

"DOGS FOR HANDS"
Trip Tank

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INT. OPERATING THEATER - MOMENTS LATER

O.R. Nurses await the surgeon, tools at the ready. A PATIENT lies on the table, his chest cavity opened.

In the viewing seats above, med students take notes.

NURSE 1

Doctor Tony's running late.

NURSE 2

He's coming from surgery. Surgery on himself.

NURSE 1

What was the procedure?

TONY enters, dramatically. 30's, African-American surgeon, wearing very disheveled surgical clothes. His mask sits crooked, his shirt and pants torn up.

TONY

To replace my hands with dogs!

Tony reveals his "hands" -- TWO LIVING DOGS at the end of his arms. Tony's wrist stops at the ass of each dog.

The right "hand" is a Golden Retriever puppy, the left is a Basset Hound.

Throughout the scene, the hand-dogs bark, slobber and behave as unruly dogs would.

TONY

I would've been here 10 minutes ago, but I've been waiting for a good dramatic-entrance cue line.

Everyone stares at Tony, flabbergasted.

A girl medical student "Awww's" at Tony's dog hands.

Tony heads for the sink, turns on the water.

TONY

How are the vitals?

NURSE

Um, uh, the left ventricle --

The Retriever and Basset go crazy in the water. The Retriever plays and splashes, the Basset howls and refuses to take a bath.

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Tony fights back, finally dunks them both. The dogs splash water everywhere.

Tony turns back, holding his hands up, surgeon-style. He's a professional -- with two sopping wet dog hands. He walks to the operating table.

The two dogs shake off the water into the OPENED CHEST of the patient.

TONY

Well, if that's the worst thing
that happens to him today...
Retractor?

The Nurse hands the retractor to the Basset-hand. Tony inserts the retractor into the chest.

TONY

Wipe?

The Nurse wipes Tony's brow.

TONY

No, for Bessie.

The Nurse reaches to wipe the Basset-hand. The Basset growls and barks, dropping the retractor.

TONY

Don't worry. We got this.

Tony reaches in with both dog hands. They rustle and wrestle in the chest. The patient's chest BULGES with two living dogs moving around inside.

Something GOOEY squirts out of the opened chest.

Tony pulls his dog hands back out, holding something.

TONY

Got it -- Oh, nope. Let's put that
back.

The Basset growls.

TONY

Girl, put it back. Bessie! Back!

While Tony scolds the Basset, the Retriever digs at the patient, like digging for a bone.

NURSE 1

Doctor, are up for this? I mean,
you just underwent surgery --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TONY

Are you implying I can't do my job
because I'm black?

NURSE 1

No, I--

TONY

Then is it because I have dogs for
hands?

NURSE 1

Well...

TONY

That's prejudice! As I recall, you
own three cats, you fucking hand-
dog racist. Scalpel!

The Nurse hands a scalpel. The Basset hand smells the
patient's unconscious butt.

TONY

C'mon, Bessie. Take the shiny.

The Retriever sees the scalpel, barks and wags his tail.

TONY

No, Righty, it's not fetch time.

"Righty" grabs the scalpel. The Basset wants it, too and
grabs it. It's a tug-o-war with the blade pointing at
Tony's face.

The Nurses are frozen. A med student takes a picture.

Tony pulls his dog hands apart, and the scalpel lands
next to the patient's neck.

Tony turns to talk privately with his hands. He whistles
and both dogs take notice.

TONY

You're both very good dogs. Yes,
you are. I knew it the moment I
saw you at the hand pound. But we
need to get through this. Focus.

The dog hands seem to understand.

Righty picks up the scalpel. The Basset stabilizes on the
patient's leg.

Tony moves the scalpel-holding dog closer to the chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

This could work.

CUT TO:

INT. OPERATING THEATER - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Tony enters, covered in blood.

It didn't work.

TONY

I really thought I could do this.

MACHO VOICES (O.S.)

Perhaps WE can save the day.

Tony looks up to see DR. DIRK NOSTROM. Handsome, chiseled, confident. Wearing surgical gear.

TONY

Dirk Nostrom, my hated rival surgeon.

DR. NOSTROM

Say "Hi" to your wife for me. And say "Hi" to my clone!

ZOOM-OUT REVEAL: a SECOND Nostrom is next to the first.

BOTH DR. NOSTROMS

And say "Hi" to Captain, to whom we are his hands!

FURTHER ZOOM-OUT REVEAL: The Nostroms are attached to the FRONT PAWS of a CHOCOLATE LAB. The Lab strains to stand on its hind legs, wobbling back and forth.

BOTH DR. NOSTROMS

We three have a patient to save. Hup!

Right-Hand Nostrom produces a doggy treat, and the Lab snaps to attention, walking into the Operating Theater.

Tony's Basset whimpers.

TONY

Don't worry. Nostrom thinks he's hot shit, but there's no way --

The Nostroms re-enter. Cheers radiate from the theater.

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BOTH DR. NOSTROMS
 Success Another easy triple bypass
 for the cloned Nostroms!

The Lab wags his tail as the Nostroms high-five.

Enter COLETTE (30's, busty) from the other hall door.

TONY
 Colette, darling? What are you--

COLETTE
 It's over, Tony. I'm leaving you.
 For them. At least the Dirks are
 successful surgeons who have been
 grafted onto dogs.

Colette throws her arms around the dog part of the
 Nostrom-Lab creation.

BOTH DR. NOSTROMS
 C'mon, baby. Time to mark my
 territory, by which we mean bang
 you 'til morning.

The foursome exits. Tony collapses against the wall.

TONY
 No career, no wife. How could my
 life get any worse?

The Basset sniffs Tony's crotch. Then licks.

TONY
 No, girl, I'm not... Well, maybe.

But the Retriever raises its tail to poop.

TONY
 Oh, no. How's that going to work?

The Retriever grunts. Poop oozes out of Tony's ARM PIT.

The Basset stops licking Tony and EATS THE POOP.

TONY
 Oh, Jesus! This is how it could
 get worse!

Tony vomits all over the Basset-hand.

Righty eats the vomit. Then grunts to poop again. The
 cycle continues on as we...

BLACKOUT.