

BRIAN SURGERY by PHILLIP BARRON

A NURSE waits with a PATIENT.

PATIENT: What's this Doctor Abranowski like, nurse? Sounds a bit foreign to me.

NURSE: Yes, he's from Hungary. There's a shortage of good doctors in Britain; so we've had to employ them from other European countries. Don't worry though, he's highly qualified.

DOCTOR ABRANOWSKI wanders in.

DOCTOR: Hello, you are my patient; Brian, yes?

NURSE: Michael.

DOCTOR: Yes? It says I am doing Brian surgery on my list.

NURSE: No Doctor, that's brain surgery.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, how amusing I am being. Now then Brian--

PATIENT: Michael.

DOCTOR: Can you flex your brain?

PATIENT: Flex my brain?

DOCTOR: Yes, like this.

The doctor bends his knee.

NURSE: That's a knee, Doctor.

DOCTOR: His name is Annie now? Are we doing a sex change?

NURSE: No Doctor, you're getting confused between the patient's knee and his brain. His brain is up here.

She points to her head.

DOCTOR: His brain is in his head? Oh my God, it's worse than I thought!

NURSE: His brain is supposed to be in his head.

DOCTOR: No! This is taking cosmetic surgery too far.

NURSE: Doctor, pay attention.

She points out the relevant bits.

NURSE: Knee, brain. Brain, knee.

PATIENT: Arse, elbow. I'm not letting this guy operate on my brain.

DOCTOR: Be quiet Annie, I am Hungary's foremost knee sturgeon.

NURSE: Brain. Surgeon.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, what is a sturgeon?

PATIENT: A fish. Something with considerably more brains than you.

DOCTOR: Yes, but not you by the time I'm finished with you.

The doctor picks up a 'Black and Decker' drill.

DOCTOR: This will hurt.

NURSE: I think you mean this won't hurt.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, my English, you know?
(looks thoughtfully at the drill.)
No, I think I was right the first time. This will hurt. A lot.

The doctor revs the drill and advances on the patient.

NURSE: Aren't you going to anaesthetise him first?

DOCTOR: No, what's the point? He'll be dead soon. People do not survive brain surgery in Hungary.

PATIENT: Get him away from me!

It goes dark, the drill stops.

DOCTOR: What happened?

NURSE: Cash crisis, we can't afford to pay the bills.

PATIENT: There is a God!

DOCTOR: No problem, I do this Hungarian way. Nurse, hand me hammer and chisel.

The patient screams.

END OF SKETCH