eh??

JENNY returns to the ward. SISTER walks over to her.

SISTER

Nurse Tull. Things have been going missing in this hospital and I believe I know who's responsible.

JENNY

Who?

SISTER

Him.

SISTER points to RONNIE. He's in bed, still in his burglar outfit. The sleeve of his bad arm is fully rolled up, his wound now covered with a large cartoon-esque cross of giant plasters. His swag sack is close at hand on the bed.

Hey, let's have him reading a magazine, "Burglar's Monthly," the front cover photo featuring a cliché burglar climbing out of a window.

JENNY

What makes you think he's the thief?

SISTER

Gut instinct. And there's a good chance he could also be the man who attacked your boyfriend.

JENNY looks troubled. Her lies are getting out of hand.

JENNY

No, I think you're wrong there. Doesn't look anything like him.

SISTER

What are you talking about? He fits the exact description you gave us.

JENNY

In hindsight, I'm not sure if I was accurate enough. It was dark.

SISTER

It happened in broad daylight.

Ooer, JENNY doesn't have an answer for that.

SISTER

Nurse Tull, don't you want the man responsible for stealing Mark's appendix put behind bars?

JENNY

Yes, of course I do, but --

SISTER

That's settled then. Come with me.

SISTER grabs JENNY'S arm and steers her over to RONNIE.

SISTER

Mr Smalls, if it's not too much trouble, I'd like you to show us the contents of your swag sack.

RONNIE

Why?

SISTER

I have reason to believe you're a thief.

RONNIE

That's a bit clothes-ist, ain't it? Just because I choose to dress this way, it don't give the rest of society the right to judge me.

SISTER

Just open the sack please.

RONNIE is not a happy bunny, but he decides to comply.

Oh, look. The sack is empty. SISTER is embarrassed.

RONNIE

I think you owe me an apology.

Across the ward, THE GREAT MAGICO sits beside MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT'S bed. On the bedside cabinet, his phone rings. Uh-oh, he acts shifty, not wanting to take the call.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

Aren't you going to answer that?

THE GREAT MAGICO

It's probably a wrong number.

She leans across and peeks at the phone display.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

"Bastard Loan Shark." Anybody you know?

Shit, THE GREAT MAGICO is put on the spot... but phew, he's saved by JENNY turning up.

JENNY

Hiya. Just thought I'd inadvertently interrupt an awkward moment by coming to see how you're doing.

While the girls are talking, THE GREAT MAGICO picks up his phone and shuts it off. Into his pocket, it goes.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

I'm fine, thank you, nurse.

JENNY peers across at the other bed. Oh, MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT'S legs have gone missing.

JENNY

Oh, my God. Where are your legs? Have they been stolen too?

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

No, they've just nipped off to the loo.

JENNY nods an ah, right. DOCTOR arrives on the scene.

DOCTOR

Just to let you know, Nurse Tull, Mark is back from his operation.

JENNY

Already? He's only been gone a few minutes.

DOCTOR

Time passes effortlessly with a good film editor.

DOCTOR and JENNY glance self-consciously at the camera. JENNY then shrugs it off and skips over to MARK who is sitting up in bed. Smiling, she lovingly embraces him.

JENNY

Oh, Mark, I'm sorry for acting jealous and dumping you. Please forgive me.

MARK

What's brought this on?

JENNY

When you were in theatre, I was worried about you.

MARK

That's not like you.

JENNY

And it got me thinking.

MARK

That's not like you either.

JENNY

Yes. I know. But I figured, without you, I'd be alone for the rest of my life. Let's face it, I'm a total nightmare to live with. Only an idiot would take me on, and you're the only idiot I know.

Strangely enough, he's touched by her words.

MARK

Aww. What a lovely thing to say.

JENNY

I don't care if another woman mutilated your man-sausage. Just as long as we're together.

It's confession time for MARK.

MARK

Actually, Jenny, there is no other woman. There never was. You're the only lunatic student nurse for me.

JENNY

I don't understand. Who ballsed up your penis enlargement?

His lips move, no words emerge. It seems to take forever for MARK to admit --

MARK

I did.

JENNY

What? Why?

MARK

I've never been content with the size of my little fella. And you're always saying how much you'd prefer a couple more inches. So I decided to take matters into my own hands... in more ways than one.

JENNY

But Mark. You don't have any medical experience.

MARK

I looked it up online. The trouble is, I took the instructions from a spoof medical website. I should have guessed at the time how weird it seemed for the procedure to involve cutting open my shaft and stuffing it with rolled up socks. But I thought to myself, well... it might just work.

JENNY

Ouch. Would you like me to take a look at it?

MARK

No!!

Of course he doesn't. It's effed up enough as it is. But oops, maybe he shouted his reply a little too loud. Therefore, in a softer tone --

MARK

No. The sight of it would only give you nightmares.

JENNY

I can't believe you risked your sex life for me. I love you so much.

MARK

I love you too, Jenny.

They embrace. And kiss. Aww, they're an item again.

JENNY

Hey. Let's celebrate our getting back together with two hot chocolates from the vending machine. Do you have any money?

MARK

Yeah, my wallet's in that cabinet.

JENNY is about to open the bedside cabinet when --

DOCTOR

Your wallet?

Shit, he must have been standing there all the long.

DOCTOR

I thought it was stolen.

Guilt is painted across MARK and JENNY'S faces.

DOCTOR

What's going on here?

Now it's confession time for JENNY.

JENNY

It was me. I was the one who removed Mark's appendix.

DOCTOR doesn't look too pleased.

DOCTOR

I see. Where is the appendix now?

JENNY

I kind of... fed it to Thing.

DOCTOR

Typical. How is Mark supposed to suffer with acute appendicitis in Episode Five now? The entire script will require a major overall.

JENNY

I'm sorry, I didn't think. Are you going to sack me?

DOCTOR thinks about it. He then offers a warm smile.

DOCTOR

No. You did the right thing, waiting until this late in the episode before admitting your sins.

JENNY

Oh, thank you so much, Doctor Consultant. Would you like me to fetch you a coffee from the machine?

DOCTOR

No, thanks. For me, it's a bit too early in the day for hot beverages. Do you have any alcohol?

JENNY searches inside the cabinet for the wallet, but --

JENNY

Mark. Your wallet. It's not here. Nor is your phone. They really have been stolen.

A worried SISTER appears on the scene.

SISTER

Doctor! Nurse! Quick!

MARK

Who's Quick?

SISTER hastily leads DOCTOR and JENNY over to --

-- THE GREAT MAGICO who is holding a pillow over a struggling MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT'S head. Her arms are flaying around. In the other bed, so are her legs.

DOCTOR tries to grab THE GREAT MAGICO and oops, he pulls a magic bunch of flowers from the magician's coat - huh?? - then tosses the blooms aside.

DOCTOR, SISTER and JENNY together pull him away from the gasping, choking woman. A scuffle ensues.

From THE GREAT MAGICO'S coat, playing cards fly everywhere and two white doves make a bid for freedom, fluttering away.

Oh, and then several objects fall out of his pockets and onto the floor; MARK'S wallet and phone, FRED'S ring, wad of cash and spare red sock... and SISTER'S cherished severed arm.

Guilty, THE GREAT MAGICO backs away. He now stands close to the bed with the legs. He knows the game is up.

THE GREAT MAGICO

All right. I admit it. I am the thief.

Across the ward, RONNIE looks smug.

RONNIE

See? Told you it wasn't me.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT attempts to catch her breath.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

I don't get it. Why steal from these people? And why try to kill me?

THE GREAT MAGICO hangs his head in shame.

THE GREAT MAGICO

Oh, Miss Lovely-Assistant. I didn't want to harm you, but I owe somebody a lot of money.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

Ohhh. So that's who Bastard Loan Shark is. It all makes sense now.

THE GREAT MAGICO

The only way I could get myself out of this crippling debt was to have you killed and get my hands on your life insurance payout. But please believe me, my darling. I was only doing it for us.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT'S face softens.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

Oh, Great Magico. I forgive you.

THE GREAT MAGICO

You do?

And then her face hardens, big-time.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

But my legs have a score to settle.

THE GREAT MAGICO

Huh?

THE GREAT MAGICO twists around. One leg kicks him in the gonads. OOF! As he doubles forward in pain, the other leg boots him square on the chin. BAM! He falls to the floor, out for the count.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

Nice moves.

The legs perform a celebratory air dance.

SISTER squats low to pick up the retrieved items... but oh, they've vanished.

SISTER

Doctor! The stolen items. They've been stolen again.

They all turn around and spot a cackling RONNIE running towards the exit, his swag sack laden with goods.

RONNIE

Bye, bye, suckers.

MARK

My wallet and phone!

FRED

My ring, money and spare red sock of great sentimental value!

SISTER

My pet severed arm!!

This is all too much for SISTER. She gives chase.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

SISTER dashes through the gap left by the unhinged double doors and along the corridor. She dives forward and rugby-tackles RONNIE. Down they both crash onto the floor.

He struggles to escape. She turns him onto his back. Three punches to his face settles the argument. He's out cold.

She hastily rifles through the swag sack, pulls out the severed arm and cuddles it like a baby, rejoice, rejoice, reunited once more.

INT. A&E WARD - DAY (LATER)

X-rays in hand, a grim DOCTOR CONSULTANT pulls the curtains around FRED'S bed.

FRED holds up a makeshift sign: "Later."

DOCTOR

Mr Patient, I've taken a look at your x-rays. I'm afraid I've got some very bad news.

FRED

What is it, Doctor?

DOCTOR stares at him in grave silence.

FRED

Please. Tell me.

DOCTOR

You'll have to wait a few moments.

FRED

Why?

DOCTOR

I'm pausing for dramatic effect.

A couple of beds away, JENNY stands listening to a somewhat disenchanted MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

I should have known The Great Magico would turn out to be the wrong man for me. But don't you fret, Nurse Tull, I'll be all right. Maybe next time I'll go for a lion tamer.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT then emits a short, sharp cough-like laugh. Then again. And again. JENNY looks concerned.

JENNY

How long have you had that laugh?

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

Oh, it's nothing.

The cough/laugh combo makes another appearance.

JENNY

Let me be the judge of that. Stick your tongue out.

She sticks out her tongue like a rude child.

JENNY

I meant with your mouth open.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT grudgingly complies. JENNY examines inside her mouth. Judging by the nurse's face, the situation doesn't look too rosy.

JENNY

Have you attended any live comedy performances in the last seven days?

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

I have, yes. One of those amateur open mic comedy nights.

JENNY

An open mic? Oh, nuts, this laugh must be a rare strain.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT starts uncontrollably giggling.

MISS LOVELY-ASSISTANT

Is it serious?

JENNY delivers an overly fake reassuring smile.

JENNY

Oh, it's nothing to worry about. Excuse me a moment.

Hugely concerned, JENNY races over to MARK'S bed.

JENNY

Mark. We need to evacuate Emergency Hospital.

MARK

Why, what's the matter?

JENNY

There's an infectious laugh on the loose.

They then both burst into hoots of laughter.

JENNY

It's too late. We're already infected.

MARK

Is it lethal?

JENNY
Probably, yes.

More laughter, louder this time.

Behind the curtain of FRED'S bed, DOCTOR is still pausing for dramatic effect.

FRED
Give it to me straight, Doctor. I can take it.

DOCTOR
Well, there's no easy way to say this.
He too then erupts into laughter.

DOCTOR
You're going to die.

FRED'S reaction, uncontrollable giggles. Throughout this exchange, they are both in absolute hysterics.

FRED
How long have I got?

DOCTOR
Best case scenario, a couple of hours.

FRED
What about worst case?

DOCTOR
A matter of minutes.

They're laughing so hard, it hurts.

FRED
Oh, Doctor, you crack me up.

EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE/CAR PARK - NIGHT

It's the end of the shift. It's growing dark. JENNY and MARK emerge from the entrance in civvy clothes and walk together through the car park.

MARK
What a day.

JENNY
Agreed. It's lucky we had an adequate supply of anti-laugh serum to combat the spread.

MARK stops JENNY, both hands upon her shoulders.

MARK

Jenny. Please promise me you won't perform any more mad operations on my body ever again.

JENNY

Okay, fine, you win. No more mad operations.

MARK

Thanks. Let's go home.

As they walk away from us, holding hands, we notice that JENNY has a scalpel in her other hand, hidden behind her back.

Next to emerge from the building is DOCTOR, still wearing the white coat and stethoscope he probably even sleeps in. He is talking on his mobile.

DOCTOR

No, I haven't been involved in an accident at work that wasn't my fault. Oh, and may I ask... dinner tonight?

As DOCTOR wanders out of shot, ALICE and THING walk towards us. ALICE is in civvy clothes, but THING is still dressed for work.

ALICE

What do you fancy for dinner tonight?

THING

Mmm. Aborted foetus.

ALICE

Your favourite. How would you like it?

THING

Raw.

INT. SISTER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Alone with her thoughts, SISTER sits at the desk in her office. She uses the severed arm as a backscratcher to sort out a difficult to reach itch.

It's been a long day. She opens a drawer. Out comes a whisky tumbler. Then a plastic bottle marked "NHS Bleach."

She pours a shot of bleach into the tumbler. And oh, she necks it in one. Ooh, yeah, it certainly hits the spot.

Her landline phones rings. She answers it.

SISTER

Emergency Hospital. Sister Brother speaking.

All she receives in return is male heavy breathing. She doesn't seem fazed at all by this.

SISTER

You really should get that asthma treated.

And then the DODGY CALLER speaks in a sinister tone.

DODGY CALLER (V.O.)

Sister Brother. I know your dark secret. You will pay dearly for what you did.

SISTER still doesn't look too bothered.

SISTER

Just to clarify... which particular dark secret are you referring to?

DODGY CALLER (V.O.)

The really, really, really, really, etcetera, etcetera dark secret.

SISTER'S face drops, shit.

SISTER

Who is this?

The DODGY CALLER cackles loudly. A rattled SISTER slams down the receiver.

DODGY CALLER (V.O.)

Ow! That hurt!

Uh-oh, SISTER is hugely alarmed by the call. We want to know her secret, but then, bugger, it's the --

END OF EPISODE