

# 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 WHOOSH HHHHHH, 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 FZZZZZZZZZ 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... so 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  
the sky. Sniper fire from tall  
buildings. And funnily enough, it only  
started happening the day I took out a  
massive life insurance policy. Weird,  
huh?

Hmm, DOCTOR smells a rat.

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 somewhere.

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.