



Scripts.com

Robodoc

By Doug Gordon

Hey, can you help me?
I need a doctor.
No, my friend,
you need a lawyer.
Call me.
Hey!
Good morning, boys.
Looks like you lost your patient again.
Do I have to separate you two?
Stop it! Stop it!
Stop it!
Wait your turn.
Don't you know everybody
is in here is waiting?
Go take a seat.
Take a seat over there.
Do you have an insurance card?
No.
Take a seat over there,
and fill out these forms.
Where?
Over there.
Sir.
Your eyeball.
Next.
Hey, that's you buddy.
Guess that's me.
I've got this incredibly painful paper cut.
Do you have an insurance card?
Yes, I do.
Code Green! Code Green!
Oh, my goodness!
Nice booty!
Thank you.
Thank you!
Great, on top of everything else,
the circus is in town.
Hey!
Do I have to see all these patients by myself?
Where are my doctors?
They're at a meeting
on electronic charting, Dr. Roskin.
Didn't you get the memo?
No, there's nothing in my box.

I sent it to you by email.
Email, yes, damn computers.
Look, find the technology
to page Dr. Callaby. I need help down here.
Dr. Callaby, to the E.R., stat.
Dr. Callaby, to the E.R., stat.
Dr. Callaby, to the E.R., stat.
Dr. Callaby, to the E.R., stat.
Oh, too bad, so sad.
Just started this round,
got 17 holes to go.
Hey, how nice of you all to join me.
Dr. Murphy, you take the clown in room 5.
Dr. Keefe, you take the headache in room 7.
He's got a headache?
No, he is a headache.
Bonacasa, the mime in
room 9 is all yours.
- What's wrong with the mime?
- Didn't say.
Go, go, go!
Nurse Nancy, if you'd be good enough
to pry yourself away from that screen.
You should be paging
Dr. Ramalama to the E.R.,
and I want Dr. Mills down here
for the F.L.K. In room 6.
Can't pay your electric bill?
Sue your doctor.
I'm Jake Gorman,
Attorney at Law, and I care for you.
Rat bastard.
Mr. Jenkins? What seems to be
the problem today?
Now, wait a minute.
I don't want some snot-nosed punk
who's not even able to shave yet
telling me he's my doctor.
I want a real doctor.
I am a real doctor, okay?
And I assure you I am most qualified...
Is there a problem here?
No, no problem.
You're damned right there's a problem.

I've been waiting for two hours
to be seen by a real doctor.
One with hair on his pee-pee.
I know my rights.
I'm going to call my lawyer.
I'm Dr. Roskin, Chief of Staff.
I've been running this E.R.
For some 25 years now.
On the pee-pee hair front,
I boast a rather generous
thatch of botanical splendor,
much of it a well-earned gray.
May I see the chart, please?
I see that you've never been vaccinated
against tetanus, rabies, distemper,
Dengue fever, malaria,
rockin' pneumonia or the boogie-woogie flu.
No, that's okay, doc.
I don't need those shots.
Well, medically I'm sure you're right,
but the lawyer you said you would be calling
would call me negligent
if I didn't give them to you,
so, Nurse Helga, please,
if you would assist the young Doctor Keefe.
- Thank you.
- Yes, doctor.
- Dr. Murphy?
- Yeah.
There's a patient here who insists
on being seen by you.
Okay, thanks.
Oh!
Thank you very much.
Dr. Murphy?
- Yes?
- Damn glad to meet you.
Oh! This is from Jake Gorman's office.
You've been served.
Have a nice day, doc.
Damn. That's the third malpractice suit
today, you punk!
I don't think that hip is broken at all.
Let's try standing. There.

Yes, good, okay.

- We'll walk a little...

- I quit!

Dr. Murphy.

I try to help these upstanding citizens,
how do they repay me?

By suing me every chance they get.

I'm finished!

Now Bradley, please, don't leave me now.

I'm begging you.

I've got wall-to-wall patients here.

They're going to have to get better
on their own, Richard.

I'm finished. I'm done.

Finito. Gone. Hasta la bye-bye.

Game over.

See this?

Now if you'll excuse me,

I have a clown to kill.

That's it! I need an administrator!

Get Buttkiss down here now!

Mr. Abrams, I'm Gene Buttkiss.

I'm the Chief Administrator

here at North Mercy.

Your health is very important
to you, isn't it, sir?

It sure is.

And what would you say it would be worth
for my staff to nurse you back to health?

Well, you can't put a price on health.

- Try.

- A million dollars.

Oh, a million dollars! I like that!

And how much are you
actually going to pay us?

Well, I have no money.

I have no insurance.

Oh! No money? Oh, I see.

So, for a million dollars' worth of service,
you're going to pay us the grand total of,

I don't know, for argument's sake

let's just use a ball park figure of nothing!

Zip! Nada! Goose egg!

You are outta here!

I don't know about you, but I feel better.
- Buttkiss!
- Oh, Dr. Roskin. What can I do for you?
Murphy quit. I need more doctors.
More doctors, right, sure,
I'll just pull a few more out of my uh... ear.
I mean it, I don't care where they come
from, I need more docs.
Alright Richard, I'll call corporate headquarters.
But until then,
I've got some medical advice for you.
Don't hold your breath.
Thanks for calling RIP,
sorry for keeping you on hold for so long.
How can I help you?
Hello?
Hello?
Make it quick.
Uh, yeah. Sorry to bother you sir,
Bothering me is your job,
Buttkiss, and you do it very well.
I see.
Well, you tell Dr. Roskin
that he'll have his new doctor.
- First thing tomorrow morning.
- Thank you, sir.
I was, um, right, okay, good.
Thank you.
Board members, shareholders,
and executives.
It is my honor to serve as president
of RIP Healthcare.
As many of you know, I was the owner of the
Bionics and Medical Devices division for years,
what many of you don't know, however,
is that I was born without a heart.
There's no heartbeat.
This baby has no heart.
I was rushed to the neo-natal
intensive care unit,
and there received the first ever
fully-automated internal combustion
artificial heart
ever produced by

the Medical Devices division
of RIP healthcare.

This baby saved my life.

And since the company saved my life,
I thought it was only my
duty to save the company.

And I have.

RIP Healthcare will enjoy a profit
of no less than \$3 billion
this fiscal quarter alone.

But we do have a problem

You see, each year we lose literally
hundreds of millions of dollars
in medical malpractice lawsuits
brought against our doctors
by sleazy, slimy, low-life,
blood-sucking, leaching lawyers.

But what can we do?

We're a hospital.

We need doctors,

and doctors make mistakes.

After all, they're only human, right?

Not any more.

What if I were to tell you
that we can have a doctor that works

A doctor that knows everything,

a doctor that can do anything,

a doctor that makes no mistakes?

You'd say I was crazy.

You'd say I was

a raving lunatic, wouldn't you?

Well, ladies and gentlemen,

I give you the future of medicine.

I give you medical device MD-63.

Made with the latest space-age composite

materials and microprocessors,

packing 350 gigabytes of RAM

and a 2.4 liter air-cooled engine,

MD-63 can effectively,

efficiently and inexpensively,

do the work of a dozen human doctors.

MD-63 will now demonstrate his ability

to perform the world's

fastest physical examination.

Ah, John from the mail room
was kind enough to volunteer
to be the first patient.

Okay.

MD-63...

...begin.

Oh, my gosh!

He's totally crushing that guy's nuts.

Shut him down!

- I'm trying!

- Shut him down!

We give you \$3 billion of research money,
and you give us a defective,
ball-busting bucket of bolts.

Frank, how nice of you to stand up
and volunteer to be the next patient.

Meeting adjourned.

Let's go, hurry up.

You.

Get that high-tech, groin-grabbing,
crotch-crunching nutcracker fixed! Now.

MD-63 starts tomorrow morning
at North Mercy hospital.

Did you say North Mercy?

Did you say tomorrow?

Yes, have you got a problem with that?

No, no. No problem.

Good.

Because he will be in that hospital
tomorrow as a doctor,
or the two of you will be in the hospital
as patients.

Pasqual, stay with them,
make sure they get it done.

Look at my client!

Look at the hideous scar you left across
his forehead, Doctor... um...

Sosumi!

Doctor, I am suing you!

No, no, my name is Dr. Sosumi.

Okay, then, Doctor.

What possible justification
can you have for leaving that horrible scar?
I had to operate to save his life.

To save his life!
What kind of life do you think
my client's going to have now,
now that you've butchered his skull?
My client may look like a monster,
but you, you doctor,
are the monster.
Doctor, did you warn my client,
Mr. Martin,
that he was going to have a horrible scar
before you ruthlessly
and maliciously hacked open his skull?
No, he fall off bar stool.
He was unconscious. He was in coma.
Oh, I see.
Hey! He was unconscious, he was in a coma,
so you figured, what the hell?
I can do whatever I wanted.
What if you wanted to have sex with him?
Did you, doctor? Did you
have sex with Mr. Martin?
- Did you?
- What? You're crazy!
Did you flip him over
and do the horizontal hula?
Order! Order in the court!
No more questions, Your Honor.
The sight of this...
...doctor makes me sick.
Yeah, \$2 million dollars for a scar
on a drunk whose life isn't worth a nickel.
Don't worry, you'll get
your usual finders fee.
Hey, I gotta go, I got some business
I gotta chase down.
Thanks, buddy.
You're welcome, Jake. Very welcome.
Thank you for coming, Dr. Mills.
Looks like you've found
another patient for your clinic.
I'm a afraid your son is cross-eyed.
Has Dr. Callaby come down yet?
What are you doing?
Charting vital signs.

And who is taking these vital signs?
The machine over there.
So you're telling this machine
what that machine is doing?
Yeah, that's my job.
Oh, we're the people
whose job it is to take care of the patients.
See, that's what they look like.
They're over there, those living
actual human things over there.
We have too many of those,
not enough nurses,
not enough doctors, not enough time,
and too many computers.
Are you listening to me?
No, because you're talking to a computer.
Let me guess. You're the mime.
I'll take that as a yes.
What seems to be the problem?
Your nose...
...is running.
You have a runny nose.
Anything else?
Your throat...
sounds like...
saw... sore! Your throat is sore.
That's really funny,
a mime with a sore throat.
Here, why don't you have a lozenge,
and I'll write you a prescription.
Don't be afraid, I'm a doctor.
Go ahead.
You know, it's kind of funny,
when I was a kid, I really wanted to be a mime.
I used to do that box thing
for hours, I'd be like...
You know?
What? It's not that bad.
You don't have to be insulting, buddy.
Oh, my God!
Come here.
Oh, excuse me.
- Out of the way!
- Got a live one here!

- Watch out.

- Come on.

Dr. Callaby, we need you right now!

We got a multiple trauma.

He's got an open head injury,

a ruptured spleen,

and chopped liver.

His BP is 25 over 5.

This guy's a mess.

I don't have time for this today.

I have to be on the golf

course in ten minutes.

Everyone on my count,

one, two,

three!

Dr. Callaby, that man is going to die

unless you get him into surgery right now.

That man is going to die

no matter what I do right now.

So, if it's all the same to you,

I'd rather be playing golf.

You walk out, I report you

to the state medical board.

Oh, and while you're at it,

why don't you inform them

that I am the only doctor on staff

that has never been sued for malpractice.

If you'll excuse me, the green is calling.

Get back here, Callaby.

I'm going to count to three.

One, two, three...

Fore!

It's getting late.

You guys finished with this tin can yet?

Well, I adjusted his tactile sensors

so he doesn't crush anymore... right.

And right now, I'm scanning this month's

medical journals to update his database.

We're almost done, okay?

He'll be ready by morning.

He better be.

Damn it.

If this doesn't work, we're both dead.

Speaking of dead,

I better have a talk with Lauren Mills
before we bring him up
on the floor tomorrow.
Whaddya say we just
get a last meal?
How about pizza?
Sounds good, let's go.
Hey!
Rise and shine.
That includes you, Mr. Mime Molester.
What?
What did I do?
Nothing, other than the mime.
Come on. I didn't do the mime.
In my country, it is strictly forbidden to have
sexual relations with mimes.
Bearded ladies, yes, but mimes, never.
What country are you from?
I'm from Akmannycaca,
we are listed first in the U.N. Phone book.
Did you hear me?
Come on, we've got a backlog from last night.
Look at this.
We have 38...
...37 patients to see.
He was in my parking spot.
We've been through this Jason.
I know we talked about this.
I just wanna be sure you understand.
I just, I want you to be prepared.
I know you were in love with my brother,
but this isn't him.
It's created in his image.
But it's a machine, it isn't human.
He isn't... It isn't Robert.
It was a long time ago.
I'm over it.
Then why do you
still wear the watch he gave you?
I need to know the time.
Richard, I've got some
great news for you!
I found you another doctor.
Oh, thank goodness.

Welcome aboard, Doctor...
Uh, I'm not the doctor.
This is your doctor.
Hello, Dr. Roskin.
I'm Medical Device model number MD-63.
I'm a new mechanized, computerized,
physician replacement.
This is a... This is a good joke.
What? A hidden camera
around here somewhere?
I'll just let you two get acquainted.
That's funny, it is.
It's no joke, doctor.
I'm Jason Dockery,
M.D. 63's chief technician.
I'm here to get you acquainted
with his features.
Features?
I asked Buttkiss for a doctor with a pulse,
I don't need an
overgrown coffee maker.
Coffee? Would you like it black?
Or with cream and sugar?
Buttkiss!
Maybe he wanted tea?
Buttkiss! You promised me a doctor!
You've given me a vending machine
with a stethoscope.
So you've met M.D. 63.
I hear he's a very expensive,
highly-specialized device.
I don't need a device.
I need a living, breathing doctor.
Well, forget it!
Look around, Richard.
Lawsuits, malpractice rates,
decreasing reimbursements.
All the breathing doctors are quitting.
Just give it a chance. Maybe you'll learn
something from this robot doctor.
And I need another nurse!
One made of flesh would be nice.
Half-caf, triple grande,
three sugars, soy.

No whipped mocha.
Me, too.
Come on, Doctor Coffee,
we're late for rounds.
Back straight, stomach out a tiny bit,
put your feet down,
right in the middle...
Gentlemen! Let us begin.
Allow me to introduce the
newest addition to our staff.
This is what corporate now
refers to as a physician.
Wait a minute,
you have got to be kidding.
Is he a...
Yes, right down to his CPU.
Dr. Keefe, your presentation.
Speaking of P.U.,
Mrs. Flaherty is a morbidly obese,
flatulent, malodorous...
Alright, okay, we get the point,
she's fat and smelly.
Mrs. Flaherty is a 52-year-old woman
who is suffering from abdominal pain.
Let me take a look.
Mrs. Flaherty,
does it hurt when I do this?
Does it hurt when I do this?
Mrs. Flaherty,
when was the last time you ate?
About ten minutes ago.
Ah. And what did you eat?
I had a rack of lamb,
a side of beef,
four fried chickens,
and some Chinese.
Ah, some Chinese food?
Or some Chinese people?
Doctors, it appears that
Mrs. Flaherty has...
an old-fashioned stomach-ache.
If we're all in agreement, let's get her
some antacid and get her out of here.
I disagree.

Oh, the toaster speaks.
This woman has acute appendicitis.
I've seen her naked.
Trust me, she doesn't have a cute anything.
She needs surgery now.
Okay, I am not going to
stand here and justify myself
to some motorized mannequin.
I am Chief of Surgery,
and I say she's out of here.
She's outta here!
If you do not open her up, I will.
You couldn't open a can of beans, tin man.
Well, actually...
Fine!
Go right ahead.
But who's going to help you, huh?
MD-63 doesn't need any help.
He shifts automatically
between anesthesiologist,
surgeon and scrub nurse mode.
One red hot appendix, doctor.
What is he doing now?
Since MD-63 is programmed to perform
the duties of 58 medical sub specialists,
he can diagnose and treat
any patient all on his own.
Mama!
What the hell did you do to her?
An appendectomy. I also
took the liberty of performing liposuction,
tummy tuck, face lift
and breast augmentation.
Thank you, doctor.
Beginner's luck.
Ma'am, we're going to have
to repeat that exam.
Yeah, right buddy.
He was my creation, you know.
I created him.
Just because they've installed in you
all of the finest, latest medical technology,
that doesn't make you a real doctor.
Bonacasa, will you show "it" around?

Yes, sir.
Don't worry about him.
He's still trying to figure
out how to use his cell phone.
I hit it, I hit it!
There you are, sweetie.
You need to stay in the clinic, okay?
I hope he didn't hurt... you.
Dr. Mills, this is MD-63
Have you met before?
No, it's just he...
...reminds me of
someone I used to know.
Perhaps it's one of my prototypes.
I've been told I bear
a striking resemblance
to MD models 48, 57, and 59 through 61.
The nurses are all talking about you.
They call you RoboDoc.
You can call me Lauren.
I run the children's clinic.
You're a pediatrician?
With a sub-specialization
in cross-eyed children.
We hope to cure them one day.
Dr. Von Schmekel in Germany
is doing some wonderful research.
But until they find a cure, I teach them
to function in a straight-eyed world.
Yeah. Well, it looks like
you're doing a bang-up job.
Cute kid.
If you'll excuse us, I've got to show
RoboDoc around the hospital.
It was nice meeting you.
I hit the ball! I hit the ball!
Yes, you did, Joey.
Yes, you did.
I think I see the problem.
Is RoboCrock qualified to handle
psychiatric patients?
Psychiatry isn't in his
automated menu, however,
I can put him in that mode, manually.

With this psychiatry memory stick.

Did they follow you here?

They who?

They! The CIA.,

F.B.I., K.G.B.,

N.R.A., A.A.R.P.,

N.A.A.C.P.!

No.

Listen, Doc, you gotta help me.

The space aliens can read my mind.

They put a chip in my head, doc.

Sir,

there's nothing wrong with

having a chip in your head.

Doc! Oh, no!

They got you, too.

That certainly did not produce
the intended therapeutic effect.

Doctor, come quick we
have a patient crashing.

Let's see how you handle this one.

He just stopped breathing.

Perhaps he's angry at his mother.

What?

Tell me, what was your childhood like?

Oh, he's still in psychiatrist mode.

He's absolutely useless.

Get him out of here.

We've lost his pulse.

Go ahead, call a code,
get the crash cart.

No time for that.

Clear.

Thanks, Doc.

I feel great.

Did you say something about my mother?

Hi.

I'm new Nurse Fonda,

Fonda Johnsons.

Guys?

Hello?

Hello?

Not to be offensive in any way,
but you seem to be so well...

put together... You're not a robot?
Excuse me?
Are you real?
Well, most of me is.
Mr. Buttkiss said I can't start working
until I get my employment physical.
So, which one of your strong and handsome
young doctors wants to do it?
I think I just did it in my pants.
RoboCrock,
how about you performing
the employment exam on Nurse Johnsons?
Certainly, chief.
Right this way, miss.
If you need any help, my teeth
make a great panty retractor.
Charming.
Now, all we have left is a pelvic exam.
Hop into the stirrups.
Well, it's not like you'll
be the first mechanical device in there.
But I'm warning you,
I've always found these
exams rather unpleasant.
Don't worry, I will do everything possible
to make this a pleasurable experience.
I think I just did it again.
Everything is fine
except for those unusual pelvic spasms.
No smoking!
Good morning.
I took the liberty of drawing blood,
reviewing charts,
performing surgery,
and discharging most of our patients.
I also made coffee for you.
In the doctor's lounge.
Wow.
What time did you get in this morning?
I never left. I do not need to sleep.
If you did all of the work
on our patients last night,
what are we going to do?
We are going to go on rounds.

How about a round of golf?
That's your Mulligan.
Let's tee it up, boys.
Golf? What is golf?
Well, you hit a ball into a cup 18 times.
What is the point?
I don't know.
Do you like whacking balls?
Callaby, we're on medical rounds.
We don't need a surgeon.
See, Dick? I'm just here
for the entertainment.
I might even learn something
from Dr. Scissorhands, huh?
Doctor Bonacasa, present your patient.
Mr. Malaka is a 45-year-old white male
with a five-day history
of high fever and rash.
All the classic symptoms
of Lyme Disease.
But he's not yet responded
to the appropriate antibiotic medication.
Well, perhaps we should
switch to a more broad spectrum coverage.
Well, I don't know.
Maybe he has appendicitis, too.
Has anybody asked the walking can opener
what he thinks?
I need to analyze a urine sample.
- By all means.
- Thank you.
I'd hate to be here when
he analyzes a stool sample.
Mr. Malaka has tricinophylis.
Yeah, what's that?
That's an incredibly rare disease.
You can only get it by having sex with pigs.
That's crazy. Absolutely crazy.
I mean, this mechanical moron
must have blown a circuit board.
Tricinophylis.
There's only been ever
five confirmed cases.
Six.

How disgusting. Not even in my country
do we have sex with pigs.

Sheeps, yes, goats, yes.

Pigs? Never.

See, to you, this may look
like an inflamed gall bladder,
but to me, this is payment
on my country club membership.

Oh! Three-pointer.

Doctor Callaby, there's
a very important call for you.

Well, it better be very important.

This man's aneurysm's about to burst.

Don't move a muscle.

I'll be right back.

Hello?

Jake! Jake,
where have you been?

Where have I been?

Where have I been?

I was in court.

Defending the rights of the downtrodden,
hard-working little people.

Damn, this coffee's hot!

I almost burned my tongue.

What are you trying to do to me?

So, you got another
malpractice case for me?

No! That's the problem.

We got this new robotic doctor thingy
here at the hospital.

It never makes a mistake.

Robo... Doctor?

Keep an eye on that tin can.

Study it. It's our next meal ticket.

It must have a weakness.

But it knows everything.

You figure out a way
for me to sue that robot
or my next malpractice case
will be against you.

Jake, you don't mean that.

Jake?

Jakey?

Jake?

I'm afraid her breasts were so small
we had to put them on life support.

- Do you mean...

- Yes.

We had to put her on a "breast-perator."

What are her chances?

Not very good.

Unless we can find her
a pair of donor breasts.

I know, I know.

I lost my college girlfriend the same way.

Doctor! Doctor! Great news!

A busload of strippers
just went over a cliff,
we have a cooler full of donor breasts.

That's incredible!

How do you suppose
something like that could have happened?

Oh, if I keep eating this food,

I'm going to need a doctor.

There's a hair in my sandwich.

This is disgusting.

I think the food is good, very good.

Really?

In my country, we don't
eat three meals a day.

We only eat on very special occasions.

Like when?

Like when we have food.

Hey guys, here comes dessert.

Hey.

Whaddya say you and me
get together some time?

Oh, I don't think I'm right for you.

If I remember correctly,
you like the strong, silent type.

I didn't do the mime.

Yeah.

Hey, Kim.

Hey, I just want to let you know,
I think you're an excellent nurse.

Aw, thanks.

But complimenting me

on my professionalism
is not going to get you into my pants.
Oh, then what will?
Come on, Doc, give it to me straight,
I can take it.
You are going to die.
Oh my God, how long have I got?
According to my calculations,
you have two months,
three weeks, six days, 18 hours,
Eight, seven, six, five...
Is there any hope?
No.
Will there be much pain?
Oh yes, very much so.
Unbearable.
Oh! What should I do, Doc?
Write a will. Buy a nice suit.
Roboshock.
Can I speak to you for a moment?
Certainly, chief. Have a nice day.
Look, I don't mean to be overly critical,
but we've got to work
on your bedside manner.
What do you mean, chief?
I mean, you can't be
that direct and blunt with a patient.
Why not?
Because, it's just not...
Can you add anything here?
Well, I can't program in compassion, Doctor,
but I know he can learn from others.
Now there's a beautiful doll.
What's her name, sweetheart?
This is Donna, the "Stranger Danger" doll.
You're not a friend of mine, guy.
You're a pervert.
Get away from me!
Get away!
Charming.
Well,
I didn't know kids were still playing
cowboys and Indians anymore.
They're not. They're playing cow persons

and Native Americans.

Cute.

Look, the real reason I'm here is
RoboCrock, he needs
a lesson in compassion.

Evidently.

Would you be willing to teach him?

Well, someone has to.

I'll see what I can do.

Good. Then I'll leave him... it...
in your hands this afternoon.

Okay.

Let's go.

How can I explain compassion?

Compassion. It is a sympathetic
consciousness of another's distress,
together with the desire to alleviate it.

Very good.

For a moment there, I forgot I was talking
to a walking encyclopedia.

Simply stated, it's the
giving of aid and comfort.

For instance, look over there.

All of God's creatures need to eat.

Feeding them is an act of compassion.

And for that, I believe that nice woman
will be rewarded.

How do you know
so much about compassion?

I really don't know.

I guess I'd rather feel sorry for someone else
than feel sorry for myself.

I lost someone.

Someone really close to me.

He was killed in a car accident.

He was killed by a...

He was killed by a...

Drunk driver.

No, a cross-eyed driver.

So this is why you decided
to dedicate yourself
to curing cross-eyed kids.

It's the way I've chosen
to care about people.

I have over 500 trillion
gigabytes of memory
full of how to care for people.
I'm an expert in caring for people.
That may be true, but you need
to care about them as well.
If I'm not human,
how can I care about people?
You don't have to be
human to care about people.
Dolphins care about people,
dogs care about people,
cats... well, the point is that
people are insecure, frightened
fearful creatures.
They're not machines.
They need to be reassured
that everything's going to be okay.
Even if it isn't.
Everything is going to be okay.
Not convincing.
It wouldn't hurt if you smile or something.
- Smile?
- Yeah, smile.
Like this.
It's a start.
You know, as a doctor,
you may be perfect,
but as a human,
you've got a long way to go.
You have a deep laceration on your leg,
which has become secondarily infected.
Huh?
You are infected with
a flesh-eating bacteria,
and will require more extensive treatment.
Flesh-eating bacteria?
That sounds horrible.
It is not so bad.
All of God's creatures need to eat.
Yeah?
The bacteria need
to eat somebody's flesh.
And I admire your compassion

in letting them eat yours.
Of course, there is a chance
you may lose your leg.
A chance?
Like, a 10% chance?
No, like a 99% chance.
But, when you wake up,
you'll have a brand new leg.
It is not so bad having an artificial leg.
I've got two.
That's incredible.
Will I get one like that?
Not exactly.
My legs cost over \$10 million each.
With your health plan,
your new leg will look more like...
...this.
The best part is
the bacteria will no longer
be able to eat your new leg.
Of course, you'll have to worry
about woodpeckers and termites.
But don't worry.
Everything will be okay.
I think we still have some work to do
in the compassion department.
Yeah.
Scalpel.
Scalpel.
Dr. Callaby, a Dr. Gorman
on the phone for you.
Uh, yes.
He's coming now.
Hello?
Callaby, where the hell
are my malpractice cases?
I'm doing the best I can,
but this boy's infallible
and he's only getting better.
He's only a machine.
He has to have a weakness.
Find it!
RoboDoc is a huge success.
I've never seen such glowing evaluations.

"RoboDoc saved my life."
"RoboDoc made my labor
and delivery so easy,
I wished I was having his baby."
Not me, the person...
No one cares, Buttkiss.
Delivering babies...
We need him to do
something really big.
If we can get that freaky,
waxy face of his
splattered on the cover
of every newspaper in the country, then...
...then, Buttkiss,
our stock would go through the roof.
Excuse me sir, the newest
Public Service Announcement
for the Cross-Eyed Children's Clinic
is ready for your review.
I wanna be a pilot.
I wanna be a doctor.
Don't touch me.
I'm calling the police!
Please donate generously
to the Cross-eyed Children's Clinic
of North Mercy Hospital.
There. The cross-eyed kids.
Yeah, I know. It's horrible.
No, Buttkiss.
If RoboDoc could cure them,
then... I'd be a billionaire.
What am I saying?
I am a billionaire.
I'd be a...
Gazillionaire.
Gazillionaire.
Nice work, Buttkiss.
The cafeteria's gotta
get rid of this 10W-40.
He's only supposed to have synthetic.
When you finish with him,
do you think you could rotate my tires?
Oh, quite a setup you have here. Yes.
Very impressive.

It's just been amazing how you've been able to put RoboDoc together. It was nothing, really. Anybody with a Master's degree from MIT, a Ph. D from Harvard, and a certificate from the ACS Automotive Technical Institute could've done it. Well, I've been very impressed with RoboDoc's job performance. It seems he never makes a mistake. He doesn't. His programming won't allow it. Really? Tell me more. You ever hear the term "Garbage in, garbage out"? Any computer system is only as good as the information you put into it. While I'm changing his oil and brake fluid, Kevin here is scanning the latest medical journals into his database. And, um, how does all of this information, uh, get into his head? It doesn't. His head... is empty. The only thing in his head is this communications module. Any information he needs, he retrieves from this database. For example, we just finished scanning an article on how to surgically repair cross-eyed kids. There's no such cure. Can I see that? Sure, but I don't think you'll understand it. I am a highly experienced doctor. I assure you... I don't understand this. This is written in German. It's a new procedure written by Dr. Von Schmekel

from the University of Dusseldorf.
It hasn't been translated yet,
But that's okay, because RoboDoc
knows 78 human languages,
and 15 animal languages.
Impressive.
And right now, we're getting him ready
to perform the new surgery
to cure all the kids
in the Cross-eyed Clinic.
You don't say.
Well, thank you
so much for the tour.
It's been enlightening,
and I hope you seal him up tight.
Wouldn't want RoboDoc
to blow a gasket
at the medical staff
dinner tonight, would we?
The medical staff dinner?
Damn! I forgot.
Kevin, run out,
rent RoboDoc a tuxedo.
I'll pick up some chrome polish.
We gotta make him shine tonight.
I'm on it.
And she has the most beautiful hair.
It's so silky, so smooth.
Enough already.
I've heard this from you a million times.
Just this once, why don't you tell her.
Nurse Kim.
I don't know what to say to you,
I think you're so beautiful.
Thanks. I've got work to do.
Wait. Wait.
I... I know we'll have beautiful
babies together.
You wanna have a baby.
Well, why didn't you say so?
Uh, easy.
I just hit the switch.
You sure did, baby.
All right, quiet on the set, everybody.

Ready on camera three.
Have still store two buffered and ready.
Jake, ready.
And, uh, three, two...
Is your baby ugly?
Sue your doctor.
Not feeling springtime fresh?
Sue your doctor.
Have you lost a testicle, an eyeball,
or some other small but
pricey piece of your body?
Sue your doctor.
Because of some greedy
doctor's negligence,
this sweet 98-year old woman
won't live to see her great-great-
great-great-grandchildren.
With my help,
she's gonna sue her doctor.
I'm Jake Gorman, attorney-at-law,
and I care for you.
And cut.
Jeez!
Would somebody change
the old bat's diaper?
She's carrying
the grandmother lode in there.
I just can't get that taste out of my mouth.
What do they feed these people?
Phone call for Mr. Gorman.
Hello?
Jakey, baby! Great news. It's Dr. C.
I not only found out a
way to take RoboDoc down,
but also make us very, very, very rich.
Wait. Wait, let me get this straight.
Blind kids? Oh, this is fantastic.
Hang on a second, let me add this up.
Loss of sight in one eye
is worth \$1 million.
Times two eyes per blind kid,
plus \$50 million in punitive damages
against RIP Healthcare,
minus 60% for those

stinking blind kids,
that leaves us with a grand total of...
Garbage in.
Good, Joey. Swing it harder.
Don't you wanna play
with the other children, sweetie?
No. I can't get it to work right.
What, honey,
what won't work right?
This game.
When I try to swing the axe
to chop off their heads,
the screen freezes.
So sorry, sweetie.
Let me give it a try.
Let me take a look at it.
I know a little something about computers.
Okay, that would be great.
Thank you.
It's not Robert.
It's just a machine.
Hi, RoboDoc.
Are you going to the dinner tonight?
Yes, I will be there.
Well, good,
'cause I'm gonna wear
something special just for you.
Excuse me.
I don't care if he is a robot,
I'm gonna make him a man tonight.
Fill your pockets, fill your cheeks,
this is the best free food
you'll see for weeks.
Come on, scoop and move, buddy.
I am wanting you
to meet my fiance Pontangpu.
Damn. Glad to meet you.
She doesn't speak English.
It was, uh, nice to meet you.
I'm gonna have a baby.
Oh, yeah!
Oh, no.
The, uh, proctologist's wife says
"I guess we're just both

in love with assholes."

Oh, my God.

I'm in dire need of medical attention.

If you're catching a cold from being
in that outfit, maybe I can help you.

I don't need a pediatrician.

I'm a grown woman.

I need a real doctor.

What's the matter, cat got your tongue?

Well, what do you have to say now?

I'm not feeling so good.

Oh, my God.

How revolting, you bastard!

Oh, I see how you are.

You gave me the best
pelvic exam of my life,
and then you just walk away
like it means nothing.

God.

I hope there's a junkyard in hell.

I am proud to announce that

the newest member of our...

Of our medical staff, MD-63,

Of our medical staff, MD-63,

also known as RoboDoc,

has performed his

duties flawlessly in the trial period.

So, tomorrow, we will turn

his considerable talents

to those most in need.

Our children.

Tomorrow... Please.

Tomorrow morning, RoboDoc

is scheduled to perform

the most ambitious surgical feat

in the history of medicine.

He will operate on and cure

all of the cross-eyed children.

The... Ah, MD-63.

Would you care to share a few words?

Thank you...

...all for coming.

Coming.

It's all right, everybody.

Everything's fine.
Just, uh, stage fright.
This hunk of junk had better be ready
to perform delicate
eye surgery tomorrow morning.
Or I'll be arranging
a special surgical procedure for you.
And it won't be delicate.
Ha. Thank you for joining us.
We look forward to
seeing you tomorrow morning.
How is he?
Well, he's still touch and go.
The synchronization chip is fried.
I need to find a donor.
Donor? What is it?
Somebody who lends
something to somebody.
But that's not important right now.
I need a chip, you know, from a cell phone,
or a pager or a digital watch.
Here. Here. Take my beeper
I don't want it anyway.
Thanks, but I know I'm
gonna need more chips.
I need to find a match.
It's his only chance.
Let's give him everything we got.
Come on.
I'm going back in.
- Good luck.
- Thanks.
Wake up, everyone.
- Hey.
- You made it!
Look at that. Everything working?
Yes, and guess what.
I didn't need any of
the cell phones or pagers.
The matching chip came
from Dr. Mills' watch.
Thank you, Lauren.
You're welcome.
Now let's go straighten

some crossed eyes.

- Yes.

- All right.

Uh, sorry.

Didn't realize you were still on the charger.

Big Jake, the sardine can

is on his way to surgery,

and we are on our way to being filthy,

disgustingly stinky, outrageously rich.

Uh, give me a nice,

clean sterile surgery here, okay?

You hear the bell, you start cutting.

What the hell is this?

"Cut the optic nerve?"

Oh, God.

Oh, my G... I gotta stop him.

I am done.

It's dark in here.

Just a minute.

I'm taking the bandage off now.

They're straight. You did it!

Are you gonna take the bandages off?

Everyone back!

Look, he's blind!

Oh, look!

All the children are blind!

They're all blind!

I'm calling a lawyer.

Jake Gorman. Attorney-at-law.

You called?

This guy's like a toilet,

always around when shit goes down.

I'm calling Risk Management.

I'm calling the police.

But the blindness is just temporary.

Tell it to the judge.

Marcus, we're gonna have more money

than you know what to do with.

Oh, ha ha, I know what to do with it.

I'm going to see the world.

Yeah. It's just a shame that

the poor little blind children

won't be able to see the world.

Ha! Just kidding!

Please state your name.

MD-63.

But most people call me RoboDoc.

Does the MD mean that
you're a medical doctor?

No. It stands for medical device.

You're not just any medical device.

In fact, you're a highly advanced robot
whose database contains all of mankind's
medical and surgical knowledge.

So when you performed surgery
on these children,

you've simply
followed your programming,
and performed the procedure
exactly as specified.

No.

No?

I have no more questions, Your Honor.

MD-63.

Why do people call you RoboDoc?

Because I perform the functions of a doctor.

You perform the functions of a doctor.

What other functions do you perform?

I do not understand your question.

For instance, do you make coffee?

Yes.

- Do you toast bread?

- Yes.

- Open cans.

- Yes.

So you're a coffee maker, toaster,
and can opener,

that also happens
to be a doctor and an eye surgeon?

Yes.

Where did you go to medical school?

I did not.

- High school?

- No.

The fact is that you perform
the work of a doctor,
and you didn't even graduate
from kindergarten. Is that correct?

You are not qualified
to operate on the eyes of a child.
I wouldn't even
let you touch the eyes of a potato.
State your name.
Dr. William Von Schmekel.
Dr. Von Schmekel,
you developed the surgical technique
used by the defendant?
Ja, and I heard it worked perfectly.
Doctor, these children are blind.
Ja, but their eyes are straight.
But does your procedure
usually cause blindness?
How should I know?
I only did the procedure on rats and mice.
You see this little fellow?
He used to be cross-eyed.
Yes, doctor, we can
all see that his eyes are straight.
But has this rodent
been blinded by your procedure?
How should I know?
I speak German, and I speak English,
but I don't speak rat.
Perhaps you should ask him.
You shut your filthy,
stinking little lying rat hole!
Mr. Gorman!
I mean, sorry.
He is a menace.
When I think of the tears being shed
by those... poor defenseless, innocent...
prepubescent...
beautiful little children...
He forced me into the supply closet,
and he touched me like no other
battery-operated device
has ever touched me before.
Look what he did to me!
He took out my appendix,
and left this ugly, hideous scar.
I didn't do the mime.
Hey, shut up!

Quiet! You're not the one on trial here.

Yet.

Members of the jury,
have you reached a verdict?

We have, your honor.

We, the jury, find the defendant
MD-63 guilty.

And we recommend
that he be disassembled
and recycled for parts.

We further order that RIP Healthcare
pay the plaintiffs \$3,577 trillion
and 37 cents.

And how did you arrive at that figure?
It's all the money in the world, judge.
Don't worry, everything's gonna be okay.

RoboDoc, rise.

MD-63, you are hereby sentenced
to incarceration at Big Bernie's
Auto Wreckers and Salvage yard
until the day of your demolition,
when you will be crushed down
to the size of a soda can,
and may God have mercy
on your mainframe.

We lost how much?

That's imposs...

So many patients, no doctors.

Thank you for coming in to help.

No problem, it's good to be back.

You, you, you, you...

Sorry.

I cannot believe
they're going to recycle me.

I'm going to miss you guys.

Well, you can see me twice a week,
if they turn you into a set of golf clubs.

Come on, guys.

You know, we can't let them do this.

We can break him out of here.

You know, how big can Big Barnie be?

You know, I'm not afraid of him.

Listen, Robo... Doc.

I know you and I got started

on the wrong foot,
but it was nothing personal.
It's just that over the years,
I've seen so many computers
and machines brought into the hospital.
It was like they were becoming
more important than the patients.
So I'm the last one you would ever think
would support the idea of a robot doctor,
but... Wait. Wait. Wait.
You big... You big...
You've changed my mind,
you've opened my eyes.
You've shown a level
of expertise and efficiency
that most doctors can only dream about.
You've treated your patients
with kindness, with dignity.
You've been an inspiration to all of us
to become better doctors,
better people.
You've become a friend.
You've got the heart of a man,
you've got the soul of a man.
And you're taking this like a man.
My oil plug. It must've popped out.
It's time.
What's this word?
Blind.
"Three blind mice.
See how they run."
You can see?
You can all see.
Let's go save RoboDoc!
Excuse me!
We need to get to the junkyard fast!
Let's get a move on, RoboCrock.
The only thing that's gonna save
your oily ass now
is a phone call from the governor.
Oh, hold on a second.
Let me take this call.
Hello, Big Bernie's Auto...
It's the governor!

Yes, sir, Mr. Governor.
Big Bernie here.
No, sir, you're right on time.
We hadn't even started yet.
Yes, sir, I'll take care of it personally.
You bet, sir. Thanks for calling.
Hey, Mike, don't crush that car yet.
The governor wants the hood off of it.
Come on!
Let's get a move on.
Stop! The kids can see!
They can see!
That's ridiculous.
These kids can't see.
Their optic nerves were cut.
- Hey, how'd you know...
- I didn't.
- You did it.
- No, I didn't.
- You altered the article.
- Never!
I did not cut their optic nerves.
I may be a robot,
but I am not stupid.
The blindness was temporary
from normal swelling
after the operation.
You're all lying!
This is just a desperate last-minute stunt.
These kids can't see.
It'll cost me too much money.
Sweet, unfortunate, blind little boy,
if you can see my face,
what do I look like?
A rat bastard.
Doctor, you're under arrest
for falsifying a medical journal...
I did not.
...endangering
the eyesight of little children,
and product tampering.
Product tampering?
Take him away.
RoboDoc, in light of this new evidence,

I hereby exonerate you of any wrongdoing.
You're a free man... er, robot.
Whatever you are, you're free.
Release the prisoner.
Oh, RoboDoc,
I knew you were innocent all along.
I'm so happy to have you back.
So what do you think now?
I think I need to make
an emergency phone call
to the Centers for Disease Control.
Excuse me.
Your cat scan looks perfectly
normal, Mr. Gorman,
but we don't like to take any chances,
so we will be removing
the top of your head.
Just to go in and take a look
around, to be sure.
No! No!
No!
Yes, yes, yes.
Fortunately, we do have the finest brain
surgeon in town to do the operation.
I believe you've meet Dr. Sosumi.
Mr. Gorman not going to be able
to sue any more doctors.
He going to have to find new line of work.
Now say ah.
Subtitled By J.R. Media Services, Inc.
Burbank, CA