

FADE IN:

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Pitch Black. Except for a single point of light, bright as the sun, illuminating an operating table.

A cadre of masked DOCTORS and NURSES surround the table. Sophisticated medical equipment hangs in the background, glinting wickedly.

A cartoonishly handsome CHIEF SURGEON leans over the rotund body of the PATIENT, who is sporting a Moe Stooze haircut and Karl Malden sized red nose.

CHIEF SURGEON  
Blood pressure?

NURSE  
120 over 80.

CHIEF SURGEON  
Breathing?

NURSE  
Steady.

He nods approvingly and winks at the nurse, who blushes.

CHIEF SURGEON  
Let's begin. Card, please.

The nurse produces a small card with a cartoon of a wishbone on it.

NURSE  
Wishbone.

CHIEF SURGEON  
Forceps, please.

The nurse hands him giant salad tongs, attached to a long red wire. Sweating buckets, he gently lowers the device into the portly patient's open chest cavity and retracts...a wishbone.

The nurse quickly sponges sweat from his forehead.

CHIEF SURGEON (CONT'D)  
Card.

NURSE

Funny bone.

He nods direly, cracks his neck, and reaches in to extract the funny bone. A giant strand of slime trails behind it as he places the funny bone gingerly on a tray.

ASSISTING DOCTOR

Nice work, Dr. Carrington.

CHIEF SURGEON

We're not out of the woods, yet. Card.

The nurse rolls her eyes and produces yet another card.

NURSE

Adam's apple.

Looks are exchanged around the table. They've been here before.

The Chief Surgeon flexes his fingers and ever so slowly... dips in to retrieve the Adam's apple.

His hands shake as the forceps near what appears to be a real apple in the man's throat. He blinks the sweat from his eyes. He cries out, but it's too late.

A loud buzzer echoes throughout the operating room. The patient lets out a wounded cry, his nose glowing bright red.

NURSE (CONT'D)

You suck.

CUT TO:

INT. BOY'S BEDROOM

The operating room is gone.

All that is left is all there was to begin with: the bedroom of ten-year-old CHARLIE CARRINGTON, boy surgeon. Bedecked in green scrubs and a surgical mask, a large stethoscope hangs around his neck.

The exam table is a TV tray covered with a pillowcase.

The assisting doctors are a G.I. Joe action figure, a Mr. Potato Head, a Stretch Armstrong, and a slobbering Labrador Retriever. The nurse is Charlie's six-year-old sister MAGGIE.

The patient - a game of Operation, the little cartoon man's nose glowing accusingly red.

CHARLIE

I'd like to see *you* do better.

Little Maggie raises her eyebrows defiantly. Charlie slaps the Operation tweezers into her hand.

Maggie snaps her mask back on, and expertly snatches the Adam's apple out without setting off the alarm. She raises her arms triumphantly.