**The camera slowly pans across the faces of people in tuxedos seated at a long poker table. There is a beautiful woman, an elegant man and an evil looking man in a Nehru jacket wearing a fez. His hands are black and suggest a metal substance. He has many stacks of poker chips in front of him.**

AGENT 700

“So Dr. Yes, you think you’re going to win this little game of ours.”

DR. YES

“There is no question I will win, Agent 700. I will acquire the plutonium rods necessary to power my death ray. These funds will guarantee that purchase. Soon all mankind will be beholden to my will.”

AGENT 700

“Not if I win instead.”

**We hear a cell phone ringing. Dr. Yes realizes it is his. He awkwardly answers it with his metallic hand.**

CALLER

“Hello, is this Mr. Yes?”

DR. YES

“The name is Dr. Yes!”

CALLER

“Oh, excuse me Dr. Yes.”

DR. YES

“Who is this?!”

CALLER

“This is Dr. Gottlieb’s office calling.”

DR. YES

“Is this regarding the shipment of plutonium rods?”

CALLER

“Actually, no. This is a courtesy call to remind you of your doctor’s appointment this afternoon.”

DR. YES

“What?! I thought that appointment was on Thursday?”

CALLER

“I’m afraid not, Mr. Yes.”

DR. YES

“That’s DR. YES!”

CALLER

“Well it’s very important that you follow up with doctor on those hand transplants. We don’t want any infection setting in. So we’ll see you at 4:30 today, then? You have the address, right?”

DR. YES

“This is absurd! I haven’t time for such petty matters”

**The call ends. Dr. Yes is visibly upset. He fumbles trying to put his phone in his pocket.**

AGENT 700

“Hey old fella, you really should have those hands looked at.”