

VIII. WALPURGISNACHT

"THE SONOFABITCH SHOT THE MAYOR TO BE!" shouts Jake O'Conner, as he flogs air.

"Who?"

"THE MAYOR, YOU NINNY!"

"Ah yes..." receptionist fidgets and looks about, "Dr. Murphy?"

The Intern grimaces at an x-ray transparency and matter of factly presents himself at desk-side.

"DID YA HEAR?"

"What's his condition?" asks the Intern.

"Ike's travelling the Morgue Express...but we got ourselves a live one!" waves Jake as double-doors burst open with stretcher on wheels.

"Ike?"

"What's the matter with you? Ike!"

"Down the hall, to Ward C," Murphy motions to white-clad crew.

"Who's in charge here?" demands O'Conner.

"Well Dr. Hopkins is, but he's occupied..."

"Nevermind. Get him!" He flashes his silver birdbadge.

The P.A. system is turned on with a crackle, then bursts forth: "Dr. Hopkins to emergency reception please. Dr. Hopkins..."

"Well?"

"What do we do after..."

"Just fix 'im up! Then we'll grill 'im an' shrink 'im down to size, 'bout this big!" thumbs up O'Conner.

"You got a name for him?"