

The Dallas Buyers Club

You've Got AIDS Scene

[Ron goes to the doctor and gets some troubling news]

Dr. Sevard: I'm Dr. Sevard. Why don't you go ahead and hop up here for me, if you don't mind.

[Ron sits on the table]

Dr. Sevard: Thank you.

Ron: I like your shoes.

Dr. Sevard: We saw something which concerned us on your initial blood work, so we ran some additional tests. Some blood tests.

Ron: What kind of blood tests? I don't use drugs.

Dr. Sevard: We didn't test your blood for drugs.

Ron: Well good. 'Cause it ain't any y'all business anyway.

Dr. Sevard: That's right. Um... You've tested positive for HIV. Which is the virus that causes AIDS.

Ron: You fu- you fucking kidding me? Telling me that fucking Rock cock sucking Hudson bullshit?

Dr. Sevard: Mr. Woodroof, have you ever used intravenous drugs? Have you ever engaged in homosexual conduct?

Ron: Homo? Homo? Did you say homo?

Dr. Sevard: Yep!

Ron: That's what you said isn't it? Shit, you fucking kidding me? I ain't no faggot, motherfucker! I don't even know no fucking faggots. Look at me. What d'you see, huh? The goddamn rodeo's what you see!

Dr. Sevard: Mr. Woodroof.

Ron: A'ight, so fucking watch it.

Dr. Sevard: Mr. Woodroof, could you just...

Ron: No, I can't do shit, you speak fucking English, motherfucker. Call me a motherfucking faggot. I'll whip your fucking ass, boy.

Dr. Sevard: Your T-cell count is down to nine. A healthy person has between 500 and 1,500. So frankly, we're surprised you're even alive.

Ron: Surprise is, you made a fucking mistake. Must have mixed up my blood samples with some daisy puller or something, 'cause that shit ain't me.

Dr. Sevard: We ran the blood test several times. [*Handing over pamphlets and paper*]
Here's some information about HIV and AIDS that you might find informative, and these are your test results.

[*Ron looks them over*]

Dr. Sevard: Mr. Woodroof, if you could listen to me for a moment. I know this can be a very scary thing, I know you're probably feeling overwhelmed right now, but we would like to impress upon you the gravity of your situation. Based on your health, based on your condition, based on all the evidence we have, we estimate you have 30 days left to put your affairs in order.

Ron: Thirty days?

Dr. Sevard: I'm sorry.

Ron: Fuck this. This is shit. Fucking 30 day motherfuckers. Let me give y'all a little newsflash. There ain't nothing out there that can kill Ron Woodroof in 30 days.

[*Throws papers and leaves*]

END