The Trotsky

By Jacob Tierney
- What did these slave-driving, bourgeois scum bags say to our request, eh, comrades?
Our right to unionize?
They laughed in our faces.
They laughed in the faces of the common man, just as they have for centuries.
Now, we need these jobs to be fair and well paid!
We need these jobs to stay in our country!
We need a union and we need it now!
- Fie, six, se--
Five, six, seven, eight.
One, two, three, four, fie!
We deserve to unionize!
Whoo!
No idea...
Why you stopping?
Come on!
- That's it?
- We had 6 hours' notice, Leon.
- I know, I know.
- Sarah! Leon! Lunch!
- We're not breaking the strike line, Ma!
- Who's breaking anything?
Maybe you don't wanna nosh?
- It's a hunger strike, Ma! Jesus!
- I heard that.
Don't swear.
- Leon.
- Yeah, it's good!
- Chmed!
Dude!
- Sorry, Leon.
I'm starving.
- You're killing me here.
What are you eating?
You're supposed to be
my right-hand man.
- I know, bro. I--I'm sorry.
- Last chance for tuna salad!
Lots of mayo like someone likes!
- Please, stop it, Ma!
- Well, he's eating!
- I know, but he's not supposed to.
- Leon! What--
- Oh, shit!
- Sorry, sir, you can't go through.
- No, that's my son.
He wants to close my factory.
- Leon! Leon!
What you doing?
- Negotiations with management
have closed.
- Closed!
When were they ever opened?
- Hi, Daddy!
- What are you-- What is--
You're cheerleading?
For what?
For--for your brother
becoming psychotic?
nna!
- I came straight from tennis, honey.
- What is that?
What do you have there?
What is that, food?
You brought food?
- They're still growing.
They have to eat.
- Very embarrassing.
- My own wife...
- Calme-toi, mon chri.
- ...is bringing a picnic
for Stalin over here
who wants to destroy
my business!
- I have nothing but contempt
for Stalin, as you well know.
- Uh...
You have kids?
Oui?
Eh bien, O.K..
- Union!
Union! Union!
- Here's what we're gonna do.
- Hey!
- I know you want to start down here
  with the workers and all that stuff,
but in a week or so when you get
bored out of your mind, don't be proud.
You come upstairs to
the office and I'll show you
how the business really works,
all right?
- We'll see.
- This is where
your grandfather started.
Right here on the floor,
just like you.
In 3 years,
he bought the business.
Isn't that something?
Why don't you come upstairs?
It's nicer upstairs.
Come on!
- It's just--
It's a bit too soon
to align myself with, uh,
with management.
You do understand.
- Align yourself...
...with management.
You know what?
I'm not gonna even try to...
Whatever you say, Leon.
You start here,
do whatever you want.
- Wait! David,
where is our union--
- Don't call me David. You know
it makes me uncomfortable.
- Fine. Uh, Dad?
- Thank you.
- Where's our union representative?
- You know that
we have no union.
We've never had one.
- I'm sorry. What?
- Why do you pretend that--
- This is a travesty!
- chmed!
Listen, this is my son Leon.
He is anxious to plumb the depths
of the packing department.
Why don't you show him
what to do, where to start?
If you have
any problems whatsoever,
you come upstairs
and you talk to me.
Uh, chmed, you have any
problems with him whatsoever,
you come upstairs
and you talk to me, all right?
Uh, good job.
You're wasting a little plastic,
but you'll get better at it.
- Fascist.
- What did you say?
- Uh, fascist.
He's a fascist.
What is he?
- Fascist.
- Thank you.
- chmed, I heard that.
- Remember? My God, remember
when we had the unions?
- Uh, what is everybody
still doing here?
Shipping deadline is at 4:00!
I don't think we're gonna make it.
- We're still on lunch.
- xcuse me?
- We demand a full hour for a lunch
break. It's only been 56 minutes.
- Uh...
Uh, Leon...
I wonder if I could trouble you.
I'm sorry to interrupt.
Do you mind just giving me just a couple of minutes of your time up in the office to discuss something?
- You exploit your employees.
- How? y employing them?
- y running a business without any standardized labour laws in place, you, David, are acting as an agent of sabotage against all working people across the globe.
- Sabotage? What do you call talking my guys into missing a shipping deadline!
- Progress.
- You know what?
 1 am not responsible for workers in the world everywhere.
 1 am responsible for keeping this company in profit!
- So this is how it happens.
- How what happens?
- How it ends between you and me, landowner.
- What? Land--
  Landowner?
 1 lease the land!
 1 don't know what you're talking about!
- I'm not staying.
  I'm just here to collect my books.
- Where you going?
- Why? So you can let the police know, and have them arrest me again?
- Why don't we have a conversation?
- Expect a conversation with my lawyer.
- Your what? Your lawyer?
  Are we getting a divorce?
Who gets custody of the child?
Oh, wait!
You're the child.
- So how was jail?
- brutal, in a word.
- ut, uh, I'm out.
- I can't go back right now.
- Next year, though.
- Jail. Fingers crossed.
- So what are we thinking long term?
- Oh, I don't know.
- Cuba or maybe...
- Caracas, Venezuela.
- I think Hugo would take me in.
- Hugo would love you.
- This is what I'm saying.
- eep your voices down.
- You're gonna wake your father.
- w!
- What are we thinking short term?
- I don't know. Crash at a youth hostel or something.
- youth hostel?
- Stay in a hotel.
- Mais voyons donc!
- Stay in a hotel.
- Well, I can't afford it.
- Dad cut me off!
- Completely?
- Yes.
- What a Nazi.
- Don't call your father a Nazi.
- Well, he is a Nazi!
- Don't say that word!
- Whatever, Ma.
- You're not even Jewish.
- Hey! Sarah!
- You're Jewish enough for me.
- You're proud of yourself?
- Teaching your sister to talk that way?
- I didn't say anything!
- You don't have to.
- She doesn't talk that way when you're not around.
- Makes perfect sense.
She's never said "Nazi."
- I don't want to hear
that word in my house!
- Freedom of speech is
an inalienable right
that you, sir,
have neither the authority
nor the wherewithal
to do away with!
- Stop yelling!
- Is it gonna be every summer
he comes home,
he turns my daughter
against me?
- Oh, David!
- Dad.
- I don't have to turn anybody
against you!
- I see.
- They're free to see the face
of oppression!
- The oppression
that pays for school?
- I hate that boarding school.
- Suddenly, you hate the school.
- Suddenly?
I always hated that school.
- Words have consequences.
I hope you're prepared for that.
- Leon?
- I'm leaving. I'm leaving.
- Can you just wait a minute, please?
He's so upset when you fight!
- Oh, don't defend him!
- Fine.
O... I want you to take this.
- I--I told you!
- It's not Daddy's!
It's mine.
You're my only stepson that I love.
nd it's gonna kill me if I think that
you're sleeping in a shelter
with homeless people
peeing on you.
- Homeless people peeing on me?
- Yeah.
- O...
Oh, t'es fin! T'es fin!
I want you to
do me another favour.
- Mm-hmm?
- I want you to come
on Friday for Shabbat.
- Oh! l...
I--l--l don't want
to eat with that man.
- For me.
Do it for me. Please?
- I'll make all your favourites.
- Shepherd's pie?
- Oui.
Merci, mon chou.
- I love you very much, mom.
- e careful.
- Bien sr.
- O..?
- Hmm.
- Thank you very much
for not pissing on me.
- xcuse me, sir.
- re you Frank McGovern?
- Yeah.
- Oh, I'm so glad you're here.
- I'm not here. I'm leaving.
I'll be back this afternoon.
- Oh, no, no, no.
Uh, we need to talk now.
Um, unfortunately, neither of us
has any choice in the matter.
lt's fate.
I mean it's...
not just that the conditions
were deplorable,
which they were,
believe you me.
Certain people weren't being
given a full hour for lunch,
let alone any semblance
of a break.
l mean, are we in
the industrial revolution?
Have these people never heard
of the Reform ill of 1832?
This is all to say
- that each of these ills seem
- union.
- nd so you staged
a hunger strike?
- Yes, l did.
perfectly legal hunger strike.
fter which
l was detained illegally
at the urging of my father.
- nd now you wanna--
- Sue him.
- For?
- l don't know.
What are my options?
l'm thinking, uh, wrongful
imprisonment, false arrest?
l--l--l'm not sure.
You see, this is
why l need council.
- No, l don't know
how l can help you, kid.
l haven't practiced law
in 20 years.
- Yeah, that's right,
not since the concentrator
and pellet facility
closed down
- Right.
ut l still don't think
you need a lawyer.
- Oh yes, l do.
nd l need it to be you.
- lt's Leon, right?
- Yes, sir.
- Well, Leon, you're half right.
You need counselling.
but you haven't got a case against your father.

Sorry.
- This isn't over.
- Yeah, it is.
- What would your colleagues of the Communist Party of Canada, which you led from 1971 to 1982, think of you turning me down?
- You're following me?
- Maybe.
- Go home.
- In your Ph. D. dissertation, you stated that the dialectic is only growing...
  that the illusion of the middle class will die and that a new leadership will rise from the ashes of that dream.
- My writing isn't that flowery.
- I am that leadership!

What about your fellow Vietnam War draft dodgers?
What about taking haven in this country and in turn becoming the chief architect and guinea pig for our extradition laws!
Don't you feel an obligation to see our labour laws progress further?
- I'm this far away from calling the cops, Leon.
- I'm not freaked-out about finishing my Ph. D.
Maybe I don't want to go back to being a Federal prosecutor.
- Oh, for Christ's sake!
- Please take my case!
- You have no case to take, Leon.
- How--

What the hell happened to you?
- Get up off the street!
- h! I see...
Have you, uh, turned into
one of those people?
- Sorry, Alexandra.
- You Menshevik!
- This is Leon.
- Wait, wait!
Stop, stop, stop, stop.
Both of you.
You.
Uh, what is your name?
- Alexandra.
- Is she making that up?
- Why would anyone do that?
- Uh, yeah, yeah.
How old are you?
- How old are you?
- Uh, 17 and three quarters.
Give or take.
How old are you?
- I'm a whole 27.
- Oh my god!
Oh my god!
Oh, my god! It's happening.
It's happening.
So it's happening.
- What's happening, Leon?
- Uh, I think
I'm gonna throw up.
- What are you talking about?
- O.., you see, ever since
I first heard about him,
when I was a little boy,
and then as I got older,
I swear to you more and more
things started making sense.
And now, this...
This whole...
- Uh...
- This is...
What I'm about to say to you,
I've never said aloud,
aside from when I'm pretending
that Gourevitch is interviewing
me for The Paris Review.
Uh...
So, uh...
I'm the reincarnation
of Leon Trotsky.
Uh, and you and I
are gonna get married.
Nice to meet you.
- Leon! Leon!
I think it might be better
if you just let her go.
- Really?
Huh. Fair enough.
I mean it's, uh,
it's inevitable anyways, so...
- Right.
- Yeah.
Leon? Supper.
- One minute.
- Oh, come on. You can finish
your little revolution after you eat.
- Please stop reading my journal!
- Well, I figured out
why you're gonna marry him.
- Did he tell you?
No! I looked it up.
Listen to this here.
"Long before Leon Trotsky
and Lenin stormed into Russia
"and created the first
communist state in 1917..."
- Hey, Tiger.
I'm not in your first year
World History survey class.
I know who Trotsky was.
- Fine, then I guess you know
that Trotsky's first wife
was named Alexandra, right?
- Ig deal.
- And that she was 9 years
older than he,
and that they were introduced
by a man named Franz...
something Czech...
who hosted politically-themed
garden parties in iev, where Trotsky--
then of course still Leon Bronstein--
got to school.
- Come on...
- I'm reading it out of the biography.
You can borrow it.
- No, thanks.
- You should.
- It's kind of creepy.
- Yeah.
- Creepy, funny, harmless.
- For now,
until he starts stalking me.
nd l get the vibe
that's right up his alley.
What's so funny?
- It's just that apparently
lexandra hated Leon
when she first met him.
- Hmm. It's so nice
to have you back, Leon.
lt's always so nice when the whole
family is here for Shabbat.
- Yeah, you're always such
a pleasure, Leon.
- I hate you, li.
- Go home, li. Just go.
- See, this is my dad's home too,
which means it's my home.
So I can't really go home,
but nice try.
- li.
- What?
- You're unbelievable.
- She started it.
l'm just-- O...
Sarah, can you stop?
For God's sake.
- -- Yeah.
- Shh!
- How's the brisket?
- It's dry.
- It's pretty good for a shiksa, Mom.
li!
- What?
- Dad, make him stop please!
- Sarah!
- I have a question for you.
Leon, you recognize this, don't you?
My Life, by Leon Trotsky.
- How--how did you--
Uh, have I been betrayed so soon?
- Leon!
- You are such a dipshit.
- Can you not act your age?
- I am.
- For God's sake!
- Now, circa 1860 or so...
I just can't find
where your Leon went to
a boarding school in here.
- It wasn't at
a boarding school.
It was a public school with
a liberal arts emphasis.
- Oh, of course. I'm sorry.
- I'm sorry.
- Of course
it was a public school.
Let me get it straight.
It's a little confusing.
So this Leon's father, he didn't
have to pay for his son's--
What would you call it?
Ingratitude? Insensitivity?
- Delusion?
- How dare you?
- I am just asking a question.
- O..., wait.
sk my lawyer!
- Just calm down, Leon.
- Your what?
- I'm calm!
- Will you stop?
- No, he's passionate!
You believe in something.
You have a hero...
- Please stop, David!
  It's upsetting him!
- He's a great man.
Look how thick the book is.
Ut listen, you want
to be just like him?
l'm gonna make it
really easy for you.
This coming fall, you, Leon,
just like this Leon,
will be going to public school.
- l didn't say anything to him,
l swear to--
re you O..?
- Oh, yeah, yeah!
No, l'm, uh...
lt's a good idea.
lt's--it's gonna be good for me.
l...
I love public stuff.
This is public school.
With all the public people.
- Montreal, Toronto and
Vancouver. Just like you asked.
- Oh, great!
Thank you.
- Why do you want these?
- Oh, uh, my destiny.
Card 4.
- Oh.
- O...
Um, hello there.
Uf, this is my first day here.
l believe l'm meant to ask you
where my homeroom is.
- Name?
- Leon ronstein.
- Leon ronstein?
Principal erkhoff,
this is Leon ronstein.
- Leon ronstein.
We've been waiting for you.
- h! Well, in that case,
l'll tell you that l don't have
a tremendous amount of
experience with public schools,
but I've decided
that I'm going to like it.
- Good!
I think you'll find this is
not like most public schools.
I like to run a pretty tight ship.
- I respond passionately
to structure, so...
- Then we should
get along just fine.
- H!
- Your homeroom and schedule
are in there.
and that's the activities board
if you care about that stuff.
- Oh, shit.
- Oh god.
Oh my god! I'm sorry.
We thought
you were a teacher.
- Yeah, man.
Uh, close the door.
- H!
Um, are you people the,
uh, union representatives
that I sign in with?
- The union representatives?
Uh, sure.
- Uh, do you want
to help with the dance?
- I want to join the union.
- Re you new?
- I get it.
You think this is like--
you think this is like a union,
like--like the Teamsters.
- Oh! No. No.
No, no, no.
That--that's not us.
- No, no. This is just
like student's council.
Like, uh... Ha!
I don't know. Council?
It's not a union.
That's just the name.
- ll right, well, uh, what sort
  of legislative powers
do you guys have as a council?
- Uh, none.
- Uh, the power
to organize a dance.
You want to help?
Skip.
How did you manage
to get mud on your shoes?
It hasn't rained for days.
- Oh, um, I don't know.
Sorry, Ms. Davis.
- apologize to me
  in detention this afternoon.
- Actually, I have to go to
  the orthodontist this afternoon.
- Perhaps, you should have
  thought of that
before you walked into
my school with muddy shoes.
Welcome back, Skip.
- God! She's such a bitch!
I can't believe
she's already started on me.
- Is it actual school policy
  that you can't have
muddy shoes in the hallways?
- Um.
- Yeah, I'll go to detention with you.
Solidarity.
- ll right, everyone!
- O...
- Class started 2 minutes ago.
- Oh, Jimmy!
Fuck!
- Welcome back.
How was your summer?
Tuck in your shirt.
See you in detention.
Sheila!
Sheila, take that thing out of your nose. You are not a bull.
- Sorry, Ms. Davis.
- Apologize in detention.
  nd don't act like a hussy!
- What a cunt!
- Fascist.
- Since this is the first day of detention, I requested to be the supervisor
  so that you would all know just how bad it can be.
  ll which to say, you don't want to be here, I don't want you to be here, so shape up
  and don't come back.
- Um, Ms. Davis? Since it's the first day of school and we don't really have any homework, can we just read?
- No.
  I brought math with me.
- Hi there!
  Sorry I'm late. I had trouble finding your place.
  Hi, you guys.
  How's it going? I know you.
- What is your name?
- Oh!
  Uh, I don't have detention.
  Uh, I'm just here in protest.
  I took the liberty of reading up on the school-board regulations vis--vis, uh, detention.
  nd, uh, mud isn't in there.
  Neither are, uh, nose rings for that matter.
  nd between you and me, it is the first day of school, you probably could've let the shirt thing slide.
How are you?
re you well?
- Young man!
1 don't know
who you think you are--
- Leon ronstein.
l am the reincarnation
of Leon Trotsky.
nd if you give Skip
or any other student
another unjustifiable
detention again,
you and 1 are going to have
a very serious problem, Mrs...
l'm sorry.
What was your name?
- So, we're celebrating tonight,
and by celebrating,
1 mean you actually have to
leave your house.
- Oh, no, we're not.
We are doing nothing tonight.
- No! 1 told Lucy l'd get you drunk.
Don't make me a liar.
- Stop emailing my mother.
- l like your mother.
- You can have her.
Oh shit!
- Oh my God!
ls that your future husband?
- Um...
- Hi, honey!
- Don't leave me.
This could get ugly.
Not funny. Not funny.
What are you doing here?
- Um...
Congratulations on
defending your thesis!
- l don't want to see you.
- Why not?
- Uh, you frighten me.
l think you're crazy.
- ut l love you.
- Wow!
O.., uh, I think I'm gonna leave now.
- Uh, please don't.
- Call me later.
- I won't.
- nd, um, it was very nice
to meet you.
- Thank you. I think so.
- O...
- Oh! Say hi to Julian for me.
- Hi.
Uh, could...
Could we please go, um,
and have coffee together?
Um...
Please don't say
anything mean to me anymore.
- Stop asking me to marry you, O..?
Seriously, it freaks me out.
- Really?
- Mm-hmm.
- Fine. Fine.
Fine.
- Was that a no?
No. Hey!
That was a joke!
That was sort of a joke!
- Thank you.
- Thank you.
So you really think
that you're the same person
as Leon Trotsky?
- Yes.
- nd you think that
you're gonna live out his life
exactly as it happened to him,
ice pick and all?
- Correct.
- Well, my limited knowledge
of Trotsky involves,
a lot of travelling and a lot
of assassination attempts.
- Have you been
reading up on him?
- What I mean is
  that it's a lot to live up to.
- Uh...
I actually like to look at it
as a lot to look forward to.
- Well, for a Marxist,
you'd make a great Hindu.
- What? Oh...
Well, Terry Agleton
encourages us
to let Marxism breathe
in our new century
by allowing for things
which are Marx, frankly,
had no opinion on,
by letting the guidelines
of the Great Dialectic,
or the Grand Narrative,
guide us towards moral
and not moralist thinking.
- Was that "gobbledegook?"
- Hells no.
- I didn't think so.
- So his name is Julian?
- No, he's making it up.
- Nd, uh...
How heartbroken will Julian be
when you break up with him
for me?
- So, I'm that-a-way
and the bus stop is that-a-way.
- Yeah. I know.
- Good night.
- Night.
- This is the end of our date.
- Oh, I know.
I'm just staring at
how beautiful you are.
I thank you for a very
lovely evening.
- Uh...
- Sit down.
So, are you enjoying public school
as much as you hoped
that you would?
- Uh, see, it's all very exciting.
Um, too bad about all
the fascists, though.
- xcuse me?
- Oh, the fascists,
like Ms. Davis over here.
Uh, if it wasn't for them,
l'd be having a fantastic time.
nd the kids are great,
like that gentleman Skip.
Skip seems really nice.
- He says that he doesn't
actually know you.
- That is correct.
- ut you know him?
- No.
- So you were just
demonstrating solidarity with him?
- Yes, that's right.
- Do you understand why
you've been given detentions
for the rest of the week?
- Yes, I believe for insolence.
- You're damn right.
- Ms. Davis.
Leon...
I don't think
I've properly educated you
on the twin subjects of
who I am and what I'm about.
- I think I've got
a pretty clear idea.
- I don't think that you do.
This has been a troubled arts school
for many years now.
Pot, sex,
graftiti, piercings.
You see what I'm getting at?
I am here to discipline
the students, usher in a new era
of responsibility
and obligation to this place.
Now, you can certainly
make that harder for me.
Heck, you already have.
but you won't stop me.
So the choice is yours.
You can spend
your final year of high school
in a war you can't win against a man
who's lived far longer
and knows far more than you.
- Hmm.
- Or you can just float by
and wreak havoc next year
on someone's poor,
unsuspecting university.
What's it going to be?
- I think the choice is obvious.
- Why was this war so important
that people were coming
from all over the world to Spain
to volunteer for it?
Does anyone care?
nyone other than Leon?
Orwell, Hemingway,
famous writers, lots to lose,
coming all the way to Spain!
They had nothing to do with it.
The POUM, the very first
all-volunteer army.
You, in your little lives here,
would you volunteer yourselves
to go to a foreign country,
somewhere that
you've never been before,
somewhere where
you know no one?
Can you imagine
doing something so selfless?
Dan!
Can you please turn your
smirking face towards the front?
Thanks. Where was I?
- I'm so bored.
- Well, you're a fruit.
nd why are we in the hallway?
Why don't we go somewhere where we could smoke?
- I'd second that motion, but I'm afraid it might sound too fruity, twat.
- Ladies! It's a dance theme. How hard can this be?
- Pfft!
- 0..., so the next suggestion, whatever it is, that's what we're doing, 0...?
- Hi! Hi! Sorry. Sorry we're late.
Double time.
- Who's this?
- Guys, this is Leon and his friend...
- Skip. His name is Skip.
- Skip!
Uh, guys, this is Dwight, president of the Student Union.
- nd--and--and-- and who are you?
- Dwight!
- What's the big deal?
What grade are you in, Skippy?
- 9.
- 9! Great!
- Wow!
- All the grades should be represented in the union.
Right, Tony?
- Right.
Do you guys have any ideas for the theme of a dance? It's in 2 weeks and it's kind of crunch time.
- Social justice?
- 11 right!
This meeting's adjourned!
- What? Uh, no, no. No, that's not our theme! That's not our theme.
- Oh, yeah Caroline said
the next one mentioned
was gonna be the theme,
so that's it, right?
- Hum, I guess so.
- O..., an elected committee
member has to suggest it.
Not....
some outsider.
- re you my Stalin, Dwight?
- Ha! O..!
So I suggest social justice.
Let's fucking go.
- Yeah, well you--
- "re you my Stalin, Dwight?"
In fact, I want that on a T-shirt.
- Heh!
- No, wait. That should be
my first album name:
"My Stalin."
Is it a better band name
or album name?
- I don't know.
- Can I ask you guys something?
Would you say
"boredom" or "apathy"?
- Well, what's the difference?
- oredom.
- pathy's the condition
of not caring.
oredom... boredom is just a
slumber one can be roused from.
- Oh, then definitely boredom.
- See, I told you.
- Gang...
Do you guys want to form
a real union?
- Why?
- We have no voice.
We have no, uh, defence
in this large,
impersonal establishment
that maintains it's here
for our edification,
and yet seems hell-bent
on thwarting our individual and
collective growth at every turn.
Teachers and administration
are here for us.
nd yet we are
the most undervalued members
of the education community.
We have lots of power,
we just haven't used it yet.
 re we gonna get
in trouble for this?
 Probably. Heh!
 Principal erkhoff
claims there's a new sheriff
at Montreal West High School.
ully for him!
 What is this fucking idiot
talking about?
Why don't you try listening to him?
 Let's show him what
the townspeople are made of.
Let's show him that we are not
the generation of apathy.
 I love everything you're saying.
Oh, sing it, sister! Yeah!
 If we don't think
we deserve a detention,
shouldn't we be allowed
to bring that query
to a review board of sorts?
We are entitled
to fight unfair rules.
a time for learning
or a time for revolution.
 Oh, mon Dieu!
Frank?
 For one young man,
the answer is both.
 Frank, come here.
You gotta see this.
 What?
 My fellow students,
aren't you tired of being
taught ecology by gym teachers?
- Oh, for Christ's sake!
- While school officials have yet to comment, it seems like this semester is shaping up...
- Should I Febreeze your robes?
- You know what else isn't funny anymore?
- Besides your ring tone?
- Yeah, you. Hello?
- Turn on the news.
- Why?
- You'll see.
- The commissioner's on vacation this week...
- Oh my god!
- Hold on a second. I got the other line. Hold on.
Hello?
- Uh, hey. It's Leon.
- Hang on.
- Yeah, O...
- Did you give Leon my number?
- Uh...
- Oh, my god! Hold on.
What is wrong with you?
- Why?
Was I not supposed to call?
- No, I'm talking about the--the school thing! Are you watching the news, Leon?
- Oh, that.
That's just local coverage.
Listen, uh, what are you doing tomorrow night?
- I'm busy.
Are you really trying to unionize your high school?
- Uh, yes.
Uh, what are you busy with?
- It's my Ph. D. party. Did you tip off the press?
- Uh, no.
My sister did that.
What time
does your Ph. D. party finish?
- Late.
What is wrong with you?
- I'm Trotsky.
Uh, how late is late?
- Um, we're not seeing
each other tomorrow night, so...
- Ut tomorrow
is our anniversary.
- Mmm, we don't have
an anniversary.
- Yes, we do.
It's a week tomorrow that we first met.
- O.., I'm gonna talk to you later.
nd I don't want to be
your one phone call from jail.
- So, I'll just pop by
your place tomorrow night, then?
- You will the fuck not, seriously.
- Smells good in here.
- How's your boyfriend?
I forgot.
I'm your boyfriend.
- Yeah, sometimes I forget too.
- Congratulations, Doctor.
- Whoa!
- Thank you!
- ravo.
- Merci! Oh...
- You didn't call me--
- I'm not talking to you.
- Whoa, whoa, whoa!
You didn't call me back.
You left me hangin' there.
What did that Leon have to say?
- You guys are terrible!
Leave her alone.
- It is not my fault that he has
a crush on me, O..?
- Well, how's Julian doing
with the old competition?
Yeah, it's none of his business anymore.
- Whoa, whoa! Is there something I should know?
- Yeah, she kicked him out yesterday.
- Shit, is he here?
- Let her have a drink or two.
- I can hear you.
- Thank you.
- Oh, merci!
- Good night, girls.
- Merci, Marie.

Good night.
- I love her!
- I totally "effed" an 18 year old.
- Yeah, so did I, when I was 14.
- No, I mean like recently.
- Shut your "fugly" face.
- No, I did!
- Who?
- Remember that kid I was tutoring?
- You didn't!
- Timmy?
- I did.
- How am I only hearing about this now, whore?

What was it like?
- Uh, well, let's put it this way. They fuck you very quickly but a lot.
- Really?
- He came so many times I lost count.
- That's disgusting.
- You are so horny for that kid.
- No.
- Yes, you are.
- I gotta kind of move this face back to...

You son of a bitch.
Oops.
Oh shit!
- Thanks.
Ouch. Ouch, ouch.
- Sorry, I thought you were a burglar.
- No, you didn't.
- No, clearly I thought you were a cartoon character. I'm sorry.

No one's ever broken into my house before.
- Congratulations on your Ph. D.
- You're so fucking nuts, Leon.
- Please!

Nah, don't say that.
You don't actually think that, do you? 'Cause...
I don't usually care of what anybody thinks of me. Obviously.
Um, but...
I'm just very determined.
Oh.
Oh please, God.
No.
Oh, fuck.
- Uh, hi there.
I--I took the liberty of making up some coffee.
I hope that's O...
- It's fine.
- Here you go.
I love you.
- I don't do sugar.
- O...
- What time is it?

- It's 9:
We have to leave pretty soon.
I was entertaining the idea of trying to wake you up myself.
- Where are we going?
- Uh, E Talk.
- What?
- I already told you.

My E Talk Daily interview.
I'm due there in about 45 minutes.
So, uh...
Do you think you need a shower?
- I said I would go?
- Hi.
- Obby!
- Don't be nervous.
- Oh, I'm not. I'm not.
I just didn't think it would actually be you conducting the interview.
- I'm flattered.
- That's not what I meant.
- En, we're ready in 5,
- Today, we are talking to an extraordinary young man named Leon Ronstein.
Leon staged a massive strike at his father's Montreal factory this summer to try to unionize the workers there. And now, he's doing the same thing at his high school in Montreal West.
Welcome, Leon.
- Uh, thank you, en.
It's an honour to be here.
- Let's start with a question I think most people would want to ask you first. Why do you think high school should be unionized?
- Uh, I think we deserve a voice.
I mean, teachers have a union to ensure that their rights are protected. I think we deserve the same. Uh, just think.
Had there been a student union in, say, Newfoundland, we never would've had the boys of St. Vincent.
- Uh, um, I'm sorry. Are you saying that there's sexual abuse at your high school?
- Oh, no, no, no. I'm merely being hyperbolic to prove a point. I'd say the bulk of today's adolescents tend to feel that they have no one to talk to.
Now imagine, if you will, a review board of peers to listen to set issues and assess them accordingly.
- O...
So, so you want a union to try to help students deal with feelings of alienation?
- Well, kind of, en. I think that a large part of the reason why today's youth seems so disaffected--are so disaffected--is because they really have so little control...
- re you his mother?
- ...over the major aspects of their day-to-day lives.
- I'm his lawyer.
- l--l think my last question

**for you is this:**
Why you?
Why did Leon ronstein take up this cause?
- Uh, well,
l'm not sure if you're aware of this, en, but Leon ronstein is actually the birth name of Leon Trotsky.
- Can we cut? Cut!
Couper!
Stop the tape.
Um, don't say that, Leon. 
Just don't.
- Wait, don't say what?
Don't say what?
- h, come on, lex.
I have to be true to myself.
- On E Talk?
- Who are you?
- She's my--
- Lawyer, en.
I am his lawyer.
And I don't want him
talking to you anymore.
Come on.
- Now?
- Done.
- I'm sorry, en.
- I was trying to help you.
- I know.
- Listen, um, I don't think you
should come back to my place.
- Why not?
- Because we can't.
I...
Last night was wrong.
I--I was drunk.
And I didn't know
what I was doing.
- So, what the hell
are you afraid of?
Huh?
Letting somebody love you?
- Oh, Jesus, you're schmaltzy.
No, Leon, I'm afraid
of who will play me
in the TV movie about us.
- But it's fate. It's not up to us.
- 0., I don't live my life that way.
I can't.
And I can't do this either, so...
I'm sorry if I led you on.
- Fine. Fine...
No. No. No.
- I'll get out.
- I'm still in love with you, O..?
You don't get a say in that.
- ids, eh?
Don't
Don't talk down
To me
Don't
Don't talk down
To me
Your head is moving side to side
Our temperatures rise
I hear the devil outside
You're heading north
Well I'm heading south
Well I hope the words are right
When they leave your mouth
Oh
Well I'm better off now
Oh
- Have fun.
  One second.
- Take it. Run.
  ring me back a drink.
- Uh, O...
- It's me again. Hi.
  Come on, students,
  it's your future.
  Face it!
Join the movement.
O.., so, uh...
Who are you, guys?
- We're nimal Farm.
- He's Clover.
Hello?
- O.., that is too much effort.
It's high school.
nd you're a pig.
- Correct.
- O...
Hey, uh... How's the count?
- It's good.
It's uh, 300 signatures thus far.
- Wow! That's great.
- It's incredible.
Leon?
- w, great!
- girl dressed as ym Rand
just told me that you threw her out.
- Yeah.
nd?
- Why?
- This is a
fascist-free zone, Dwight.
Maybe you should leave as well.
- O.., yeah. Throw another
fucking kid out, Leon,
and you are next.
- O... asy, Dwight.
ll right? ym snuck back in.
She's in the gym.
- Yeah, Dwight, go back
to the candy stand.
- What you say, Skippy?
- Oh god.
- You wanna fucking die?
- O.., please, Dwight.
We are trying to work.
- Well, fuck you, man!
- wesome! Please go.
- Hi!
- Hi!
- I'm not gonna stay long.
- What?
Yes, yes, you are.
Yes, you are.
You're going to have fun.
Skip!
This is my sister, Sarah.
Sarah, this is Skip.
Sarah doesn't know anyone here,
so why don't you ask her
to dance
and talk to her
and stuff like that?
- You wanna dance?
- Sure.
- Thank you.
- You're an interesting guy, Leon.
- Thank you.
- Oh!
Hello, gorgeous!
Oh, hey! re you the girl
who spiked the punch?
- Mmm!
No, l just got here.
- Oh, man! l'm trying
to figure out who to thank.
Whoo!
l totally have to date this DJ.
nyway, you two kids
have fun, O..?
ye!
l'm going this way!
- Uh-huh.
- nd now all
the party people are here.
- Oh, uh, please don't
spoil it for me.
Let me venture a guess.
You are the Ceausescus!
Oh no, wait a second.
l't--it's got to be, uh,
Oliver Stone and an sian woman?
m l getting warmer?
- Very clever, Leon.
- Uh-huh.
- So, social justice, eh?
Interesting theme.
- Mm-hmm!
Whose idea was that, l wonder?
- Uh, l actually tabled the idea.
- ls there no little devil
whispering in your ear, Tony?
- Caught you on E Talk
the other day, Leon.
You're getting pretty famous.
- Well, as long as the cause receives
the appropriate attention.
- You watch E Talk, sir?
- That's right. l do.
nyhoo, we need to have a meeting
with you and l guess with you, Tony,
and anyone else who wants
to come along,
about your so-called movement.
Monday.
fter school.
- I'll be there.
- I was speaking with
the school board on Friday
about your little cause.
Just so you know,
it might be getting a lot of
attention from the media
but it will never happen.
- Is that it?
- Wait a minute.
What do you mean
it's never gonna happen?
- Yeah, we have over
- Comrades, comrades by even
talking to this brown shirt,
you're--you're--you're merely,
uh, encouraging him.
He truthfully has very little power;
he's only trying to scare us.
- Mr. ronstein,
I actually have a lot of power
and I happen to be wearing
a grey shirt.
- Caroline, will you please
tell Mr. erkhoff
that the next time
I'll be speaking with him
will be at
the school board meeting
in the presence of
the Student Union legal team.
- You won't be allowed into
the meeting, Leon.
dministration only.
- Well, we'll see about that.
nd that amounts to
a threat, does it not,
saying that they won't
let it happen?
- O., O... When is this meeting gonna take place?
- Tomorrow afternoon.
- Thank you.
- t the school board?
- With the commissioner there?
- Yes. nd one other
- teensy little thing.
Uh, technically, we are not allowed to be there.
So we're crashing the party,
in the grand olshevik tradition of crashing everything.
- I presumed you've alerted the media.
- Yeah, of course.
I figured since you used to be married to Commissioner rchambault--
Speaking of which, I saw the pictures from that wedding.
- Hey. Leon.
- How drunk was Maggie Trudeau?
- Leon.
- What?
- I'm not a prop.
- What do you mean?
- I won't show up any time you want me just to lend you some credibility.
- I don't need credibility.
- You don't need a lawyer either.
- Leon.
- I'm here on business,
I promise you.
- What business?
- Uh, legal stuff.
Tomorrow afternoon, there's a school board meeting.
- I can't.
- Why not?
- ecause I can't!
I'm not your lawyer.
- O..., fine, let's just...
...put our love aside
for a moment
and deal with the cause, O..?
- "Our love," Leon?
"Our love" is something
you made up in your head, O..?
I don't love you.

nd, seriously,
you should think long and hard
about whether or not
you love me,
because I don't think you do.
- w!
You are a coward.
- Oh, fuck you, Leon!
I'm allowed to feel used
when someone is using me.
- You think I'm using you?
- Of course I do!
You are!
- I had no idea you had such
a poor opinion of me.
- Oh, my god!

ough with the broken-hearted
puppy-dog routine.
You just feel things because
you think you're supposed to.
You've never had
a real emotion in your life.
You need to grow up.
- w!
God, I hate that fucking dream!
- Students.
- Press corps!
See you guys after our meeting.
It shouldn't be more than... 10.
How's tricks?
- You're wasting your time,
Mr. Ronstein.
- Uh, funny.
I feel like I'm wasting yours.
So, uh, see you guys inside?
Lovely.
Lovely ensemble.
- I notice there's some
new faces here.
- Uh, Denise...
They bullied their way
into this meeting.
- Oh, and how exactly
were you bullied, Harry?
Were you swarmed?
Let's get this over with
so we can get into
the real business of this meeting.
Let me guess.
Monsieur ronstein will speak
on behalf of this group?
- Uh, yes.
That's right, Denise.
I assume you already know
why we're here.
I have in my hand
more than 578 signatures
of students from my high school
who wish to unionize.
- And I wonder
how you got those signatures,
Monsieur ronstein.
I'm pretending it was
for installing a Jacuzzi
in the hallway?
- I see that I'm encountering
that legendary school board wit
that I've heard so much about.
Uh, in that case,
I'll just get down to business.
Uh, we're here because
Henry erkhoff
and his...
demonic concubine, Davis...
- You won't get anywhere with
insolence, Monsieur ronstein.
- Thus,
we have come before you...
...oh great and powerful Oz,
in search of understanding
and/or benevolence.
What say you?
lnsolence again, Monsieur Ronstein.
You know, perhaps you are not the best spokesperson for your cause.
En tout cas...
What a fucking surprise.
- xcuse me?
- This is a formality, Madame. mere formality.
Did you honestly think that any of us believed that you would actually take us seriously? You and your, uh, junta school board are more predictable than a Congolese dictator.
Uh, no, we are only here to give the impression that we were willing to talk sensibly before raining down a hellfire of shit on your legacy!
- Monsieur Ronstein!
I spent today as I spend most days... working for the Stephen Lewis Foundation trying to convince pharmaceutical companies to donate lDS drugs to otswana.
So you'll excuse me if I have low tolerance for your histrionics.
- l'm sincerely sorry that our little cause isn't dramatic enough for you. Let's go, gang.
Downstairs, we have a press conference awaiting us.
- Un instant, s'il te plat, Monsieur Bronstein.
I can only assume you're
planning a strike of some kind.

ut I must warn you,
this is not your daddy's factory;
this is the government.
Do you know what happens
to government workers
who strike illegally?
They go to jail.
- What you seem to forget, Madame,
is that we are not
government employees,
we are not your employees.
We are students.
Just like those students
in that square in China.
nd my name is Mr. Trotsky.
Leon Trotsky.
Adieu.
- Here we go.
- I'll do the wrap later.
- What was that?
'cause I don't want to go to jail.
- Yeah, I'm not too crazy
about that idea either.
I mean, detentions suck and all,
but I bet getting gang-raped
by prison guards sucks harder.
- Nobody's going to jail!
They're just trying to distract us.
Sarah, I think it's time
for the sympathy strike.
- I've already been
laying down the foundations.
- You have?
- Yeah.
- Wow.
- ll right,
I'm gonna deal with the press.
fternoon, press corps.
We're calling for
a school-board-wide strike
of all students

at 11:
Eastern standard time.
Tomorrow morning,
students, walk out of class.
Walk into the streets
and we will show them
that we are alive,
we are awake, we are aware.
Uh, Leon, why exactly
are you doing this strike?
- We are striking over
self-determination.
How's that?
Believe it or not,
yes, our educational environment
is important to us.
So once again, students,
let this strike commence.
- Idle threats or just
the beginning, we'll find out--
- Leon, maybe you'd like
to share with the family
how you're adapting
to your new public school?
No? Come on!
Nothing interesting,
nothing provocative happened,
nothing worthy of your attention?
Today, for instance?
- You are so
fucking busted, dipshit.
- One son at a time.
- Sarah, will you please
remind your father
that I'm not
speaking with him.
- Leon says--
- Oh, of course!
because of this historical record here.
Your Leon stopped talking to
his father at exactly your age.
Isn't that right? Is it?
Just nod your head vaguely
in my direction.
did Leon Trotsky
make his whole family
the laughing stock of the city?
- It's half the city.
The French don't care.
- You live in the West Island!
- Actually, Dollard.
- Just so that I know
what to expect between us, Leon,
you mind telling me
what chapters I can skip,
so I can get to
the relevant parts?
'Cause most of this
is incredibly boring!
- David!
- Stop reading that book.
- Why?
I'm finding out so much
about both of you.
- Well, it's too late!
You can't wake up one morning
and decide now to take
an interest in my life!
Goddamn it! I'm not supposed
to be talking with you!
- Oh, poor baby!
- I asked you
not to talk about this.
- Dad, he's totally out of control.
- Li!
- What? He's my brother.
I can say what I want.
Leon, are you O..?
Come and have dessert, honey.
- Come on, Toronto.
Don't let me down.
Hello?
Is this Mr. Ulianov?
Is this Mr. Vladimir Ulianov?
It's ei-- It's either
your name or it isn't, sir.
It's a simple question.
Fantastic.
How old are you, sir?
I understand why you think it's none of my business, but humour me? You're 73. That's, uh... Your children should come to visit you more often. O..., O..... Yeah?
Hello, ma'am.
- Yes?
The eagle has landed.
- Thank you.
- Can't believe he wants us to leave.
- Are you gonna do it?
- Yeah, probably...
So are you gonna

walk out at 11:
Yeah.
- Good morning, gentlemen.
Oof!
Not for you, it isn't.
- 11 right, how much trouble do you think we'll get in for doing this?
- Dwight!
- What? I have a right to know.
- You're not going to get in trouble. I've already taken the fall.
Listen. Have we gotten the word out? Does everybody know? Is this going to happen? Everybody is talking about it, so everybody knows. The only thing I'm worried about is that no one will want to be the first person to walk out.
- I know but they'll hear us in the hallways.
That'll put some hair on their balls. We're gonna be fine.
- I don't like this.
- Then please leave.
- Yeah, that's great idea.
What if I do leave?
What if I go straight to Erkhoff's office,
let him know what all you guys are planning? Smart ass!
- I held a press conference.
I'm pretty sure he knows.
- You're stupid, Dwight.
- Fuck it!
That's it, you stupid--
- Hey! Whoa!
- Seriously!
- You seem fairly calm, Henry.
- I am.
- How?
- What do you think is going to happen when they get outside?
- What do you mean?
- Well, what do you think about kids these days, Jeanne?
- They bored or apathetic?
- Well, I don't know.
- Well, I think I do.
And I don't think it's what Leon expects.
- David.
Phone.
- Ooh! Hello?
Oh, hi, Laura.
No, I just thought it was somebody else.
No!
My god! Why would you even think I'd think it was Leon?
You're so--
- Alexandra does this
really annoying thing
where she moves things
with her feet.
I think it's from being
a ballerina as a child.
cup of coffee is meant
to be held with a hand.
h!
They're doing a little shuffling
with the curriculum I hear.
Some of the teachers
are gonna be downsized...
- Hmm!
- O..., let's go!
Let's move it.
Let's clear the exit!
School progress!
Let's go! Let's go!
This way. This way.
- Leon! Leon!
Stop for a second.
- No! Mustn't
cease the momentum.
- Leon! Stop! Stop!
- What?
- Stop!
Hey, hold up! Hold up!
- What is this, recess?
This is supposed
to be a fucking revolution!
- I know American Idol totally
used to be about talent.
Now, it's all about
who has the best voice.
It's bull shit.
- Man, what the fuck are you saying?
I do too shave my pubes!
- No, no, dude.
Listen to me.
I need herbal Oxy cotton!
I'm allergic to chemicals.
- Well, O...
We'll keep texting about it,
but I don't feel like talking.
Thank you.
- xcuse me.
- I'm gonna do a new one.
Bottled up slipstreams
And old broken moonbeams
They won't see us through
till the dawn
- - Shh!
And you call in the lights
in the royal blue night
And you ask me
to tell you what's wrong
Well crowned kings some days
Run 6 ways from Sundays
You got your Sunday vest on
And you'll fix it
You'll find it
This time you'll mind it
But baby I'm already gone...
- It's all over.
I'm not it.
I'm not the man for the job.
Both my heart and my cause
lie broken and bleeding
on a basketball diamond
in Montreal West.
- In English, please.
- Don't talk to me like that!
- Don't talk to me like that!
I don't want the press release.
- Oh, right, right.
Uh, I forgot, this is all an act.
I can't feel things.
I don't feel anything,
so I guess this doesn't
bother me at all.
- No.
That's not what I meant.
I'm sorry.
- Alexandra...
I don't trust you anymore.
- ... can't find it
And baby we're already gone
Fuck.
And I'm black and I'm blue
But I'm still made up of you
And there's just
no place left alone
But I go face the grey
Be better some day
And baby I'm already gone
Thank you.
- What?
- I think I'm in love.
- You are?
- Apparently.
- H!
Hey, lex!
All! a va?
Mmm! Mmm!
- Oui!
You look beautiful.
- Oh, thank you.
You too.
- I brought champagne to
Thanksgiving. Is that weird?
- There's never
a bad time for champagne.
- That's what I thought.
- Uh, lex?
Listen, um, you've got a bunch
of ex-boyfriends or something
in the kitchen.
- Oh... O...
- Just wanted to let you know.
- Yes, thank you.
- I'll take that.
They take any more
money out of History department,
there won't be one left.
That's not what I heard.
I heard Russian studies is gone.
You find that funny?
- No, it's perfect.
It's a perfect thing to,
uh, give thanks for...
- Hey, you.
- Hey.
Hey.
Hey!
l thought I'd put this in the fridge.
Sure.
Hey, lex.
You, uh, you look great.
Thanks, Julian.
Hi!
Hi, lex. You look great.
How've you been?
l have to go to the washroom.
Don't worry, guys.
lt's slightly more embarrassing
for me than it is for you, so...
bottom's up.
Hey!
We already did that.
0...
Uh, I haven't heard
from you in a few weeks.
l haven't heard from you
in a few weeks either.
How you been?
Not great, but whatever.
0...
We should, um,
have coffee or something...
Oh, please stop.
Please stop this.
0...
l was just trying to--
l know--I know
what you're trying to do.
Uh, I would rather not talk to
you at all than talk like this.
0..., fine.
1l right.
Yeah.
Oh no, it's just that history
is so important that--
Oh shit, Julian,
if you really feel that way,
you ought to be doing
something about it.
Like Leon here.
- Yes, good call, Francis.
I'll be his shining example of utter ineffectiveness.
- It was not ineffective!
Reason it didn't work, is because you didn't teach the kids how to strike properly. You don't learn it through osmosis.
You know what I mean?
- You don't.
- Listen, when I organized my first be-in against the war, a lot was expected of us at erkeley, baby. That was ground zero.
- You went to erkeley?
- erkeley in those days was ground zero.
- Ooh!
Can you spell "clich"?
- Right in the middle of the ennedy administration, so the kids weren't used to those massive demonstrations.
- You are so old! Wow, I didn't realize that...
Old man!
- Shut up, Julian!
- You are an old-- You are a geez-- a geezer.
- Okay, that's enough. I think it's time for bed...
What do you say, Julian?
- O..., O... I'm gonna go, guys. I'm gonna-- Gotta be up tomorrow.
- Au revoir.
- O...
- I got the chair.
- Please continue.
- Huh?
- Your erkeley-ennedy
demonstrators. Please continue.
- This was before Patty Hearst
and the DNC in Chicago,
it was before all that stuff.
very time I would try to pull
a demonstration together,
it was, uh, just a disaster.
Unless we had some fascist
on the campus that we could yell at,
it would turn
into some gigantic sock hop.
l'll explain that to you later.
l'll tell you what that means.
Ut the point is, everybody came just
to be part of the scene, you know,
just to--
just to be in the club.
Nd then, one day I realized,
it's never real
until it stops being fun.
l1 of these people,
everyone one of them
has to be as serious
as you are about it.
Not that it's realistic that
anybody would ever be as serious
as you are about anything.
That was a little joke, Leon.
"jokitations".
Leon?
- l'll right. Here's the deal.
We fucked that strike up.
- lt wasn't that bad.
- lt wasn't awesome.
- Well, we're moving on.
Ut before we do, you all need
to ask yourselves one question:
How far are you willing to go?
- l'll the way.
- Yeah.
- Well, good.
Faith without deeds is dead.
The time has come for a coup.
veryone follow?
- Fuckin'!
- Remind me what a coup is again.
- I can't go any further without saying this:
We are changing territories here.
We are going from the defensibly legal,
to the indefensibly illegal.
- Uh, what?
- We could go to jail. For real.
That being said, Skip and Sarah,
I need you guys at
the movie theatre on Friday.
You need a solid alibi
hiding in plain sight.
Meanwhile,
when you're in the theatre,
start texting your friends.
Get them to text their friends.
Send out the word that there's
something happening at school.
- I don't know.
Texting in the theatre?
- That's just not cool.
Why can't I really help?
I'm already in so much trouble
with dad.
What's the worst
that can happen now?
- I heard the word "jail" again.
Um, why don't I just
take Sarah to the movies?
- No. No, you will not.
Skip will.
This is the biggest favour
you can do me right now.
- Well, um, Sarah, I heard
there's a new Zack film movie
coming up this weekend?
- And I think there's, um,
there's a new en Loach retrospective
at the Cinmathque.
- Either way.
- Who were those kids
in the Animal Farm outfits
at the dance?
- Oh, I know one of them.
Her name is Mlanie.
- Uh, her name is actually Marie-Soleil.
- Mmm.
I've told you, I know every French person's name.
- Ring me those heads.
So you're ready to go to the movies?
- Oh my god! Stop yelling.
Yes, let's go.
O... Sorry.
Yeah Come
Go go go go go go go Let's go
Fire
Bundle up
My whole style is so cold
I glow like old guys
who go bald
My flow got no front
in the vocal
Your flow got no button
It's so old
I don't mean to sound like a showboat
But it's true my persona's no joke
I stepped into some kind of portal
I'm legend
and sometimes I'm noble
I'm from the most risky zone oh No place
is more shifty global
More pistols
Russian revolvers
We shootin' all that is normal
But it ain't just because we want to
We ain't got nowhere
we can run to
Somebody please press the undo
They only teach us
the things that guns do
They don't teach us the ABCs
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
They don't teach us the ABCs
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
They don't teach us the ABCs
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
They don't teach us the ABCs
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
- See me go over the counter?
- Hello?
You real
But my real is tenfold
My rhythm make yours a rental
Gangsta if at ease essential...
- What in God's name
is going on here?
They don't teach us the ABCs
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
They don't teach us the ABCs
We play on the hard concrete
All we got is life on the streets
Come...
- O.., we're good.
- Mr. ronstein, I know
it's you in that pig mask.
- It's time for you guys
to get the hell out of here.
- What do you mean?
- Well, there's nobody left.
We've secured the office.
There's no other reason
for you to stick around
- You have any idea
how long it took me
to figure out how
to barricade these doors?
- You sure you don't need us?
- No, I'm positive.
No, what I need you guys to do
is go find Skip and Sarah
and spread the word, O..?
I need a really big crowd
out front and quick.
We really need that crowd.
- Understood, comrade.
- Yeah, man.
- Spasibo.
II, police?
xcuse me,
but I've forgotten how to say
"hostage negotiation"
in French.
Ah, d'accord.
Merci beaucoup.
I actually just got off
the phone with the cops
just this second.
They're on their way down now.
I told them that
I wasn't armed technically,
but that I could still
do lots of damage.
- Stop talking to the cops!
- I thought it was cool.
- Don't say anything else
till I get there.
- I'm re-enlisting.
Do I have a cell phone?
- ey, uh, it's Leon.
Um, I've taken
my principal hostage
so I'll probably be
on the news soon.
So, if you miss me at all
you can see me there.
And I still love you.
That's it. Goodbye.
- ey, uh, it's Leon.
Um, I've taken
my principal hostage
so I'll probably be
on the news soon.
No cops yet.
I guess people don't actually care what happens to you.
- What exactly do you hope to accomplish today, Mr. Ronstein?
Because the almost certain outcome of this is you going to prison.
- Yeah, I think that was pretty obvious by now.
- Why are you deliberately sabotaging your own life?
- Hey, hey, hey.
Listen to me.
I am not sabotaging my own life.
How dare you?

and if I was, it would be for the sake of my ideals.
- Oh, please! Your ideals?
You want to better the existence of your fellow man?
- Yes! Yes!
That's exactly it!
- Let me tell you what I learned after teaching public school.
They don't want your help.
They don't want it better.
They want the same shit.
If they didn't, this wouldn't be hard for you.
- You wanna know what's hard?
What's hard for people like me is the very existence of people like you!
- You make me sad, Mr. Ronstein.
revolutionary sans a revolution.
You're a real Russian tragedy.
- No, you are.
You—you are that doctor in Uncle Vanya.
Ineffectual and middle aged.
My troops will mobilize, just you wait.
They will shed the thick cloak of boredom
that you have forced them into. They will don their coats of arms and the—"the tunic of oppression that you wear will choke you, sir."

- You couldn't have mixed that metaphor anymore.
- I make my point!
- Ronstein... Ronstein...
- Isn't that the kid from the factory this summer? Yeah, the hunger strike kid.

And now, he's taken his principal hostage. Serious shit disturber.

I thought he was fucked up, but... He's significantly more fucked up than I thought.

- H!
- Hmm.
- Yes.

Pigs is here.

- Crowds yet?
- No wild gangs of rebellious youth? No?

What a shame. Maybe they don't hate me as much as you think they do. Hmm?

- Look. We have to mobilize, guys. O., it's crucial that we physically support this cause.
- Yawn.

M 1 right?
- Shut up.
- Ut why? We already physically walked out of school.
- Yeah.
- That kid kind of scares me.
- What the fuck is he doing anyway, holding Erkhoff hostage?

Shit, that's serious!

- Yeah. Why not Davis?
- What'll Leon do after this revolution?
He'll redistribute homework so we all have equal amounts?
- Can we have a student secret-police force?
- I wanna be the young Putin! Right?
- Ha, ha, ha.
O.., look. You guys are gonna have to take this a little more seriously.
- What the fuck is there to take seriously about this? I mean, ha, ha and everything, but where's the potatoes?
- Sorry, what the fuck?
- What's the substance to Leon's argument?
- Yeah, I completely agree.
- O.., look, I'm not like his spokesperson or whatever...
- Oh, thank God for that!
- Um...
The schools suck.
- Yeah, yeah.
- Yeah. Yes.
- Obviously.
- No, I mean, seriously, the schools suck.
- Duh!
- Yes.
- Right, right.
Um, should it suck? I mean, seriously, guys, should school suck?
- No.
- No. No, right?
- So, if we all agree that school sucks and that it shouldn't, then what's next, guys? Hmm?
- This is turning out to be a great speech.
- That's where Leon's coming from. 'Cause he's the one--
He thinks...
that what's next
is us getting involved.
ecause are we?
re we involved? l'm not.
Fuck no! l mean, l'm the fucking
treasurer of the Student Union.
l got you that job, man.
- SHUT UP!
- So fine, right? Whatever.
There's no judgement.
but l mean, for real, we don't do
shit to make that school better.
So Leon thinks
that by forming this union,
that it'll force us
to kind of all get involved
and we will make things better.
O., he thinks that things have
a better chance of improving
if we improve them ourselves.
- l mean, that's dead fucking on.
- Yeah.
- xactly! xactly!
That's the best possible explanation!
- Wait though.
Tony, do you--
do you think Leon's right?
- Of course, he is.
- No.
- 0., Dwight,
l wanna know what Tony thinks.
- l don't know.
l have no fucking idea.
ut, um, you know who doesn't
believe in this union?
You know who thinks, like,
our opinions mean less than nothing?
Fucking erkhoff.
You know, l'll figure out
what l believe later.
'cause right now, all l want
is for that asshole to be wrong.
nd that's the only reason l need
to follow Leon.
l'll put my deeds before
my faith for the time being.
- I don't even think--
- Shut the fuck up, Dwight!
urn.
- Hey!
That was fucking awesome!
- Yeah, I guess we'll see.
- No, seriously, Tony, it was.
- Yeah, still gay.
- Fuck! I'm sorry. I'm just super caught
up in this shit right now, you know?
- Glad you liked
Land and Freedom.
- Totally. It's like
my new favourite movie.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Hey! Skip! Sarah!
- What happened?
Why aren't you guys with Leon?
- He wanted us to leave.
We've been rabble-rousing,
trying to spread the word.
How's the crowd coming?
my thumbs hurt.
l'll tell you more on the way.
Let's go.
- They need your demands.
These cops are getting bored.
They're gonna bust in there
and arrest you.
O...
O., I'll tell the chief.
O., this is what he wants.
He wants the
school board commissioner
to allow the kids to unionize.
nd safe passage to Venezuela.
That was a joke, the Venezuela.
He wants the commissioner
brought down here.
That's all.
- Fine.
I want you to know
that we're humouring him.
- Humouring me?
Could we please just get
rchambault down here
as quick as possible
so we can all go home?
Thank you.
wesome.
- h-ha!
- This isn't over!
- Oh, I think we both know
that it pretty much is.
- Mom!
What are you doing?
- Get in the car, kids.
- No, Ma.
We're going to the school for Leon.
nd no, not even just for Leon.
This is something
that we all believe in.
l won't come home with you!
l'm sorry if I let you down.
- Stop being so shrieky!
l'll drive you.
- You will?
- Yeah, come on!
Come in! Hurry!
- Oh, great. I don't--
Do you guys want a ride?
- Can you all fit in?
re you O..?
Put your seatbelts on.
Your father wanted
to come too,
but he had a meeting
with the Moroccans.
- What's that?
Put the seatbelt on.
- Mum! Drive the car.
- Oh, come on!
- Madame, uh--
- Madam Chairman...
- Madame...
- Ma'am I should really explain
  the circumstances...
- I watch the news I know exactly
  what's going on here.
  But thank you very much.
Leon Ronstein
Please come to the window.
Give me a hand.
- Uh, welcome.
- I am thoroughly unimpressed
  and unamused, Monsieur Ronstein.
Now, perhaps this is your idea
of playful hi jinks,
but in my books
and in the books of
the gentlemen in uniform here,
this is an egregious
and punishable offence.
- Well, maybe now you'll see
  that we're actually serious.
- Who is the "we",
  Monsieur Ronstein?
You and God?
Are you the king of England?
I'll see is
one brilliant young man,
desperate for attention,
and clearly willing to go
all the way to get it.
- O... We want a union!
- Listen, Norma Rae,
  we've already had that discussion,
  and it's not gonna happen.
So let your principal go.
- We want a union.
- You don't deserve a union!
You're children.
You do what we'll tell you to do.
And on behalf of all adults,
grow up, Monsieur Ronstein.
- Madame Rachambault!
Do you want him
to be an adult or not?
- Did I not just make myself clear?
No, you didn't.
It seems like a very adult thing to do, fighting for your rights.
- Well, no one asked for your opinion.
- I agree with her.
- There's a surprise.
Run out of clients, Frank?
Had to start scouting the high schools?
nd this is the best you could find?
Leon ronstein, the shining beacon of hope for the great revolution?
- I think he may well be, yeah.
- How profoundly disappointing.
- Good god, Denise, you're so mean!
- Why don't you tell your crazy little friend to let us all go home? O..?
- Let me ask you one real question first.
- Shoot.
- What kind of people you think it takes to change the world?
I know it's all very amusing for those of us in the post-postmodern here, this notion of revolution.
but what kind of people do you think it takes to really pull this thing off?
Do you think they ever change?
No!
They're always the wrong men for the job.
They're always the ones other people think are crazy.
- Do I really have to listen to this?
- Do I think Leon ronstein is the right man for the job?
You bet your ass, Denise, because he's doing it and you're not.
- ravo.
- Can I park here?
- Yeah, you can park here.
- O...
- Uh, what's that?
- What's what?
- Holy fuck!
- Y the way, Denise,
  that shining beacon of hope
  found me.
  nd I'm damn grateful he did.
- We want a union!
  We want a union!
- We heard you, Monsieur ronstein.
- Guess this is the "we"
you were talking about, Denise.
- We want a union!
  We want a union!
- We want a union!
  We want a union!
  We want a union!
  We want a union!
  We want a union!
  We want a union!
  We want a union!
- I'm his lawyer
  I go where he goes.
  oredom!
Union! Union! Union!
Union! Union! Union!
- Well, of course
  we're gonna appeal,
  but we're very happy
  the way things turned out.
- Yeah, uh, this is a message
to the youth of Canada--
uh, nay, to the youth
of the world,
that they may be able
to wound us,
but we will never be silenced.
We will always be heard!
The revolution lives on!
Vive la revolution!
- All charges against Leon
Bronstein have been dropped.
The court released him
on one condition:
he is never allowed
to attend school
in the province of Quebec,
ever again.
- Well, if you need anything,
money or food, just call me.
I'll send you whatever you need.
- Thank you.
- O... nd don't worry about Ontario.
You know, they're not only
lice Munro and Maple Leaf fans.
There are fun people there too.
nd your father wanted to be here,
but he couldn't because
he had a meeting with,
you know,
those rabic people and--
- It's O... Mom.
- I love you.
- I love you too.
I'm so proud of you.
You are amazing.
- Oh, stop it.
Have fun.
nd let me know what you plot.
- I will.
nd give my regards to Skip.
- Who's Skip?
That guy I saw you with?
- Thanks, Leon.
- Is he Jewish?
- Ma!
- Well, you know...
- I know.
We're gonna honeymoon soon.
I'm keeping my fingers crossed
for the Nunavut.
- Hey, you're lucky.
You only have
to get banished
someplace arctic once.
I have to do it all over again with my second wife.
- Oh my god!
What have I done?
Call me every day.
- I will.
- Drive safely!
- I shall return.
- Hello.
- Hey.
Uh...
Yeah, so...
I, uh...
Yeah.
- Chairman Mao's Little Red Book.
- Yeah, it's in Chinese.
So hopefully, you won't understand it.
- Thank you, Dad.
- Nadia!
- Nadia!
Give me a second, please.
Just one second!
I didn't even sleep with her!
- That's best you can do?
- Well, it's fucking early!
Wait, wait, wait, wait!
- Look!
Look at hotness in front you.
- I know!
- and you cheat on me with stupid Ontario puck bunny!
- I--I didn't though.
- You don't understand my hotness?
No.
No, you understand nothing!
Why don't you call me when you figure out whatever fuck you want, O... Vladimir?
- Nadia.
Nadia, can you come back please?
Nadia?
Fuck me. Fuck!
What? What's up?
- Mr. Ulianov?
Mr. Vladimir Ulianov?
- Only to my grandmother, pal.
Fuck! Is this about
that library book?
'Cause I brought it back, man.
I swear to God.
Maybe they can't find it there,
but I returned it.
I don't give a shit about the history
of the printing press, I swear to God.
- I don't either. I don't know anyone
who does. Listen, listen, Vladimir.
My name is Leon ronstein.
We have to talk.
- What, now? Oh no, dude.
No, no, no.
Oh, my girlfriend
just dumped me. I'm drunk.
This is not a good time for me.
- Listen, none of that
matters anymore.
Please, allow me
to buy you a cup of coffee.
Please.
May I put my arm on you?
You and I are going
to change the world.
- Cool, uh, stop touching me.
Make up your mind
And don't waste your time
You've been so unkind
You know all of the words
Feels good to
Hold on
Take time off
and get things done
Get out
Meet new friends
Tell your girl she's the one
Get out get out
Well, there's nothing
cool about it
If there ever was I doubt it
You should find pleasure
abounding
From the only place I found it
Take time off
and get things done
Get out
Meet new friends
Tell your girl
that she's the one
Get out get out
We can see the future lately
I've been lost
without you baby
Even when I'm talking
to someone
I am alone
I am alone
Make up your mind
And don't waste your time
You've been so unkind
Ooh
Je ris pour toi