

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Patch Adams Script

All of life is a coming home.

*Salesmen, secretaries, coal miners,
beekeepers, sword swallowers--*

all of us.

All the restless hearts of the world...

all trying to find a way home.

It's hard to describe what I felt like then.

*Picture yourself walking for days in a driving
snow.*

*You don't even know you're walking in
circles--*

the heaviness of your legs in the drifts;

your shouts disappearing into the wind.

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How small you can feel.

How far away home can be.

Home.

The dictionary defines it as both a place of origin...

and a goal or destination.

And the storm?

The storm was all in my mind.

Or, as the poet Dante put it...

"In the middle of the journey of my life I found myself in a dark wood...

for I had lost the right path."

Eventually I would find the right path...

but in the most unlikely place.

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How many fingers do you see?

You crazy-- Stop sneakin' up on me like that.

How many?

- Four. - Four?

Four?

Another idiot.

You gon' love it here.

Got a new one, Jane. Hunter Adams.

*Self-committed. Suicidal. Slate him with Dr.
Prack.*

All right.

Hey, Rudy! What's the word, my man?

*He ain't left that bed in three weeks. He won't
give you any trouble.*

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He needs another bedpan. They're in the closet. Wake-up is : a.m.

Excuse me.

Is there any way I could have my own room?

Oh, absolutely.

Just call the concierge and ask for a suite overlooking the fountain.

No, I-I prefer the cabana room.

Get some sleep.

Hi.

Hi.

You're, um...

you're a lot... fuzzier than my last roommate.

Oh. Yeah.

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Keeps me warm.

Aaaah!

- What's wrong? - Get 'em away!

- Get what away? - Get 'em-- Get 'em away!

- Okay, I'm gonna have to-- - You traitor!

*You brought 'em with you when you opened
the door!*

Who?

We need help in here!

Somebody!

- All right. - No! No! No!

*They'll get me! Don't take me down! They'll
get me! No!*

Don't let the squirrels get me! Please!

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Don't let the squirrels get me!*

That was a squirrel bite!

Squirrels.

My father died when I was nine.

*He was in the army. He wasn't home very
much.*

Two weeks before he died...

he told me that in the Korean War...

it felt like he'd lost his soul.

All this time I thought it was me.

I moved seven times in the last year.

I've, uh, had several jobs.

Nothing seemed to fit.

I don't seem to fit.

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And when your father died, how did that make you feel?

I don't know. I was nine.

It was like there was this distinction, suddenly...

between you and the rest of the world.

I looked around me.

Life went on just like it did before.

But it wasn't like it was before.

My uncle helped. He would visit.

He at least listened.

And I thought...

if I could light my own farts I could fly to the moon, or at least Uranus.

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*But if I couldn't do that at least I could use
my penis as a pogo stick...*

and that might be a way of getting around.

I'm sorry?

Yes, that's good. Mm-hmm.

*Well, I think you're making fine progress,
Hunter. We'll talk later in group.*

Thank you.

Four. Four? Four!

Ohh! Four! Ohh!

You are all insane! Insane! Four!

Arthur Mendelson.

The Arthur Mendelson?

Brand Beaton Industries.

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Guy was one of the most innovative minds of our time.

Look at him now. He can't even count the windows.

God. What happened to him? Why is he here?

Self-committed. Genius syndrome. Howard Hughes-type shit.

Constantly digging into the creative potential of the human mind.

I guess he dug too deep.

This is real wood.

Rowff!

W-Why are we meeting in here? It's cramped.

Well, Everton, we're meeting in here so that Rudy can participate.

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- It's cramped. - Does anyone else have a thought on that?

- Cramped! - I think he has a question.

Do you find that funny, Hunter, making fun of a man's infirmity?

Maybe he does have a question. He's alive.

- He's catatonic. - Well, he still has a brain.

- Maybe he wants to participate too. - Yeah.

Maybe he has a question.

Yeah, maybe.

Maybe he knows why we're cramped!

Maybe Beany knows a lot more than we give him credit for.

Excuse me. Beany? Which way is heaven?

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That's correct!

That'll be enough, Hunter.

Beany, how much taller is Wilt Chamberlain than you?

- Right.

Hey, Beany! Beany! Where's the ceiling?

That's enough. Stop it.

Where do the birds fly, Beany?

How do you say hello to Hitler?

Beany, how does Hitler say hello?

How do you check an elephant for a hernia?

Who would win a staring contest? Beany!

Who-- Who farted?

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Beany!

- Who likes to masturbate? - Yea!

I do! I do!

Hey, Beany, how does an one-armed referee say "field goal"?

Ha ha! Hey, Beany!

Ciao, Beany! Arigato, Beany!

Bye, Beany.

It was a really good session, I thought.

May I come in?

If you bend your medial collateral ligaments...

and place one talus in front of another...

I don't see where you'd have a problem.

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Of course, if there were a news story covering this event...

the headline might read: "Small Brain Enters Room."

The fingers. What's the answer?

Oh, you're another one of those bright young fellows...

who always know the right answer, is that it?

Welcome to real life.

How many do you see?

- There are four fingers, Arthur. - No, no, no. Look at me.

What?

Y-You're focusing on the problem.

If you focus on the problem, you can't see

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the solution.

Never focus on the problem. Look at me!

How many do you see?

No, look beyond the fingers.

How many do you see?

Eight.

Eight. Eight. Yes! Yes!

Eight's a good answer. Yes.

See what no one else sees.

See what everyone else chooses not to see...

out of fear and conformity and laziness.

See the whole world anew each day.

Ah, the truth is, you're well on the way.

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If you didn't see something here...

besides a crazy, bitter old man...

you wouldn't have come in the first place.

*What do you see when you look at me,
Arthur?*

You fixed my cup.

I'll see you around...

Patch.

Rudy, stop.

You're throwing off my rhythm.

You'll go blind.

- Please. - I have to go to the bathroom.

Then go. It's right over there, feet away.

- I would, but-- - But what? The squirrels?

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- How many? - There's only one just now.

You can't go to the bathroom because of one squirrel?

If I get off the bed, he'll get the others.

That's not the point.

They're squirrels.

Squirrels, Rudy.

- They're one of the most amiable creatures on the planet. - Oh, no, they're not.

On the list of hostile predators, they're right above the bottom...

just above baby chicks and slugs.

What could they possibly want? Your nuts?

- Do you think? - Oh, Rudy.

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- Come on, I'll take you. - Don't move.

- Don't move. - Another one?

It's on the end of your bed, on the rail.

Be careful. It's gonna jump.

- There's one, at the end of the bed! - Bang!

There's one runnin' across the sprinkler!

- Boom! - In back of the door! Back of the door!

Coming out of the bathroom!

*Bathroom! Bathroom! Bathroom!
Bathroom!*

Yea!

Eat lead, fur bag! Blam! Ha-ha!

- You're cured-- Aaah! - You've got one on your shoulder!

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Get it off me! Get it off me!

Get it off me! Aaaaah!

*We need more cover! They're comin' in the
back door!*

*- Get under cover, Rudy! - Build a fort!
Build a fort! We can build a fort!*

- We need a fort! - Aaah! Down! Get down!

They're gone.

*I think it's safe to go to the bathroom, Rudy.
Come on.*

- No, it's too risky. - No.

Not when you have...

this.

- A bazooka. - Yeah.

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Load.

- Let's do it! - Aaaah!

Yes.

I'd like to leave.

Hunter, we'll have to discuss this at your scheduled time.

I'm leaving.

Have you thought about what you'll do?

I want to help people.

Last night with Rudy, I connected to another human being.

I want more of that. I want to learn about people, help them with their troubles.

- That's what I do. - But you suck at it.

You don't even look at people when they're

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talking.

I want to listen, really listen to people.

I can't allow you to leave. I believe you still have some issues to work out.

Ah. Well, I don't need your permission because I admitted myself.

- Hunter. - Mm-hmm?

I must warn you my report will read "A.M.A."--

that you were signed out of this hospital "against medical advice."

And my report will read "I.D.G.A.R.A."

"I don't give a rat's ass."

And my name is Patch.

Hello. How you doin'?

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How do you do?

Hey, this is a nice room.

- May I help you? - Yeah, I could really use a foot massage right now.

Rephrasing: What are you doing here?

I'm your new roommate. I-I'm moving in.

I don't mean to be rude, but aren't you a little old to be starting medical school?

You know, Babe Ruth was when he joined the Yankees.

- No, he wasn't. - You're right.

But I could really use an example like that, and if you ever find one, let me know.

Hi. Patch Adams.

Mitch Vroman. Georgetown University.

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*I was awarded the William F. Thompson
Scientific Achievement Award.*

Mmm. Emerson Elementary.

*I once drew a picture of a rabbit that got me
two gold stars.*

I'm gonna go back over there now.

First do no harm.

*What is implicit in this simple precept of
medicine?*

An awesome power.

The power to do harm.

Who gives you this power?

The patient.

*A patient will come to you at his moment of
greatest dread..*

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hand you a knife and say, "Doctor, cut me open."

Why?

Because he trusts you.

He trusts you the way a child trusts.

He trusts you to do no harm.

The sad fact is...

human beings are not worthy of trust.

It is human nature to lie...

take shortcuts, to lose your nerve, get tired...

make mistakes.

No rational patient would put his trust in a human being...

and were not gonna let him!

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It is our mission here...

*to rigorously and ruthlessly train the
humanity out of you...*

and make you into something better.

We're gonna make doctors out of you.

Two years of studying.

*I thought we'd have more contact with
patients. Didn't you?*

Hi. I'm Patch.

*You've just experienced a North American
greeting...*

*whereby one person offers a verbal label to
another...*

as an expression of welcome and friendship.

Lesbian. Ball-buster. Airhead. Leech.

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Whichever one of these disgusts you the most, take your pick.

- Well-- - Please pass the word.

*I am not here to date. I am not here to flirt.
I'm here to study.*

Thank you.

*I thought only I could repel women with
that kind of raw efficiency.*

Well, you just met your match.

- Patch Adams. - Truman Schiff.

Nice to meet you, Truman.

Will you go out with me?

May I ask you one question?

*- Do you buy everything the dean was
saying today? - What do you mean?*

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I mean, that whole drill sergeant thing.

*"We're gon' make doctors out of you
medical scum.*

- Now drop down and give me ." -
Mm-hmm.

That whole marine thing.

*We're not even gonna see a patient until the
third year.*

Up until then, it's just memorizing facts.

*-Why don't they just shove the book up--
-Hamburger?*

*Right here on the colon. That's where it's
going anyway. Thanks very much.*

*- So, why do you wanna be a doctor? - I
want to help.*

*I want to connect with people. A doctor
interacts with people at their most vulnerable.*

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*He offers treatment, but he also offers
counsel and hope.*

That's why I love the idea of being a doctor.

*I've always been fascinated by the
development of the human mind.*

Ah. Pumping neurons.

We start out so open and spontaneous.

*We're real individuals. Then somewhere
along the way we're drawn to conform.*

*- It's as if we're conditioned by programmed
responses. - Well, that's true.*

*But sometimes you can alter the
programmed response...*

*just by changing some of the conditions,
altering the parameters.*

Let me show you.

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We'll call it the "hello" experiment.

*The goal will be to break through
programmed response...*

by changing normal parameters...

*and getting a new emotional response from
the person.*

Ready to enter data.

Hello.

Hi.

Wait. I don't get it.

"Hi" is a programmed response.

- I reached her. - You scared her.

No. Wait. Wait for it.

Oh, you're nuts.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

A smile.

Ten seconds. Victory.

There's more. Come, my friend.

- Howdy! - Hi.

See? Response time is diminishing.

Yesterday I made random phone calls.

I talked to one man named Dale for three hours. He told me amazing things.

But what does this all prove, other than you're out of your mind?

What's the difference between a doctor and a scientist?

And don't say salary.

People. Hmm? We want to become doctors because we want to help people.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

I want to be a pediatrician.

Okay, little people.

The point is, we have to treat the patient as well as the disease.

That's why we have to dive into people, wade into the sea of humanity, Truman.

Ballroom seven, right upstairs on your left.

- You guys with the meat packers convention? - Yes, sir!

Right up the stairs. Ballroom seven.

- Hey! Does a chicken have lips? - You'll find out upstairs!

Like a bulldog on a pork chop!

You know, in New Zealand they found a whole new use for sheep.

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- What's that? - Wool!

You're funny! You kill me! You kill me!

- I love you! - Oh, daddy!

And you-- I bet you've heard that too! Come here! Ha ha!

- "Herd" it? That's a goat joke! - Ohh!

- Thank you. - Thank you.

On your meat!

Get set! Go!

Ohh! Yeah!

I won!

Pork packers, rump wrappers, bull shippers,

Iend me your steers!

You know, we packers have been taking a

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bad rap for years.

Yeah!

Because we all want to be the best damn packers there are!

- Yeah! - Yeah! - I'm proud of my meat!

*- And I know you're proud of your meat! -
Yeah!*

- Whip it, zip it and send it out! - Yeah!

You know, some people say chicken.

- No! - No!

- Some people say fish. - No!

I say, now is the time for cow!

Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat cow!

*Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat
cow!*

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*Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat cow! Eat
cow!*

Hey, bud.

- Hey! - Oh!

Yes, thanks. Oh, yeah.

Hey-- Whoa!

What is it?

*What's the difference between a first-year
and a third-year medical student?*

Doctor Vukov, please dial line .

Dr. Vukov, please dial line .

Here we have a juvenile onset diabetic...

*with poor circulation and diabetic
neuropathy.*

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As you can see, these are diabetic ulcers...

with lymphedema and evidence of gangrene.

Questions?

- Any osteomyelitis? - None apparent.

Although not definitive.

- Treatment? - To stabilize the blood sugar.

Consider antibiotics, possibly amputation.

What's her name?

I was just wondering the patient's name.

Marjorie.

Hi, Marjorie.

Hi.

Yes, um, thank you.

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Let's move on.

- What are you doing? - Continuing the experiment. Come on.

We can start a lemonade stand together after we get kicked out of medical school.

Bye, Marjorie.

I cannot stand it in there, Joletta.

He doesn't have to talk to me like that.

I know, hon, but really, how good a mood would you be in?

- May I help you? - Oh, um--

So I'll meet you at the club.

Oh, great. Maybe we'll play the back nine, hmm?

Hello. I'm Patch.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

I'm studying medicine here.

Well, not here, but-- Y-You know.

Lookit here, Judy. Another future boss.

Oh, I wouldn't look at it like that.

You may think I'm exaggeratin'...

but in another five years you'll be so full of yourself...

you'll have to hang a cup out your ass just to catch the excess.

- Joletta! - Ouch. - Well, hell, why not?

It's the only time in my life I'm gonna outrank him.

Might as well enjoy it.

- Who's in that room? - Don't even think about it. He'll bite your head off.

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Mr. Davis. Pancreatic cancer.

How long does he have?

Longer than you, if you go in that room.

So be sure you steer clear.

Yes, ma'am. Thank you.

Hey! What year are you?

- Hi. - Hey.

Dr. Landaker to Administration.

Dr. Landaker to Administration, please.

Hi.

Hi.

- What's your name? - Cameron.

Hi, Cameron. I'm Patch.

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I have a cold. Just a bit of a cold.

Is my nose red? Oh, it is. It's red.

Ohh! Oh.

What's that? You don't know?

I don't either. Let's find out.

Taxi!

Try on you. Give it to me.

It's working very well.

Let's see what else we have.

Look at some of this stuff.

Bee kisses.

Hi.

- Hi. - You mind if I sit down?

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Hah? Well, then, hello, hello.

Oh, look at--

Yee-haah! Yee-haah!

Whoa! Whoa! Yee-haah!

Come on, buddy! Whee-haah!

What is going on here?

Sit down.

Get in your beds right now.

Sit down! Sit down!

Lie down in your beds right now!

- I've checked up on you, Hunter. - Patch.

*Hunter, Dr. Prack was a colleague of mine
at Bringham.*

He tells me you have a brilliant mind...

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and, like many brilliant people, you don't necessarily think the rules apply to you.

Not all the rules, sir, but the Golden Rule, I think that applies to everyone.

Don't you, sir?

I've also heard you have a real passion to be a doctor, Hunter.

Patch.

Truth of it is, Hunter, passion doesn't make doctors.

I make doctors.

Understood?

- Understood. - Good.

Medical students, as a rule, have no contact with patients until the third year.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

- Is that clear? - It is, sir, but don't you think--

Our way of doing things is a product of centuries of experience.

It's all there for a reason.

It's my hospital.

I know everything that goes on inside of it.

Everything.

Deviation of the tongue.

- A problem with the cranial nerve. - Which side?

- Right side, tenth nerve. - Twelfth nerve.

Do you know how many billions of dollars are wasted on malpractice insurance?

That's money that goes to lawyers that could go to patients.

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- Hi, guys. Sorry I'm late. - Everybody know Carin Fisher, Adelane's roommate?

I invited her to join our study group.

So, Carin, why do you want to be a doctor?

Is it just me, or do we have a lot of work to do?

It's just a question. I think it's the question.

Actually, I don't find the question here in the outline.

- What page are you on? - Uh, .

Deviation of a tongue.

We'd learn more if we were working closely with patients.

That's why we're studying-- to learn enough to help the patients.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Adelane, don't waste your breath.

Don't you th--

Don't you think I see through you?

You act like you're above the system when you're really just a nonconformist.

You have to get under the fingernails...

of any authority figure that crosses your path...

as a way of dealing with some insecurity.

Antisocial personality, I believe. Intriguing diagnosis.

Truman, this isn't funny. Smart people flunk out of here all the time.

Yeah, uh, odds are one of the five of us sitting here, actually.

I have another question.

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In a perfect system...

why are patients referred to by their disease...

as in "that interesting cancer patient," and not by their name?

- It certainly isn't to be mean. It's to prevent transference. - And why is that bad?

- And the one flunking out is? - Can we get back to the tongue?

What if a doctor becomes emotionally involved with a patient?

Does a doctor explode? No.

Who came up with these rules?

It's against the Hippocratic oath, I think.

I don't really have time for this. Sorry.

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Bye.

- Bye. - Sorry.

- Charming. - Bye.

- Truman? - Yeah.

- I'm sorry. I didn't mean to stop you from studying. - Go away!

I believe there's more to being a doctor than memorizing facts about the ventricular artery.

I don't care what you think. I care about my biology test.

- Maybe I could help you. I read the bio book. - The whole book?

Oh, yeah. Now I'm on to Whitman.

You can get Leaves of Grass at the bookstore if you have a % student I.D. card.

- I don't want Walt Whitman. - He wouldn't

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want you either. He was a homosexual.

But that's not relevant. What's relevant is that he was a medical man.

He was a nurse in the Civil War and wrote great poetry.

"Afoot and lighthearted, I take to the open road--"

Look, I'm not sure if you've noticed this...

but in a class of students there are eight women-- eight.

I've had to work really hard to get here, and I'm gonna have to work even harder to stay...

and I'm not about to blow it by wasting my time on your flighty theories of goodness.

I'm here to learn about medicine. Period.

Excuse me.

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I think somebody is running away from something.

Why can't it just be that I'm running away from you?

Hi.

Very nice. Very nice.

Do I look thin to you?

'Cause I'm tryin' to lose a little weight.

Is this too much? Have I gone too far?

I got a boner.

I am a boner.

Donner, party of !

Donner! Donner party! Over here!

I don't know what's wrong here.

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I'm tryin' to light the dials here, but, uh...

bottom line is, your TV's broken here.

My name is Officer Patty O'Furniture.

I'm here today to talk to you briefly about narcolepsy.

Narcolepsy--

Clown salute!

Very good!

Wide face!

Fart face!

The hospital will cover all of your bills.

Any other questions?

My name is Doctor... Phil.

I'll be your surgeon-- Oh, there you are.

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Ha ha ha! Hey! Let's get ready to party!

Grazie! Hey! Grazie!

- Grazie! Now take a bow!

Don't believe everything you read.

*Looks like you didn't need that study group
after all.*

Well, it's no but I'm still here.

Yeah.

- Excuse me. - Oh, excuse me. Excuse me.

Excuse me.

*- You know, this completely disrupts my
point of view. - Mm-hmm.*

*It was so much more convenient thinking of
you as an idiot.*

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- Don't count me out yet. - It's frustrating.

I study all night, and I'm barely hanging on by my fingernails.

Oh, forget about that. I want to show you something that's extraordinary.

- An enema bulb? - It used to be.

This amazing piece of rubber...

when applied to your face...

can brighten another person's day.

Even a suffering patient.

*- I'm sure it's really great for kids, but-- -
No, not just kids. Anybody.*

Patients are opening up to me, Carin.

They're sharing their dreams, their fantasies...

*12.- Patch Adams.txt
and if you hit on the right topic...*

they brighten up for one brief moment.

They don't concentrate on the pain.

They don't even feel the pain.

- Try it on. - No, thank you.

*I want you to try it on and help me. Just try
it on.*

If you don't laugh, you'll never see it again.

But if you do, you have to help me.

Just try it on.

Hmm.

You didn't say anything about a mirror.

Who do you think you look like?

Karl Malden?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

You cheated.

You can take the nose off now.

So, what's the favor?

Psst.

Ready?

Dumbo incoming!

Bag 'im, Bwana!

Killer poodle! You got lucky!

Piranha fish! Yea! Very good!

Man down!

- What was that? - It's nothing.

Should I go check?

I said, it's nothin'.

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One last one!

Oww!

Well, congratulations, Jackie.

You've done it all. You've nailed every balloon from here to Timbuktu.

That was incredible, Patch.

Almost as good as the real thing.

One last safari.

That's all I wanted.

Thank you, Truman. Both of you.

That was wonderful.

Yes, it's been a long time for me.

What about you, dear? What's your fantasy?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Oh.

When I was a little girl...

whenever my mother would cook spaghetti...

*she would let me reach into the pot and
squeeze the noodles.*

Oh!

I've always wanted...

to be in a swimming pool full of noodles...

wall-to-wall and top-to-bottom.

An entire pool full of noodles.

*And our next award, in the tradition of the
great poodle handlers...*

where no actual transference took place--

All right. What you did in there, it was very

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nice, I admit.

Whoa. Is that a little ice that just chipped off?

- You're never serious, are you? - No. I tried that for years.

Never really worked for me.

- Yeah. - Yeah.

Oh.

Well, I'd better go hit the thorax as well, so--

I have a crush on you.

Ha! I can't believe I just blurted that out.

Look, thank you for taking me along tonight.

I actually had fun.

Good night.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Wait a minute.

When I said I had a crush on you, you didn't say...

"No way, loser. I'd rather have a lobotomy by a leper."

That means something.

Maybe I was just being polite and I didn't want to hurt your feelings.

But you're not polite. You're rude.

Sometimes you're downright bitchy.

- Good night. - Good night.

Dr. Hyer, please dial the pharmacy.

Blue skies

Shining on me

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Nothin' but blue skies

Do I see

Bluebirds

Singin' a song

- Are you a doctor? - No. I'm a medical student.

But if there's anything I can do to help you--

- You wanna help me? - Oh, yeah. What can I do?

Listen, you little do-gooder prick.

If you wanna make yourself feel good, don't make me pay for it.

Now get out of here, 'cause you don't help shit!

Dr. Maslow, line please.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Dr. Maslow, line .

Yo! Ride 'em, cowboy! Whoo-hoo!

Yea!

*Oh! Oh! I surrender! I'll tell you what you
want to know!*

*Do you wanna tell me what it is you think
you're doing?*

Oh.

Uh...

just getting a few laughs, sir.

*The American Journal of Medicine has
found that laughter...*

*increases secretion of catecholamines and
endorphins...*

which in turn increases oxygenation of the

12.- Patch Adams.txt

blood, relaxes the arteries...

speeds up the heart, decreases blood pressure...

which has a positive effect on all cardiovascular and respiratory ailments...

as well as overall increasing the immune system response.

Smart clown, eh?

Mr. Adams.

When I told you I knew Dr. Prack...

did I mislead you in some way to think I'm a pushover, like he is?

Kindly remove that coat.

I told you you are not to see the patients till the third year.

I'm just visiting friends, sir.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Why are you here?

If you want to be a clown, go join the circus.

Patients don't need to be entertained. They don't need a friend.

They need a doctor.

I don't want to see you in this hospital again.

What if I visit the patients on my own time?

Yes, about your own time.

It's been brought to our attention that perhaps we should be suspicious...

of the level of your grades.

What are you saying? I'm cheating?

Your scores are among the top in your class, yet you never seem to study.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

That's ridiculous.

Your classmates don't seem to think so.

Really. Who?

I'm warning you. Stay out of this hospital.

You told Walcott I cheated.

I know you did it. Just tell me why.

Look, cut the crap, Hunter.

I live with you. I know how much you study, or don't study.

And you do better than me? Give me a break.

You arrogant, pompous prick! Who appointed you custodian of the medical profession?

Is it because your father and his father was a doctor, some sort of genetic thing?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

- You're damn right. - Really?

I grew up with it.

*I know what it takes to look in the eyes of
dying people day after day...*

and come home for dinner at night.

*- I know what it takes. You don't have it. -
Oh, really. And you do?*

If you don't like me, just say it.

I don't like you!

*Why don't you like me? You're a prick, and
I like you.*

Because you make my effort a joke!

*I want to be a doctor! This isn't a game to
me!*

This isn't playtime!

12.- Patch Adams.txt

This is serious business!

I have it in me to be a great doctor...

but in order to do that I have to sacrifice if I want to be better.

"Better." Better than me, hmm?

I will save lives that could have otherwise not been saved.

Now, I could be like you and go around laughing and have a good time, ha ha...

but I prefer to learn, because the more I learn...

the more likely I will have the right answer at the crucial moment and save a life.

And you say I'm a prick? You say I'm a prick?

You know, maybe I am...

12.- Patch Adams.txt

but you ask the average person, when death comes knocking at their door...

whether they want a prick on their side or some kindergarten teacher...

who's gonna kiss their ass!

Because when that day comes I want the prick...

and so will you.

You know, I forget how young you are, Mitch...

that you think you have to be a prick to get things done...

and that you actually think that that's a new idea.

You know what I oughta do? Take it to the state medical board.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

There's gotta be some constitutional right for visiting the sick.

Why don't you say anything?

Sorry, Patch.

I think Walcott has a point.

It's a hospital.

People are suffering and dying.

We're all dying, Truman. Our job is to increase health.

You know what that means?

That means improving the quality of life, not just delaying death.

Either way, l--

For your own sake, I th-- I think you should just lay low for a while.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Maybe you're right.

Preview of coming attractions.

Nurse.

"Death. To die. To expire. To pass on. To perish."

To peg out. To push up daisies. To push up posies.

To become extinct.

Curtains, deceased, demised, departed and defunct.

Dead as a doornail. Dead as a herring.

Dead as a mutton. Dead as nits.

*The last breath. Paying a debt to nature.
The big sleep.*

God's way of saying, "Slow down."

12.- Patch Adams.txt

To check out.

To shuffle off this mortal coil.

To head for the happy hunting ground.

*To blink for an exceptionally long period of
time.*

To find oneself without breath.

*- To be the incredible decaying man. -
Worm buffet.*

- Kick the bucket. - Buy the farm.

- Take the cab. - Cash in your chips.

*And if we bury you ass up, we have a place
to park my bike.*

*Whoo! Comin' out of chute number nine,
ridin' that morphine pony!*

Whoo-aaah!

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Come on now. Hey, yeah

Let's check out the maternity ward. You know those chicks put out.

Here we see that the vitreous body is composed of a transparent jelly...

with a mesh of collagen fibers.

Lights, please.

Uh, before we adjourn Dean Walcott has a brief announcement.

He's gonna have the sex change!

Next Monday the hospital is hosting...

a medical seminar-slash-retreat...

for the Fellowship of the American College of Gynecologists.

I'll get the strippers.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

It is important that they be received in a manner suitable to their status and position.

I have traditionally selected an outstanding student...

to head the welcoming committee.

The time demands are great, and I wouldn't want to jeopardize...

the academic performance of a weaker student.

This year I have chosen...

Hunter Adams.

Oh. Well, thank you.

Hunter...

there's a detailed list of instructions in my office.

Oh, and, uh, the auditorium could use a

12.- Patch Adams.txt

good cleaning.

Did you hear him? "In a style according to their stature and position."

"I am a great doctor! Worship me! Spread before me!

Who dares stand?"

You know what I'm thinking? Maybe we should decorate with a western motif.

How about that? Ah.

Something with stirrups and a big banner that says...

"Howdy, gyneroos! Dilated to meet ya!"

- How about that? - How about just doing it straight?

- What do you mean? - As in, straight to graduation.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Oh. If anybody has a problem with this, please, just walk away right now.

Oh.

All right.

Wow! Yes!

Okay.

They're right on time.

*Good morning, Doctor. Welcome to campus.
Good to see you.*

How you doing, Doctor?

Uh, gentlemen, I believe that you'll find the facilities here...

are just perfect for your purposes today.

We have everything set up in the auditorium.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

If you'd just follow me--

Welcome, cold-handed ones.

It's an honor to greet-slash-welcome...

*so many who have touched so many women
is such a powerful way.*

Come on in.

Watch out. It's a little slippery.

And if you think it's hot out there-- Whoa!

Come on!

Get him in my office now.

All right, gentlemen, if, uh-- Ahem--

if you'd just follow me.

You wanted to see me, sir?

You are dismissed.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Sir.

From this school.

Kindly remove your things...

and vacate the school premises as soon as possible.

What for?

For asking a group of doctors to have a sense of humor about themselves?

Oh, I have a sense of humor, Hunter.

I find it hilarious that, as smart as you are...

you could give me an airtight reason to throw you the hell out of here!

Why am I such a threat to you, sir?

Because what you want is for us to get down there on the same level as our patients...

12.- Patch Adams.txt

to destroy objectivity...

all to uphold some idealistic buddy system...

that will allow you to work through your own feelings of inadequacy.

What you have done here today...

is inexcusable.

You have made a complete mockery out of our distinguished guests.

If you think that I will further tolerate your blatant disregard of the bylaws of this--

What are you smiling at?

Is this all a big joke to you?

Get out of here!

Blatant disregard for school code and procedure.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Defying direct orders from a dean.

And I am aware of your creative efforts...

*to make sure our visiting gynecologists feel
right at home.*

*- Now, what is it you'd like me to do for
you? - I want to graduate, sir.*

Dean Walcott thinks otherwise...

but my grades are way above par.

*I want to finish school so I can become a
doctor.*

*Well, I'm gonna give this to you real
straight.*

*I have a hospital and a medical school to
run here.*

I have to trust the people in my employ...

12.- Patch Adams.txt

*otherwise their quality of life will turn to
shit.*

*Their life turns to shit, my life turns to shit.
Do you follow?*

- Yes. - Good.

*Now, uh, Dean Walcott is a-- a pain in the
ass...*

*but I depend on him to keep me up to speed
on what's going on around here...*

*and I would never take the word of any
student over his.*

However...

*I also have a source that informs me that
your antics...*

*have improved the quality of life for the
patients.*

They don't complain as much, they take less

12.- Patch Adams.txt

medication...

*and, uh, what's-his-name over in has not
thrown his bedpan at a nurse...*

in over a week.

- It's Bill. - Yeah, whatever.

*So, from now on you will not enter that
hospital...*

*unless under the supervision of the
attendant, as part of the curriculum...*

and you will steer clear of Dean Walcott.

Yes, sir. So I'm still in school?

I wouldn't send my laundry out...

but, uh, you just don't screw up, huh?

Come in. Please come in.

Hello?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

- Hello. - Patch?

- Welcome. - What are you doing?

*- I thought we were studying. - We're
studying cellular biology.*

Where are you?

Somewhere.

Surprise!

- Happy birthday! - Happy birthday!

I don't believe this. Where is he?

*- I just saw him around here somewhere. -
Where is he, Truman?*

He's here. You gotta find him.

- Patch? - Ha-ha!

"I do not love you as if you were a salt rose

12.- Patch Adams.txt

or topaz...

*or the air o'er carnations that fire shoots
off.*

*I love you as certain dark things are to be
loved...*

in secret 'tween the shadow and the soul."

We'll finish it later.

What the hell is this? Hunter.

Hunter, please answer me!

Stop laughing! Truman, I see you!

Who the hell are you? You aren't--

Oh! Oh, damn it!

*I hurt my ankle! Somebody get somebody
please!*

Someone-- Hello? My ankle!

12.- Patch Adams.txt

You could have saved yourself a lot of trouble and just asked me out.

Who said anything about asking you out?

I heard something about you.

- That I was in a mental hospital? - Is it true?

Tried to kill myself.

The mental ward was the best thing that ever happened to me.

- What did the doctors do to help you? - The doctors didn't help me.

The patients helped me.

They helped me realize that by helping them I could forget about my own problems.

And I did. I really helped some of them.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

It was an incredible feeling, Carin.

There was one patient named Rudy.

I helped him be able to pee.

*But for the first time in my life, I forgot
about my own problems.*

It was an incredible high.

What?

*It's just that, um, somebody, you know,
could do for me...*

*what you did for me tonight after the way
I've treated you.*

*No one's ever done anything like that for me
before.*

Thank you.

Good night.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

No, this is not a good night. This is a great night!

You know?

Hi, I'm John the Baptist. Any calls?

I've been trying to reach you.

I love you.

Let's go outside. Okay?

Hey, Bill.

Turquoise is a nice color on you.

You don't have to say anything. I know I look good.

My boys.

My boys are beautiful, hmm?

- Yeah. - Did you see my boys?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Yeah.

She's not bad either.

*You think after you're gone, maybe I
could--*

Oh, you're killin' me here, Patch.

S-Sing me that stupid song.

Blue skies smilin' at me

Nothin' but blue skies

Do I see

Bluebirds singin' a song

Nothin' but bluebirds

All day long

Blue days

All of them gone

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Nothin' but blue skies

From now on

See you, Bill.

Por favor. ! Dejeme ver a mi nina!

*- I'm sorry, ma'am. - Somebody speak-- !
Alguien, ayudeme!*

*- ! Dejeme ver a mi nina! - I need the forms
filled out.*

My baby! My baby!

*Ma'am, if you fill out the forms, you can see
her in a moment.*

- Alguien-- - Excuse me.

*- What's going on here? - Oh, drunk driver.
She lost her husband and son.*

- Her daughter's in Trauma One, but it

12.- Patch Adams.txt

doesn't look good. - I need the forms filled out.

- Please! ! Quiero ver a mi nina! - You can see her in one moment.

! Quiero ver a mi nina! My baby! Please!

Maybe you could explain it to me so I might understand it.

It's hospital procedure.

It isn't right that a woman has to spend the last moments of her dying child...

filling out forms.

Last year I had to have my appendix out.

I forgot my insurance card, so they sent me home.

My appendix could have burst. They didn't care.

You know, my antibiotics cost bucks a

12.- Patch Adams.txt

month.

I paid \$ just to find out I had a sprained ankle.

- I mean, do they really need to do all those tests? - You know what they need to do.

The government needs to pay for health insurance.

Health insurance companies are why prices got so high in the first place.

- What do we do? - Yeah, what the hell is the answer?

- Don't hurt your ankle. - Yeah, right.

- Patch? - Mm-hmm. Wait, wait, wait, wait.

That's it.

- I gotta tell Carin. - What?

Oh.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

- Can I borrow this stuff? - Sure.

- What do you see? - Patch, it's late.

What do you see?

Parsley.

- And a horn. - No, no, no.

Look beyond the objects. Look through them.

Over here. Look.

Kind of let them blur. Tell me the first thing you see.

- Something with a nose. - Okay.

Now imagine that's a building with a nose.

- A free hospital. - A free hospital.

- Can I go back to bed now? - No, no.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Because I'm bursting with ideas, and I need you to help me.

It'll be the first fun hospital in the world.

It'll be a totally free-form building.

It'll have, like, slides and secret passageways and game rooms.

- Slow down. I can't write that fast. - I can't slow down.

We'll use humor to heal pain and suffering.

Doctors and patients will work side-by-side as peers.

There'll be no titles, no bosses.

People will come from all over the world to fulfill their dream of helping other people.

They'll be a community where joy is a way of life...

12.- Patch Adams.txt

where learning is the highest aim, where love is the ultimate goal.

- You have all that? - Yeah, not verbatim, but the overall insanity's intact.

- That's why you have to help me. - Patch, no.

- Yes. - No.

I know it's not gonna be easy, but you said anything worth doing is difficult.

Look, um--

I'm not like you, Patch.

I want the white coat. I want people to call me doctor more than anything.

- I want the recognition. - You'll get it every day in the eyes of patients you're helping.

There is more to life than what Dean

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Walcott puts out there.

That is all about power and control, all right?

- I know you're scared. - You're right. I am scared.

I'm scared to death.

You know, you sit here and you talk about life without limits...

you know, and breaking the rules.

It all sounds very, very romantic.

You wanna know what the truth is about all that crap, Patch, hmm?

People get hurt.

And who did it to you?

- I have to go. - No, don't. Please. No, no. Listen to me. Come on.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Whatever it is-- Come on. You can tell me.

- I can help you. I swear I can. - Good night. I'll see you tomorrow.

Please, let me help you.

I'm really starting to love the back of your head.

Get this cleaned out, and get him down to the suture room.

You're gonna be fine, Larry.

Larry's been in and out of the E.R. for a couple of years.

- Not because he's accident-prone. - No. His father died two years ago.

Since then he's been subject to fits of depression and self-mutilation.

Head trauma, D- .

12.- Patch Adams.txt

- Thank you for doing this. - You can thank me by not getting me fired.

Just observe rounds and stay within hospital protocol.

Look, Patch.

You're a good thing for this hospital.

You remind me of myself when I first started out--

on fire, wanting to save the world.

But you lose a little of that after a while.

The system is what it is. It's not perfect, but it's all we have.

Why does it have to be all we have? Why can't it be changed?

You figure out how, Patch...

*12.- Patch Adams.txt
and I'll be there for you.*

Bed six needs blood work.

Mrs. O'Bannon needs blood work.

Hello, Ed. You feeling a little dizzy?

- Yeah. - Hello, Mrs. O'Bannon.

*- May I call you Catherine? We're gonna
draw a little blood. - Mm-hmm.*

*Can you tell how many fingers I'm holding
up?*

How many do you see?

How many fingers?

- How many fingers do you see, Ed?

*How much longer do I have to keep my
eyes closed?*

Just till I open mine.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Keep 'em closed.

You're almost there.

Not like that. This way.

Come on. Come on.

There you go. All right.

Here, here. Hold on to me.

It's just a little further. Just a little further.

- All right, all right. - There you go.

There you are. That's all right.

- You're almost there. - I'm afraid.

Don't be afraid. It's gonna be worth it.

All right. Ready? Watch your step.

There you go. And... open your eyes.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

It's beautiful.

It's acres of all-natural forest.

Seven streams, two waterfalls.

*This is it-- the future site of the Gesundheit
Institute.*

This is yours?

Not yet, but it will be soon.

- Come on. There's something else. -

Hmm?

What is it?

Our new home.

Carin, what do you think?

- How did you... find this? - Him.

Arthur Mendelson. All this is his-- the

12.- Patch Adams.txt

land, the cottage.

He's letting us borrow it till we can purchase it.

Mr. Mendelson, I realize that under the terms of your commitment...

you retained control of your assets.

- Nevertheless-- - You learn anything about proctology yet, Patch?

- A little bit. - Good.

Take care of this asshole for me, will ya?

- Nice meeting you. - Yeah. Mr. Mendelson, uh--

There's room for you.

- Hi, Bile. - Hey, Patch.

- Who's Bile? - An old friend.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

- Oh. - Without medical insurance.

He's just staying here a couple of days.

What do you say?

Think potential.

Hey.

You're certainly a lovely couple. We can't go on meeting like this.

Ma'am, this card is expired.

Have you a valid card?

Huh? Medicine. Chinese medicine.

Yeah, yeah. That's painful there.

Uh, hang on a second. I only have one arm.

Gesundheit.

*12.- Patch Adams.txt
- Let's go! - Yeah. Uh-huh.*

Uh-huh. Yeah.

Hi. How can we help you?

I don't know.

Uh, I h-heard about this place...

*and I, I thought maybe I would get some,
uh--*

*You know, maybe I'd talk to somebody,
because my thoughts--*

This is crazy.

*Word's getting out we're handling the
overflow from three different clinics now.*

*I start my pediatric clerkship next week. I
don't know how I'm gonna... keep up.*

Anybody call for a doctor in here?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Let's try this right now. There. Look at that there.

Hey, thank you, Judy and Cissy, for that lovely medicine.

- How you feeling, Frank? You feel better?

- Yeah, feel better.

Well, keep on your medication. You can never go wrong if you're a Marxist.

Hey, Patch?

- Yes? - This is, um-- I didn't get your name.

- Uh, Larry. - Hi, Larry. How are you?

- Good. - Nice to meet you.

*What are you passionate about, Larry?
What excites you?*

- What turns you on? - I like to read.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

*I love to read. What do you like to read?
Who's your favorite author?*

- Mmm, Kazantzakis. - Kazantzakis.

*Oh. "World is trouble. Man needs a little
madness, or else--"*

*"Or else he dare not cut the rope and be
free."*

That's great, Larry. That's wonderful.

We're gonna get along just fine. Truman.

*- Yeah, Patch. What? - Can you come over
here and show Larry around?*

*- Nice having you here, Larry. Welcome. -
Thanks. Okay.*

*- I've seen Larry in the E.R. before. - He's
weird.*

*I'm weird. If we don't show him
compassion, who will?*

12.- Patch Adams.txt

What's that name again? Right.

- Hi. - Hi.

- Everyone asleep? - Yeah.

But it ain't me.

You okay?

- Yeah. - Hmm.

God, Patch, it's amazing.

What?

Just what you've done with this place, you know.

- You too. - Well.

These people that we're helping--

they would have had nowhere to go.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

You're a good man.

What are we?

Is it me?

*I mean, are we just-- are we good friends
that occasionally kiss?*

Patch...

my entire life...

men have been...

attracted to me.

My entire life.

When I was a little girl...

*I would look out my bedroom window at
the caterpillars.*

I envied them so much.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

No matter what they were before...

no matter... what happened to them...

they could just hide away, you know...

*and turn into these beautiful creatures that
could fly away...*

completely untouched.

I hated men so much.

I wanted nothing to do with them.

Then I met you.

The way that you help people, Patch--

*The changes I see in everybody that's
around you--*

I love you.

I've loved you for so long.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

You scared me.

I was watching you sleep.

I have a real knack. Impressive, hmm?

"I love you without knowing how...

"or when or from where.

- I love you straight--" - Patch.

Um, sorry.

It's okay.

Uh, we have a situation out here...

that needs attention.

*I've been trying to warn you guys about
this...*

and now we have absolutely zero supplies.

There's an older gentlemen over there. He

12.- Patch Adams.txt

has a sprained shoulder.

I don't have any slings. I had to wrap his arm in his own belt.

We have no iodine. We don't even have any gauze, for God's sake.

There's an entire supply room at the hospital.

That couldn't possibly be because those supplies belong to the hospital.

No. That's too obvious.

Come on. I need your feet, and I want your body.

- Come on. - Bye.

Behave.

- Would you hurry, please? This stuff is crushing me. - Quiet. You're a corpse.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Ow! Shh!

- Ow! - Damn it!

- Watch it! - Quiet. Shut up!

*Uh, I was wondering i-if somebody could
come over.*

Uh--

I'm not doin' too well. Um--

*I was, I was-- I-It would help if I could talk
to somebody.*

Uh... okay.

Hello?

Larry?

Larry?

Are you okay?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm fine. I'm fine.

- I didn't know you could play. You sound wonderful. - Thank you.

And this house-- it's amazing. Is it yours?

It's my father's. He left it to me.

Here. Let me take your jacket.

Sure.

- You okay? - Yeah. I'm fine. I'm fine.

Uh, come in. Come in.

Thanks.

I really can't stay very long. I just wanted to see how you were doing.

Yeah, you're right.

No, we don't wanna be late.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Patch.

- Oh. - You just got a telephone call.

Dean Anderson wants to see you in his office immediately.

- Oh, no. Walcott found out about our borrowed supplies. - We're dead.

Ye of little faith.

Dean Anderson, I know what this is all about, and I assure you, sir--

Sit down.

Something happened last night.

Carin Fisher was murdered.

She was with Lawrence Silver.

There was a shotgun involved, and then he turned the gun on himself.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Jesus Christ, Patch, I'm sorry. I know she was a friend.

If there's, um, anything I can do--

Hell of a deal.

"Into Your hands, O Merciful Savior...

we commend Your servant Carin.

Receive her into the arms of Your mercy,

into the blessed rest of everlasting peace,

and into the glorious company of the saints... on high."

Amen.

Told you I'd finish it some other time.

Guess now's okay.

"I love you without knowing how... or when...

12.- Patch Adams.txt

or from where.

I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride.

I love you because I know no other way than this.

So close...

that your hand on my chest is my hand.

So close that when you close your eyes...

I fall asleep."

I'm sorry, honey! I'm sorry!

We can't disband. You know that, right?

What about our patients? What do we tell them?

They'll manage. They managed before.

*12.- Patch Adams.txt
- I refuse to quit. - Good.*

God, you're being so self-indulgent.

*This has been your vision, but we all built
this place and it belongs to all of us.*

*Carin will always remain within these
walls.*

*If you walk away from that, if you let that
all die--*

I've dedicated every spare moment I have...

*to assisting you in what I believe is a pure
and a good purpose.*

*Quitting is not going to help you get
through this.*

- You've always told us-- - Stop it!

I've always told you what?

People are good. Trust people? Ha!

12.- Patch Adams.txt

You know, Truman...

in all of God's creations, only human beings kill their own species.

There's a fun fact for your final exam.

Carin's death cannot make helping people wrong.

She saw it coming.

She knew there was something dangerous about Larry. I didn't see it.

Patch, why are you being like this?

Because I killed her, Truman.

I taught her the medicine that killed her.

She'd still be here if I hadn't met her.

You can't leave.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

If what you say is true, looks like I'm defying the laws of possibility.

What are you doing?

Oh, I can't leave until you beat me, is that it?

Okay. I surrender. You're number one.

You're the top student in the class. You're smarter than me.

Is that what you want to hear? Now can I leave?

You know Mrs. Kennedy in ?

She doesn't eat.

I visited her room every day for the last three weeks.

I can't get her to eat.

Now, I know everything there is to know

*12.- Patch Adams.txt
about medicine.*

I've studied relentlessly.

*I guarantee you I can outdo, outdiagnose
any attending and surgeon in this hospital.*

But I can't make her eat.

You have a gift.

You have a way with people.

You know, they like you.

And if you leave, I can't learn this way.

So what now, huh?

What do You want from me?

Yeah, I could do it.

We both know You wouldn't stop me.

So answer me, please.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Tell me what You're doing.

Okay, let's look at the logic.

You create man.

Man suffers enormous amounts of pain.

Man dies.

*Maybe You should have had just a few
more brainstorming sessions...*

prior to Creation.

You rested on the seventh day.

*Maybe You should have spent that day on
compassion.*

You know what?

You're not worth it.

Do you still want help with Mrs. Kennedy?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Hey, Aggie.

We have a special surprise for you.

Surprise!

Benvenuto, Aggie!

Aggie! Aggie!

Grab ahold, Aggie!

There you go. Oh!

- Oh. - Come on in, Aggie.!

Y-Yes.

Pasta angels, Aggie! Pasta angels!

Patch?

Hey. I'm supposed to give you this.

- You turn around and walk right out of

12.- Patch Adams.txt

here. - Why?

Everything will be delineated in your letter of dismissal.

- Why? - You don't fit in.

There are standards and codes.

You make the patients and everyone else around you uncomfortable.

- I make you uncomfortable. - Well, you can make this into a personal issue if you'd like.

But the reality is, you are not cut out to be a physician.

- And it is my responsibility-- - Responsibility?

You have one responsibility-- to be a dick-head. How hard can that be?

All you have to do is make sure your head is a dick and it's attached to your neck.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

- You leave immediately. - I wanna see my records.

They're confidential.

Only the staff--

Please, you have to have permission.

You can't just go in there and take your own file!

Your marks are basically perfect.

You've gotta be near the top of the class.

Look at this. "Excessive happiness."

- Actually says you're excessively happy? - Mm-hmm.

And what does that mean? Isn't that good?

- I gotta fight this. - What can we do?

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Dean Walcott seems thoroughly committed to your not ever becoming a doctor.

Even Dean Anderson signed this.

Nah, I'm screwed.

I like this.

You need my help.

I prefer to think I'm using you.

- You have one shot. - Mm-hmm.

- You'd have to appeal to the state medical board. - How does that work?

You claim that a prejudice and injustice has occurred.

- They'll be worried about a suit. They'll have to investigate. - Then what?

- They'll review your grades, which is good-- - Mm-hmm.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

you're almost top of the class--

but mostly your behavior.

*Do you have any idea what Walcott has on
you?*

How'd you get these?

Don't ask.

*They can't prevent me from graduating
because of a personality clash, can they?*

*Hunter, this is a medical institution you're
dealing with.*

They draw their own law.

*You'll have to get their focus on your high
marks and off of this.*

I'm screwed, aren't I?

You're almost a doctor.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

They're a panel of doctors.

Just think of them as your peers... and return these.

Yeah.

And get a suit.

Hunter Adams.

You've been accused of practicing medicine without a license.

That's a very grave charge, son.

Are you aware that it's unlawful to practice medicine without a medical license?

Yes, sir, I am.

Are you aware that running a medical clinic without the proper licensing...

can place both you and the public...

12.- Patch Adams.txt

in a great deal of danger?

Is a home a clinic, sir?

If you are admitting patients and treating them...

physical location is irrelevant.

Sir, will you define treatment for me?

Yes. Treatment would be defined as the care of a patient seeking medical attention.

Have you been treating patients, Mr. Adams?

I live with several people. They come and go as they please.

I offer them whatever help I can.

Mr. Adams...

have you or have you not been treating

12.- Patch Adams.txt

patients at your ranch?

Everyone who comes to the ranch is a patient, yes.

And every person who comes to the ranch is also a doctor.

I'm sorry?

Every person who comes to the ranch is in need...

of some form of physical or mental help.

They're patients.

But also every person who comes to the ranch is in charge of taking care of someone else--

whether it's cooking for them, cleaning them...

or even as simple a task as listening.

That makes them doctors.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

I use that term broadly, but is not a doctor someone who helps someone else?

When did the term "doctor" get treated with such reverence, as, "Right this way, Doctor Smith"...

or, "Excuse me, Dr. Scholl, what wonderful footpads"...

or, "Pardon me, Dr. Patterson, but your flatulence has no odor"?

At what point in history did a doctor become more...

than a trusted and learned friend who visited and treated the ill?

Now, you ask me if I've been practicing medicine.

Well, if this means opening your door to those in need--

12.- Patch Adams.txt
those in pain--

caring for them, listening to them,
applying a cold cloth until a fever breaks--

if this is practicing medicine, if this is
treating a patient...

then I am guilty as charged, sir.

Did you consider the ramifications of your
actions?

What if one of your patients had died?

What's wrong with death, sir?

What are we so mortally afraid of?

Why can't we treat death with a certain
amount of humanity and dignity and decency...

and, God forbid, maybe even humor?

Death is not the enemy, gentlemen.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

If we're gonna fight a disease, let's fight one of the most terrible diseases of all--

indifference.

Now, I've sat in your schools and heard people lecture on transference...

and professional distance.

Transference is inevitable, sir.

Every human being has an impact on another.

Why don't we want that in a patient/doctor relationship?

That's why I've listened to your teachings, and I believe they're wrong.

A doctor's mission should be not just to prevent death...

but also to improve the quality of life.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

*That's why you treat a disease, you win,
you lose.*

*You treat a person, I guarantee you, you
win, no matter what the outcome.*

*Now here today, this room is full of
medical students.*

*Don't let them anesthetize you. Don't let
them numb you out to the miracle of life.*

*Always live in awe of the glorious
mechanism of the human body.*

*Let that be the focus of your studies and
not a quest for grades...*

*which'll give you no idea what kind of
doctor you will become.*

Please try and address the board.

*Don't wait till you're on the ward to get
your humanity back.*

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Start your interviewing skills. Start talking to strangers.

Talk to your friends, Talk to wrong numbers, everyone.

- Mr. Adams! - And cultivate friendships...

with those amazing people in the back of the room-- nurses that could teach you.

They've been with people every day. They wade through blood and shit.

They have a wealth of knowledge, and so do the professors you respect--

the ones who are not dead from the heart up.

- Share their compassion. Let that be contagious. - Mr. Adams.

I demand that you turn and address the board.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

Sir, I want to be a doctor with all my heart.

*I wanted to become a doctor so I could
serve others...*

and because of that I've lost everything...

but I've also gained everything.

*I've shared the lives of patients and staff
members at the hospital.*

*I've laughed with them. I've cried with
them.*

This is what I want to do with my life.

And as God is my witness...

no matter what your decision today, sir...

*I will still become the best damn doctor the
world has ever seen.*

*Now you have the ability to prevent me
from graduating.*

12.- Patch Adams.txt

You can keep me from getting the title and the white coat.

But you can't control my spirit, gentlemen.

You can't keep me from learning. You can't keep me from studying.

So you have a choice-- you could have me as a professional colleague...

passionate...

or you can have me as an outspoken outsider, still adamant.

Either way, I'll probably still be viewed as a thorn.

But I promise you one thing.

Is that all?

I hope not, sir.

12.- Patch Adams.txt
We will adjourn briefly.

Thank you.

Hunter Adams.

We find your methods less than appealing.

Your appearance and your demeanor do not reflect...

what we believe is necessary...

to earn a patient's trust and respect.

You openly accuse us of adhering to time-honored practices...

that for years have been the backbone of the entire medical institution.

However...

we find no fault in your attempts...

to improve the quality of life around you.

12.- Patch Adams.txt

We find no fault in your desire...

*to expand upon existing medical
practices...*

and theories.

We applaud your love of the patient.

*Your grades are among the highest in your
class...*

*and, therefore, we find no merit in the
decision...*

*to block your graduation from medical
school.*

*Now, along with your crass and disdainful
behavior...*

you carry with you a flame...

which one could only hope...

*12.- Patch Adams.txt
would spread through the medical
profession like a brushfire.*

And, uh, Dean Walcott...

in the future, I think matters like this...

*could best be solved if you yourself would
practice a little...*

"excessive happiness."

Well, today you go...

*from being students in a class to being
members of a class--*

a very select class.

*You face the future with your heads held
high...*

because you are now... doctors.

Dr. Michael Ames.

12.- Patch Adams.txt
Dr. Doris Ackerman

Dr. Hunter "Patch" Adams.

Yea, Patch!

*Well, I'm happy to see you've finally
decided to conform.*

More than you know, sir.