



Scripts.com

One Eight Seven

By Scott Yagemann

1

All right, let's go, people!
One minute before tardy lockdown!
Let's go! Everybody move inside!
Good morning.
Let's go! Let her go!
No smoking! I don't smoke,
you don't smoke!
Let's go, people!
Today's a good day to learn.
Watch yourselves!
No riding bikes in the hallways, stupid!
Coming through!
You late, Garfield. You late!
Au contraire, my homeboy.
The bell hasn't rung yet.
- You is a crazy nigga, G.
- Very true, man.
Thank you very much for sharing that.
Let's go.
You two, please. This is not
the Playboy Channel.
Good morning, one and all.
Let's get started, please.
August, Tywan, would you
pass out the book?
What up with your car?
Your Pinto with the 8-track blew up?
Attention, please!
I'm sure some of you are wondering
why I brought this bicycle to class.
Excuse me. Grasshopper?
Thank you.
The purpose of the bike...
...is to demonstrate
centripetal force...
...the opposite of the force
we studied yesterday...
...which was...?
Centrifugal force.
I thought I'd demonstrate.
Tywan?
Would you come up here
and help me, please?

Yo, what up?
Go see what your daddy want.
Here you go.
Brace these handlebars
behind your knees.
Sit.
Crank the pedals.
Get that wheel going...
...about 180 rpm.
- What's up with this?
- Come on!
Put some muscle into it. Come on!
It's crazy, man. Got a nigger
riding a bike going nowhere.
Bear with me. You'll see.
Harder!
Harder!
Come on, T, get playing!
Tilt the wheel to your right.
Right?
Augie, check me out!
Know what I'm saying?
Tywan! Tywan!
Spinning like a motherfucker!
You know what I mean?
Spin like a nut!
What's my name?
Walter, I need to talk.
I'm pretty busy now. What is it?
Open it.
I don't suppose this kid
cares about our budget crisis.
Have the textbook room
charge him for it.
That says 187.
That's the police code for homicide.
I know what it stands for.
The kid probably heard it in a rap song.
Means nothing.
The book belongs to Dennis Broadway.
He's a known gangster.
Garfield, if I had a dollar for every
time a student threatened faculty...
Did you tell Dennis he was

getting a fail from me?
I have legal access to those files.
He's a transfer from Nixon, isn't he?
If he gets through this semester,
he gets to go back to Nixon.
He blew his opportunity. Now
he has to live with the consequences.
I don't think he wants to live with
the consequences. He wants me dead.
Relax. This has nothing to do with you.
I should've been told, Walter.
You know what your problem is?
On the one hand, you think
someone's trying to kill you.
On the other hand, you believe kids
are paying attention in your classes.
Call 911!

Morning.

Mr. Garfield, this is the Sub Unit.

Are you available for work?

Sure.

There's a science class
at John Quincy Adams.

It's a four-day assignment.

The teacher's name is Eskander.

All right. Thank you.

If youre listening, God...

... please help me today.

Please give me a chance

to do my job...

... which you put me here

to do in the first place.

God, grant me the serenity to accept

the things I cannot change...

... the courage to change

the things I can...

... and the wisdom

to know the difference.

It's me, Trevor, God.

Amen.

Baseball cap, give it up.

Hold, please.

- I'm a substitute.

- Card?

You want the main office down the hall.
Check in with Mrs. Ford.
Excuse me?
Could you tell me where Bungalow 86 is?
Next to the parking lot.
Last bungalow on the left.
Good luck.
I can't even read that shit!
Look at that!
Morning.
Before I take the roll,
I'd like to make a point.
"Farfie"? What up, Farfie?
It's not important
who or what "Farfie" is.
The point I'd like to make is...
...anyone here can be a scientist.
What's he talking about?
A scientist is like a detective.
He investigates data
he doesn't understand...
...by scratching the surface...
...so he can see what's underneath.
Things like this.
No, watch!
What...
...did...
...Glis pimp?
Where does your teacher keep the chalk?
In the desk.
Can I help you?
Sorry I'm late. I had to
handle something. You a sub?
For Ms. Eskander. Science.
Eskander?
Well, this is Dave Childress.
American History.
I don't know how to break it to you,
Mr... Garfield?
This is Bungalow 84.
You want Bungalow 86.
It's not your fault.
You must've zagged
when you should've zigged.

Somebody stole the number.
I keep asking Garcia to fix it...
...but all I get is nada.
Eskander? Come here.
See this mess over here?
That's Eskander.
It's not real.
We're studying teen-parenting
in Home Ec.
It's computerized, so it cries and shit.
How'd those books get outside?
No speak ingls.
Speak Spanish, Mr...?
Garfield.
My name's Garfield.
Speak Spanish, Mr. G?
You know what that means
when a homeboy calls you "G"?
It means "gangster," ese.
You a gangster, maestro?
No.
I'm not a gangster.
Would you do me a favor and please
go out there and pick up those books?
I ain't picking that shit up!
You pick it up.
What's your name?
What is your name?
Cesar Chavez.
Don't you recognize me?
Do you see this?
See, I'm already on house arrest.
- There's nothing you can do to me.
- Straight up, dog!
I'm out of here.
Could you have a seat?
Guys?
Mr. G, those guys that just walked out
aren't even in here this period.
And this fool's name is Benny Chacon.
Shut your mouth, hood rat.
- Schoolgirl bitch.
- That's enough!
You ain't no real teacher, fool.

You're nothing but a sub.
Why do you wear that rosary?
To put God on me, okay?
So why don't you go read your newspaper,
wannabe motherfucker.
Are you done?
Give me a referral and shut up.
For future reference...
...anyone who disrupts a class...
...is subject to disciplinary action.
This classroom is our sanctuary.
Yours and mine.
Respect it.
And for your information...
...I am a real teacher.
Whatever you say, Opie.
Who'd like to help me
pick up those books?
What the hell's happening,
little sister?
How goes the battle?
Did you...
...get your "binky marsden farfied"?
You want some advice?
First one of these homeboys who
gives you the slightest bit of shit...
...you march his ass down
to Larry Hyland. He's their counselor.
Because you gotta sacrifice one of them.
Show them some balls.
Let them know who's boss.
And don't look to
the administration for support.
They haven't been in a classroom.
They don't know shit.
Look at me.
I got tenure and I'm still
in the damn bungalows.
I should be in the "A" building
in one of the air-conditioned rooms.
You met Garcia yet?
Our principal?
Hey, Dave.
Ellen Henry. Computer science.

Trevor Garfield.
Nice scar you got there.
You ever sub here before?
No. First time.
What about permanent?
Seven years in the Bed-Sty
section of Brooklyn.
Roosevelt Whitney High.
Roosevelt Whitney?
Isn't it where that teacher
got stabbed to death last year?
Actually, he survived.
No, no. It was on 60 Minutes.
There was this teacher...
...that gangbanger stabbed
about a dozen times in the hallway.
Jesus Christ!
You're him!
It was you!
Holy shit, Garfield!
When was that, last fall? When?
October 27.
What a schmuck!
I'm giving advice to a guy
with a Purple Heart!
Excuse me.
Listen to me.
In my book, you're a hero, man.
Damn straight!
- Getting stabbed doesn't make me a hero.
- What'd they do to the kid?
Put him in a facility upstate
till he's 21.
That's it?
They should've caned him.
They should've caned the bastard
like they did that kid in Singapore.
President of Singapore
had a few choice words.
"When a continuing state
of defiance and disorder...
...cannot be checked by the rules...
...then new and sometimes
drastic rules..."

...must be forged to maintain order.
The alternative is anarchy. "
Why do you still teach?
The same reason that you do, Garfield.
For the paycheck.
Hold on, everyone.
I still have a few minutes.
Tell me the difference between the
central nervous system and the lymphatic.
You got a nice butt.
Since you seem to know
so much about anatomy, Ms...
...Nartinez...
Central nervous system
and the lymphatic.
Tell me the difference.
It's like the...
The central nervous system is...
...your brain and your spinal cord.
And the lymphatic system is the stuff
in your blood that fights diseases.
That's right!
Schoolgirl!
That bitch was cheating.
Are you writing on your desk, Mr...
...Sanchez?
I don't see nothing in my hands,
do you?
"K.O.S."
What's that? A tagging crew?
- "Cartoon. " That you?
- It might be.
Does K.O.S. Have
something to do with Benny?
Don't go there.
"K.O.S." stands for
"Kapping Off Suckers. "
We give out referrals.
Don't disrespect my homeboy.
I don't like it.
And he don't like you.
Do me a favor.
Go to the counter, get a paper towel
and wipe your desk off.

And what's your name?
Who, me?
Stevie Littleton.
You do me a favor, Mr. Littleton.
Turn that tagger shirt...
...inside out.
What, this?
Hyland said it was okay.
Later, lover!
It was a pleasure meeting you.
They're just trying to fuck with you.
I mean, play with you.
- Sorry I said you had a nice ass.
- Apology accepted.
But I ain't no schoolgirl.
Heaven forbid I'd think that.
May I come in?
Sure.
Making time a reward
instead of a distraction.
I don't know why I jumped up
the way I did at lunch.
It's just weird.
It's all right.
For what it's worth,
Childress thinks you walk on water.
Is that a good thing?
It takes a lot of courage to go
back into a classroom after that.
Not if the only thing
you ever wanted was to teach.
You see, there's our predicament.
I assume you've met Benny Chacon.
Yes, I have.
Last week...
...Benny and his tagging crew...
...had Ms. Eskander
pinned in the corner over there.
She's seven months pregnant.
So she kicks him.
If the district rules it an assault
on a student, she's gone.
They'd do that?
She's non-tenured.

Wouldn't be surprised
if she files for stress leave.
It's too bad.
She was a good teacher.
Can I ask a personal question?
When you were attacked,
was it random or did you know him?
No, I knew him. I flunked him.
Can you see something like that coming?
Kid tells you he wants to kill you,
believe him.
He was an O.T.,
an opportunity transfer.
But nobody told me that
till it was too late.
Do you know Benny's an O.T.?
Last year he was convicted of a felony
assault and suspended twice.
I even testified against him
as a character witness.
And now I get to see him
every morning in my homeroom.
In your homeroom?
Condition of his probation
is that he stay in school.
- Did you talk to the principal?
- Many times.
This kid's threatening me, and
all Garcia cares about is a lawsuit.
What did Benny say to you?
That he'd hurt me.
Real bad.
Someone calls my house every night...
...and hangs up.
A couple of weeks ago,
they broke into my car.
And on Friday, someone was in my house,
but I can't prove it.
I don't know what to do.
You can quit.
You didn't.
Hey, Picasso!
What's up?
You guys writers, or what?

- You don't know me, fool?
- No, man.
You should.
You just fucked up my piece.
You guys from K.O.S.?
"K.O.S." Come on, nigga!
- Yeah, we K.O.S., fool.
- Shut up!
I got some silver in my sack.
I could just clean it up for you.
I'll take care of it.
Don't fuck with me.
I might just have to bust
a cap in your ass.
Come on, it's all about bombing,
getting citywide.
Don't get all violent.
Benny, don't be getting violent now.
I said shut the fuck up!
Yo, nigga, get away, man!
Damn!
I ain't got time for this shit.
You think this is funny?
If I don't call my P.O. In 15 minutes,
I'm fucked!
Come on, let's get out of here.
Benny, come on, man! Let's go!
Come on, Paco, let's step.
Benny Chacon?
Benny's not here.
I think he went AWOL.
- Leonard Thomas?
- Here.
Hi. How are you?
Eskander did file for stress leave.
They asked me
to finish out the semester.
That's great.
Just till the end of the year.
I wanted to thank you for letting me
cry on your shoulder the other day.
It's all right.
Have you seen Benny lately?
His P.O. Says he hasn't

heard from him in 4 days.
Really?
They say, "Be careful
what you pray for. "
Don't get me wrong.
Benny's made my life a living hell.
I've moved in with my mother
because of him.
I love her, but if I eat
one more dinner off the TV tray...
...or watch one more rerun of
Wheel of Fortune, I'll lose my mind.
Time's up!
When did a student
last surprise you?
When the light came on?
That's been a while.
Don't you ever get lonely?
Yeah, sometimes.
There's this passage
in God's Lonely Man...
...by Thomas Wolfe where he says:
"The whole conviction of my life
rests upon the belief...
...that loneliness is the central...
...and inevitable fact
of human existence. "
That's really depressing, Trevor.
It's just my New York upbringing.
It's not easy looking...
...on the bright side these days.
You'd feel that way after spending
a year going in and out of hospitals.
No, that wasn't that tough.
The robbery.
That was the hardest for me to get over.
What'd they steal?
My passion. The spark.
My unguarded self. I miss them.
I want them back.
If you ask me, they're still there.
I think everyone else has given up.
They're so beaten down.
But you're different.

You refuse to be beaten.
Well, thank you.
Where are you going?
Got something for you.
Did you know that
Cesar Sanchez is Special Ed?
No.
Yeah, he's S.E.D.
Severely emotionally disturbed?
That's great.
I wanted you to have this.
I can't believe...! You are so...
When I go back on my right foot,
you come forward on your left.
When I go forward on my left,
you're back on your right.
He taught you that?
- Fresh little kid.
- All part of the dance.
Was he this fresh?
I'm sorry!
It's all right.
Can I get something?
Get the baking soda out of the kitchen.
Sure.
Where in the kitchen?
The fridge.
- I'm so sorry.
- It's all right.
Just when I was getting to be
a salsa king too, huh?
Is this the Wheel of Fortune house?
Yeah.
Hey, Jack.
Hey, sweetheart.
You're a good dog. Yes, you are.
I wanna apologize...
...for reacting the way that I did.
You don't have to apologize.
Everybody reacts that way.
Thanks for dinner.
I had a really good time.
You're welcome.
You know...

You know what you need?
You need something
to liven up your house.
It flowers.
Thanks.
You're welcome.
Good night.
Good night.
Since some of you are so
interested in pharmaceuticals...
...I thought I'd prepare
a little demonstration for you.
Rita.
Bring your friend in the cage
up here, please.
His name is Snowball.
Like that little pig dude
from Animal Farm.
You read Animal Farm?
Schoolgirl!
Shut up, Cesar!
You read Animal Farm, Cesar?
No. But I fucked a sheep once.
We heard that, homes.
That shit is sick.
Cesar, come here.
I want you to have
a front row sit for this.
Lose the lokes.
Why are your eyes so red?
I was up late studying all night, Mr. G.
Yeah, right.
That's a nice watch.
Can I have it?
Sit down.
I want you to read Young's Rule.
Page 564. Top of the page.
- I ain't reading that shit.
- Rita...
...give Cesar your book so he can read.
Forget it! I ain't reading that shit.
- Stupid chunt!
- Stupid bitch!
Just read it, man!

Read.
Please.
"Young's Rule... "
Formulates.
"... formulates... "
Settle down!
Settle down, people.
Fuck you guys!
It's all right.
You'll get another chance.
I have in this brown bottle
a prescription for liquid Demerol.
Where'd you get that?
This came out of my private stash.
Demerol is a morphine sulfate.
It is soluble in water.
Young's Rule says:
Divide the age of the patient...
...by the patient's age plus 12...
...thus giving you...
...the correct fraction of the adult
dosage suitable for the patient.
In Snowball's case...
...I calculated the dosage
for a 1-year-old child.
He should be awake in about 10 minutes.
He's dead, isn't he?
I hope he did die!
He should've woke up by now.
You just caught yourself a murder case.
Everyone who didn't answer...
...the questions on page 264,
please do so tonight.
Cesar!
Hold it.
Where's my watch?
I ain't got no watch. I gotta go.
Come here! Empty your pockets!
Let me put it to you like this.
I gotta catch a bus. All right?
I have to see Hyland before he leaves.
I've been meaning to see you.
It's been a week.
You must be avoiding me.

Are you okay?
It's pretty much been like this
since my accident.
But it has nothing to do with you.
I gotta go.
Can you do me a favor?
When you finish, can you give me a ride
to my car? It's at the mechanic's.
If you can't, it's okay. I can walk.
I can manage that.
Thanks.
Base 1 to Base 3. I found him.
Mr. Garcia would like
to see you in his office.
Thanks for coming in.
Sorry we have to meet
under such circumstances.
You don't mind if we tape-record
our conversation? Matter of record.
You know Mr. Hyland, right?
Your teachers' union rep.
Am I being questioned?
They say you've accused them
of stealing your watch.
And if that's the case, I need
to address the accusation.
Beginning of 6th period,
Cesar admired my watch.
I believe his exact words were
"Can I have it?"
Bottom line is, I'd like my watch back.
Anything else?
I asked him to empty his pockets
and he refused.
Is that true?
No way! He never asked me that!
I don't go around taxing teachers.
I got no damn watch!
Calm down.
Empty your pockets now.
Mr. Littleton, may we see
what's in your pockets too?
I'd like a locker search.
Good. I could use the money.

I'll sue your ass.
You're excused, gentlemen.
Take your things, please.
Thank you very much.
Do you have the time?

It's 3:

3:

Mr. Garfield, let me try
to explain something.
I work very hard to try and think
of our students here at Adams...
...as my clients.
We can't have another lawsuit
like we had on that Blackwell case.
That one cost the district
a quarter of a million dollars.
So I need you to be straight with me.
Did you physically see Cesar
take your watch?
No, I didn't.
Gentlemen...
...unless we have reasonable cause
to show they took your watch...
...I can't authorize a locker search.
Sorry.
That was my grandfather's watch.
Can't you see what they're doing?
Didn't you ever teach?
I'm afraid I never had the privilege.
Teaching and being a principal
don't necessarily go hand in hand.
That's beside the point...
Have a good day.
Why didn't you say something?
The asshole's a politician.
He's got every angle covered.
- I'm thinking of videotaping my classes.
- You want some free advice?
Cover your ass.
If Garcia asks, the camera's purpose
is to observe you, not the students.
I mean his "clients. "

Some gangbanger might think...
...we're violating his civil rights.
Sorry, Iris, completely forgot.
Right.
I wanna talk to you
about the discipline committee.
I gotta make a run up to the office.
Go ahead. I can wait.
I have to fly up there
for a computer conference.
When's that?
Day after tomorrow.
I've never been to San Francisco.
You should go sometime.
You'd really like it.
It's only about an hour by air,
or five or six by car...
...but it has a totally
different attitude than L.A.
The only problem is,
I hate to leave Jack with my mother.
I'm afraid that she'll forget
to feed him and he'll starve to death.
So anyway, San Francisco's more like
a real city, like Chicago or New York.
Or Baghdad...
...or Mars.
I'll take care of Jack for you
while you're gone.
Aren't you supposed to be in P.E.?
These boys are tripping, man!
Old lady's fucked up!
- I gotta make J.C. Next year. I got to!
- Calm down.
I'll never get out of here!
That bitch, Quinn!
I'm gonna sue her ass. I swear to God!
Okay, Rita, slow down.
What's she teach?
English Comp. She's failing me!
She hates me! She's racist against me!
Just because you're Latina...
I'm Chicana!
Okay. Chicana.

Stop blaming everybody else.
You're too smart for that.
Whatever's wrong with that essay
is correctable.
May I see it?
Use some of that tissue there.
Why do you wear so much makeup?
- To make me pretty.
- You don't need it.
Who's Puppet?
Nothing.
It's a gang thing...
...but I'm kicking that shit.
Because I look like I'm down for my
neighborhood don't mean I'm stupid.
The ideas in your essay
aren't the problem.
It's your punctuation and grammar.
They need work. Am I lying?
If you need help, I'm here for you.
I don't know.
"I don't know"?
Why'd you come here?
Look, we can meet in the library,
all right?
Somebody might see us.
I'll come to your house.
No way.
You pick a place.
You want something to drink?
I got...
...Coke, Sprite, juice.
Cola's all right.
You know, you're not the only one
whose reputation's on the line here.
I don't normally tutor students
at my house.
Since you're here, maybe you can
clear something up for me.
This whole machismo code-of-honor thing.
I mean, come on...
...is pride really worth dying for?
Put your clothes on.
Okay, okay. No harm done.

Come on, come on, come on.
Don't cry.
I just wanted to thank you.
You don't have to thank me.
I'm your teacher.
Maybe we'd better meet in the library
from now on, okay?
Hey, homey, what's up with that?
Dog!
You invading my privacy, bitch!
Cesar, come up here.
Shit!
I hope you ain't sending this shit
to Most Wanted.
Let me fix my shit so I look good.
Since you were so concerned about
my watch, you might like to know...
...I found it.
You broke into my locker, Mr. G.
It's a serious felony.
Caught yourself a case for sure now.
Really?
And what do you propose to do?
Tell Garcia?
And what are you gonna tell him?
That I broke into your locker and
stole the watch that you denied taking?
I don't think so.
What do you say we call this even?
I say we just getting started, Mr. G.
Maybe I'll have someone
from the office call your mother.
I thought you knew.
Us poor Mexicans, we don't got phones.
I'll try.
I ain't getting that door.
You hear me?
What the hell you doing here?
I didn't say you could
come to my house.
Look, Cesar.
I came here to see
if we could squash all this.
You ain't got no motherfucking right!

Get the hell out of here!
Why don't we just start over?
Puto, you lied to my homeboy Benny.
You told him you speak no Spanish.
- No, I didn't.
- That's fucking bullshit, ese!
You like hitting on your mother, Cesar?
You must be proud of yourself.
- What's he talking about?
- He's lying.
Fucking mentiroso!
Homeboy don't never lie
to his jefita! Never disrespects!
Whatever you say.
Do whatever I say!
I'll find where you live!
The party's getting started, homes!
Get your fucking ass out of here!
Look at this. Look at this shit.
Man!
Whoever did this is gonna pay.
You better believe it, eses.
Get out of here!
Get these kids out of here!
Barsek?
Don't touch anything!
Look at the rat, man.
What? "Look at the rat, man. "
You think that's funny?
Did you do that?
Did you do that to that rat?
Let him go!
He didn't do anything! He's a good kid!
You act like this is your place!
Maybe you should take care
of your place!
Now get out of here!
Get the hell out of here, you assholes!
That's him now.
Come on, Bogart.
That shit is bad, bro.
Put that shit out, man.
Here comes Garfield.
You smoking the chronic, Cesar?

No, man. I ain't hooked on chronic.
I'm hooked on phonics.
You wouldn't know who vandalized
Bungalow 86, would you?
Bungalow 86?
You guys know about Bungalow 86?
Sorry, maestro.
Nada.
You know...
...Garcia may not be able
to prove anything...
...but you and I both know
who's responsible, don't we?
I'm serious, man. I don't know
what the fuck you're talking about.
The ring, Cesar.
Give it to me.
You better watch it, man.
That's my trigger finger.
It's inappropriate attire!
Are you finished?
What? Am I finished?
Is that what you said?
Don't try to get crazy on me.
You wanna bring it on, let's go!
What you gonna do?
Get the fuck out of here!
Fucking bitch!
These conferences mainly focus
on software now.
Yeah, well, software sells.
How's Jack?
Jack's good.
And how's Trevor?
Has Trevor been behaving himself?
What's that supposed to mean?
- Is that supposed to mean something?
- It doesn't mean anything.
I'm talking to the lady! All right?
Sorry, all right?
Forgive me?
- Should I grab this?
- Later.
Do you wanna see Jack?

Jack, your mommy's home!
Come here, Jack!
Come on, sweetheart.
Here, boy!
It's weird. Usually
he just comes when I call.
He's right back here.
Oh, my God!
Oh, my God! Jack!
Don't look! Don't!
Let me get to him!
Don't look!
Oh, my God!
Don't beat yourself up too much.
Whatever it was,
he jumped over the fence.
What can you do?
Aspirin?
Thanks.
You know, Trevor,
I don't think that I can...
...talk to you right now.
I'm so upset that I can't even drive.
I just think it would
just be best if you just...
If I was just alone.
I'm sorry, Ellen.
Paco, is that you?
Stupid gato.
Stupid Indians.
They got some good shit!
Where's the aspirin?
Come on, you can do better than that.
I put it on my mother, detective.
So your teacher drugged you,
then chopped off your finger?
Yeah, it had to be him.
He smoked the mota for you too?
Fucking nigger hates my guts!
All right?
Who you covering for, homes?
This circumstantial bullshit
ain't gonna hold up in court.

Too many priors:

Juvenile GTA, vandalism.

I know it was him! Listen to me, man!

- You saw his face?

- Yeah, I saw his face!

Let me save you from perjuring yourself.

You're full of shit.

I swear to God, I know it was him.

This guy's wasting our time.

You come up with the truth,
you give us a call.

Later, homes.

File it under B, man.

"Bullshit. "

All right.

Name one of the four parts...

...that make up the human hand.

Hands, please.

Christian?

Metacarpals?

That's good. Anyone else? Rita.

The wrist and thumb.

Very good!

Come on, there's one more
very important part.

One more!

Phalanges! Phalanges!

Everybody wiggle your phalanges.

Please!

Everybody wiggle them.

You too, "G's" in the back. Phalanges!

Can I come in?

Hi!

What happened to you the other night?

I was gonna ask you the same question.

I went for a run.

You wanna go for Chinese later?

There's a new place.

I hear it's good.

You know, I just...

I've got all this stuff

I have to put into the computer.

Maybe some other time.

Sure.

I probably need to grade some papers.
Some of those kids are starting
to care about a grade.
Even Cesar.
Today, for the first time since I took
over for Eskander, he did some work.
You all right?
I'm much better. Thanks.
Finished.
Mr. G.? Finished.
It's broken.
It doesn't work.
I need three copies of this article!
You know, since your essay
deals with gangs...
...you probably could've left in
some of those double negatives you like.
So now you want me to use bad grammar?
Only when it suits your topic.
I know. We're all
products of our environment.
I think everybody's responsible
for their own actions.
Now, see, this is like hip-hop.
If you take out all the bad grammar
it loses its impact.
You like hip-hop, Mr. G?
No, I hate it.
What kind of black man are you?
This really is a good essay.
You put in a lot of work. It shows.
Thanks, maestro.
It comes from the heart.
You think I could be...
...a writer?
Miss Quinn picks two seniors to read
their essays every year at graduation.
She ain't gonna pick mine!
I don't wanna get up
in front of all those people.
- Make a fool out of myself.
- Really? Why?
You afraid it might be
some kind of Pyrrhic victory?

What's that?
Tell you what...
...look it up.
You see, you can't do that.
Either you'd need different software...
...or you'd have to sweep your
hard drive, taking two days.
Before we get sidetracked
with viruses and TSR programs...
...yesterday we were talking
about e-mail.
So if you click the icon
at the bottom of your screen...
...you'll be able to
send and receive mail.
Go ahead and click the white envelope.
You've got mail.
Okay, someone's way ahead of me.
All right.
Double click "open/read. "
That person isn't as anonymous
as they think they are.
You've got mail.
That's bullshit!
Better step off, Mrs. H!
You can't fucking prove anything!
And I know you can't afford
to lose this minimum-wage job of yours.
You know, you're right.
I can't afford to live in a big house
south of the boulevard like you do.
Fuck you!
- Have you seen Stevie Littleton?
- No, haven't seen him.
You're not supposed to leave
your classroom unattended.
Sue me!
Benny Chacon's mother.
I told her Garcia had to leave early,
but she just sits there.
She's been saying
some pretty crazy things.
Mrs. Chacon?
I'm Ellen Henry. Benny's in my class.

I'm sorry, I don't understand.
What is she saying?
You heard about that body
they found in the L.A. River?
She says she thinks it's Benny.
You say he's been missing
approximately four weeks?
Four or five weeks.
She speak English?
No.
We get 80 to 90
bodies a month sometimes.
Gangbangers, illegals...
...floaters.
Nobody's even looking for them.
But if you ask me, this kid was dead
before he got his head caved in.
Overdose of morphine.
That's what it looks like to me.
On the phone you said that...
...the mother mentioned
some identifying marks.
Yes.
She said he had pockmarks on his chest
from a bad case of chicken pox...
...and a bar-code tattoo
on the back of his neck.
Did you find any rosary beads
on the body?
No.
Who is it?
It's me.
What's the matter?
I just want you to tell me one thing.
If you had any idea what I was thinking
lately, you'd think I was crazy.
You remember the body
that they found in the L.A. River?
It was Benny.
Who told you that?
Benny's mother identified the body.
You know Benny was no saint.
He hurt a lot of people.
Before we go shedding tears over him,

we should remember that.
In an odd sort of way
he may be better off.
I know we are.
Don't you feel safer with Benny gone?
Don't you think he deserved to...
You don't know anything...
...about Cesar's finger, do you?
Did you know...
...Cesar beats his mother?
He was here the night Jack died.
In the back.
What are you talking about?
Jack was provoked.
It was no accident. Cesar killed him.
What happened to Cesar was inevitable.
At some point, people have to take
responsibility for their actions.
I mean, he and Benny were takers.
They want what they want
when they want it.
And we can't expect the system
to protect us.
Where did you get these?
I admire you.
Like you, I used to think
the world was this great place...
...where everybody lived
by the same standard I did.
Then some kid with a nail...
...showed me I was living in his world.
A world where chaos rules, not order.
A world where righteousness
is not rewarded.
That's Cesar's world.
And if you're not willing
to play by his rules...
...then you're gonna
have to pay the price.
I don't know you.
I don't know who you are.
I don't know you!
You do know me. I'm a teacher.
Just like you.

I'm talking to you, Garfield.
I know what you did to Cesar.
I'm thinking maybe you did Benny too.
Is that possible?
Did you bash his skull in?
What did you fuck him up with?
You killed my friend!
Let me by.
I want an answer!
Leave me alone!
I'll kill you...
Schoolgirl bitch!
What the fuck is your problem?
You're fucking maestro!
What you talking about?
- Garfield killed Benny.
- You're crazy!
Don't turn your back
when I'm talking! Come here!
You think you better
than everybody else?
Because you ain't!
Shut up!
You forget all the good times we had?
We all had our time with you.
What the fuck
you fucking that nigger for?
You think he'll protect you?
Keep me from doing
what I want with you?
Fuck you! Stupid little bitch!
You want some meat on a roll?
Come on!
Rita!
Garfield better watch his back!
What the fuck you gonna do?
Fuck you, bitch!
The death of Benito Chacon
is not gang-related.
That is something you heard on the news.
It is wrong. It is misinformation.
Wait a minute.
How can you be so sure? We're talking
about the safety of my kid.

Everyone, please just stay calm.
Thank you, Mrs. Ford.
The police at this point aren't
even sure if it's a murder case.
The reason we're meeting...
...is to quash all rumors
that may be floating around out there.
This is what we do know.
Benny Chacon ultimately died
of a drug overdose.
Technically, it was morphine,
which is what heroin breaks down into.
That's bullshit!
Benny was no junkie!
I know who did it. It ain't
the gangs you gotta be worrying about.
It's the teachers!
That's exactly the kind of rumor
we don't need.
It was Garfield!
Sit down!
Say one more word and you're suspended.
You're a fucking murderer, Garfield!
Maybe I can't prove it, but
he fucked up Cesar and killed Benny!
Victor, please.
It's the truth, ain't it, G?
Ask him.
Touch me and I'll sue your ass!
You're dead, G! You're fucking dead!
Garfield, wait up, man!
Come on!
You're not gonna let that
punk get to you, are you?
He's a tweaker, a speed freak.
Don't let that punk scare you.
What do you want?
How can I help you?
How about you give me a ride home?
My old lady wouldn't give me
the car this morning. She's a bitch.
You smell like beer.
I only had two.
I swear that's all I had.

Come on, give me a ride.
I live right over here off Chandler.
I'll buy you a drink.
Come on!
Get in!
What do you drink?
Scotch? Bourbon? Beer? Gin?
Hurry up, will you? I gotta pee.
I had a similar situation happen to me
about the time of the Night Stalker.
Whole city was scared shitless.
My old lady thought that the mailman was
the Stalker for a couple of weeks there.
But then some mental midget
from my 4th period...
...gets this idea. He starts this rumor
that I'm the Night Stalker.
I mean, even after
they caught that Ramirez.
I could still hear this guy saying,
"No, no, you got the wrong guy.
Childress is the stalker, ese. "
Idiots!
It's getting late. I better go.
Thanks for the soda.
Hold your horses, man!
Can't let you leave...
...without meeting the kids.
Come on. Come on back.
What we got here? Well, this gun...
...is from Czechoslovakia.
This is a CZ.22 automatic
10-round clip.
Glow-in-the-dark sights.
Ain't that a beauty?
All right.
I got a custom Smitty 9 milli...
...with extended grip.
Because as you know...
...them Smith & Wesson...
...they kick like a mother!
Here it is.
This is a beauty.
This is a Glock. 21.

The lightest handgun...
...in the world.
The barrel, firing pin are made out
of metal, but everything else on this...
...is made out of plastic.
Go ahead. Feel that.
Go ahead, take it!
Because you know...
...you never can be too prepared.
My pukey little Colt. 380!
You wear that thing to school?
Come on, Garfield!
Jesus Christ! They don't check
teachers with the metal detectors.
I got a. 357 in my desk.
Of course you know that!
I was paying attention.
You should've seen
the look on your face.
You know, Jos...
I told you!
Stay in your cotton-picking seat, boy!
Don't tell me you never wanted to blow
one of these bastards away.
Speaking of blowing, you ever
wanna fuck a high-school chick?
Because I caught your girl Rita!
Caught her in the utility shed
couple of months back busting the train.
Must've had 5 or 6 cholos
lined up back there.
Let's face it, brother,
the girl's a slut.
She's a slut!
Come on, man, I know you did her.
I know you had her. Even I had her!
You're drunk.
So fucking what? I'm drunk.
I'm kicking it with you, you know.
I'm sitting here...
...I'm talking to you about
screwing broads...
...and you're sitting here copping
the self-righteous attitude.

So what gives?
I mean, did...
Did you do it, Garfield?
Did you whack Benny?
You can tell me.
I ain't gonna tell anybody.
What about Cesar?
I thought it was generous
just taking off his little finger.
I would've cut off his balls.
Go to hell, Dave.
What?
You did do it.
Son of a bitch!
You crazy motherfucker, you did!
You probably think you and I are alike.
We're not.
Good night.
Good night.
Peace.
You're still in school.
You're just 15.
Yeah, I am.
What kind of a future plan do you have?
I know I'm gonna have to
tone down my looks.
There's a lot of jobs where
you can actually wear hats.
Go ahead, Nicky. Go ahead, just do it.
Pull it, pull it!
You got an empty chamber in that gun!
Put an empty chamber in that gun!
I don't think she's coming today.
What you doing here?
I missed you this morning.
What happened?
I came by to make sure you're all right.
You okay?
If you don't take finals,
you won't graduate.
I ain't going back,
so forget it.
I promise you Stevie and Cesar
won't bother you.

It don't matter.
School's just for other kids.
Not me.
Come on, you know you don't mean that.
You're doing so well.
Don't throw it all away.
How about that essay?
How'd you do?
You still wanna be a writer, don't you?
Listen, I...
I know about Childress.
What?
He'll never touch you again.
I promise.
He's full of shit!
Get out! I don't need your pity.
I don't need you.
You made a mistake, that's all.
You see these?
Phone calls about you.
Good ones.
Cesar's mother told me
how you tried to help him.
You're evidently a good teacher.
However...
...I'm afraid I'm gonna
have to let you go.
As much as I'd like to have you stay
until the end of the year...
...I can't overlook the seriousness
of certain accusations.
Is it true that you had meetings
with a female student at your house?
I was trying to help her.
The implications are still there.
I can't afford to open the door
for another lawsuit.
I'm sure you can appreciate my position.
You can stay till Friday.
I hope that'll be sufficient.
I don't think you're being an alarmist.
He gets a little overzealous at times...
...like some other people I know.
I don't think the rosary

adds up to much either.
Why?
It's probably his.
When I received
my First Holy Communion...
...all the boys got black rosaries,
all the girls got white rosaries.
Trust me, there must be
millions of black rosaries...
...filed away in desk drawers
from here to the Vatican.
The guy's been through a lot.
The system failed him.
I don't think any of us can really
appreciate what he's been through.
I say we give the man a break.
You dogs ready to do this?
Once we go in, we don't come out
till that nigga's dead.
You hear me?
Got that right.
Then you down with K.O.S.
That's what I been waiting for, ese.
Yeah, I'm down.
Any of you leave...
...I'll kill you myself.
You know what to do.
Where'd you jack this car from, homes?
Shit's nasty.
Let's smoke this bitch.
I'm in here, Cesar.
Don't you move, Garfield.
Don't you make a move.
You killed my homeboy Benny.
And you cut off my finger.
Now let me hear you say that.
Yeah, I did it.
I told you, man!
Fucking A!
Let me do him.
No.
This nigga's mine.
You ever seen Deer Hunter?
Put it to your head...

...pull the trigger.
You gonna do yourself.
That macho enough for you?
That make me a man?
Take more than that to be me.
Yeah?
Then you do it.
Come on, maricn.
Do it!
Vato's scared.
He's trying to weasel out.
He's fucking with your head!
Come on.
That's not how we playing the game.
Not man enough to play your own game?
Where's your cojones?
Shut up!
You gonna hide behind your homeboys?
Where's your pride?
Come on, I pulled three times.
You ain't pulled once.
What are you doing, man?
You disrespecting me?
You saying I ain't a man?
I'm saying you're a fool.
Don't be doing that shit, man!
You the man, Cesar.
You the man, and you ain't shit!
You hear me?
He got character
and you ain't got shit!
What the fuck?
Yeah, shoot his ass, homey.
Your turn.
You got some respect back now?
The only thing you respect
is stupidity.
You willing to die for stupidity?
See, I am, if it'll teach you something.
You can't kill me, homeboy.
What I am, what I was,
died over a year ago.
Everything I've ever wanted
has been taken from me.

And no matter how many of you
I get rid of...
...I can't get it back!
I was a teacher!
I wanted to help you!
You can't kill me!
And you can't scare me!
He's crazy, man.
That's right!
Isn't that what you respect?
Loco! Come on, Cesar!
If you're gonna be stupid,
be all the way stupid!
Put it to your head, pull the trigger!
Do it!
Do it!
Do it!
Your whole way of life is bullshit!
Macho is bullshit!
It's all I got!
So now you're the victim?
Let me take your turn for you.
Shit!
He's out!
He's fucking out!
He smoked himself!
Let's go.
Oh, man! Let's go, homey.
He took my turn.
What?
I could've taken
my own motherfucking turn.
So fucking what? He's dead.
Let's go! Come on!
I've gotta do this.
Fuck this!
What are you doing? Let's go!
I got one in six chances.
I'm gonna beat this bitch.
What the f...?
Why'd you do that, man?
What's the fucking point?
Somehow...
... the sight of my own reflection...

... increased my loneliness.
The title of my essay is...
... "Mi Salida"...
..."My Way Out. "
There's been a lot of talk
the last couple of weeks...
...about whether Mr. Garfield done
what they wrote about in the newspapers.
He once told me that you can't blame
everything on your environment.
But I think you can push
a good teacher too far.
And he'll go bad like anybody else.
I don't know if Mr. G.
Done all those bad things.
But what I do know is that
teachers don't get no respect.
I'm up here today
because of him.
He was there for me
when nobody else was.
The thing is,
I should've been there for him too.
I didn't wanna stand up here today.
But Mr. G. Asked me...
...if I was afraid it
would be a Pyrrhic victory.
And I asked him,
"What's up with that?"
He said to go look it up, so I did.
This is called a city.
Human beings used to live here.
It refers to this guy named Pyrrhus.
He was a king around 300 B.C.
Pyrrhus defeated the Romans...
... on two separate occasions.
But those victories cost him
a large part of his army.
So now...
...whenever somebody says...
...that something
is a Pyrrhic victory...
...they mean it's a victory
gained at too great a cost.