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Class of 1984

By Mark L. Lester

When does a dream
Become a nightmare
When do we do what must be done
When do we stand
And face the future
When there is nowhere left to run
You've got to learn
Just how to survive
You've got to learn
How to keep your dream
Alive
Take a look at my face
I am the future
How do you like what you see
Take a look at my face
I belong to the future the future
And you belong to me
When does a dream
Become a nightmare
When do we learn to live with fear
When we cry out
For some salvation
Why is it no one seems to hear
You've got to learn
It's up to you
If you can learn
That the dream just might
Come true
I'll bet I know who you are.
You're Goldstein's replacement.
I'm Terry Corrigan, biology.
Andy Norris, music.
What's the gun for?
Where have you been teaching lately?
Lately, nowhere.
It figures.
Take a look at my face
I belong to the future
And the world belongs to me
Let me guide you in.
Take a look at my face
I am the future
Now how do you like
what you see

Take a look at my face
I belong to the future
And the world, it belongs
To me
It belongs to me
To the right. Come on.
Come on. I know.
I know. Come on.
Always picking on the brothers, man.
Look at this...
Is that really necessary?
It is if you want to survive.
Do you know any moves?
Moves? What do you mean,
moves?
- Jujitsu, boxing, karate.
- No.
I swing a nasty baton.
That's good.
Here. Kiss my ass.
Hey. Hey, hey, guard.
That kid in the brown shirt
has a straight razor.
- It's too late now.
- Oh, baby.
Did you see that?
If you want to survive around here...
you have got to learn
to look the other way.
Well, they were passing
a straight razor.
No shit.
Who? Which one? Where?
Oh, come on.
Everyone around here carries something.
So one razor more or less isn't going to
make a damn bit of difference.
Please listen to what I have to say.
Surveillance is the name of the game
around here, Mr. Norris.
You wouldn't believe the things
they do to this building...
whenever we aren't watching.
Paint on the walls.

They piss in the corridors.

They steal everything
that isn't bolted down.

Never leave your classroom unlocked,
Mr. Norris, not even for a minute.

Yes, sir.

- Sir, now about my class...

- There, there. Come here.

Two of them smoking marijuana.

- Security.

- Yes?

- Two dope smokers in one west.

- On my way.

- Where was I?

- My classes.

You have four classes a day.

Mr. Goldstein's files are available
if you need background on any.

Okay. Thank you, sir.

You'll be assigned a corridor
and washroom patrol in your free hours.

Isn't that what the security guards
are for?

They're already using teacher salaries,
Mr. Norris. We're spread thin at both ends.

Well, I understand, sir,
but I mean, I...

I'd like to believe I'm here to teach.

I need those free periods
to do my work.

You're not in Nebraska
anymore, Mr. Norris.

Here at Lincoln High...
teaching is something you do
in spite of everything else.

- Understand?

- No, sir.

You will before long.

Give me that.

Come on.

Throw it here.

All right, everybody.

Settle down.

Would you sit down please?

Teacher, teacher, teacher!

- Hi.

- Hi.

- I'm Deneen.

- I'm Mr. Norris.

Hi.

I just thought I should tell you
those guys don't belong in here.

- You mean they're not in this class?

- No.

Those creeps are in a class
by themselves.

- Are you in this class?

- No.

You wanna get out then, please?

No.

I'd give him a week.

My name is Mr. Norris.

I'm taking over for Mr. Goldstein.

Now when I call your name,
please answer, "here."

If I'm not here...

do I answer, "not here"?

- Abrams?

- Not here.

- Eladopolis?

- Oh, no, no, no. Not here.

What is your name, please?

He doesn't hear too good.

- You jerks don't belong here.

- You shut your hole, you little dike!

You don't scare me, freako.

Cool it. Cool it.

What's your name, since you seem
to be in charge of this group?

Mine nomen ich ben Stegman.

Pizza.

You're okay.

- The others belong somewhere else.

- They stay with me.

Me, Me, Me, Me, Me

Do, Re, Mi, Fa, So, La, Ti, Do

Let's go. Leave.

La, Ti, Do

Just leaving.
Not here.
Bye-bye.
We'll see you later, huh?
Are you supposed to be here?
What's your name?
Elizabeth Taylor.
Face the music,
teacher-teacher.
Wait a minute.
You're in this class. Sit down.
Sit on this, motherfucker.
- What's the matter with you?
- What's the matter with you?
What's the matter with me?
What's the matter with matter?
Boy, I sure made a big hit
with them, huh?
Let's get to know each other.
Tell me your names
and the instrument you play.
Burly, clarinet.
Michelle, flute.
Sommersman, tuba.
If you don't know that's a trumpet,
we're all in big trouble.
Trumpet. Man, they've been
lying to me all these years.
- Deneen, I know.
- Clarinet, bassoon and oboe.
And I orchestrate.
- Anything you don't do?
- Yeah, she don't put out.
But she conducts the class.
Did you conduct this class?
Shit, we learned more from her
than from old bad-breath Goldstein.
Okay, I'll get the rest
of your names later.
Right now, let's hear how you sound.
- What's the music?
- "Moon river."
Somebody got another copy of the score?
We don't need conducting.

We've been practicing by ourselves.

- Go ahead.

- Okay.

One, two, three.

2,200.

Shit's come down, children.

We were making 4,000 a week
until Juju got into our playpen...
and now we're down to two.

That's kind of pathetic.

- We'll fix it!

- Oh, yeah? We better fix it.

Otherwise, Stegman's gonna find himself
some bigger, badder boys.

Hey, this stuff will get you
high and fly without no wings.

You talking to the medicine man.

This is it right here.

Oh, Lester.

Got something in there for us, Lester?

Say, what's this?

Deal and feel.

Take him.

Hey! Get him! Hey.

We'll talk to you later.

Hey, don't mess with me
or Jimmy's gonna bust your ass.

Here's the boy.

Where do you want him?

What is this?

It's no good.

Stay.

Look at this.

I've had it with you, Leroy.

I mean, enough is enough.

Hey, listen.

I didn't do nothin', man.

What the fuck?

You think I was born yesterday?

Hey, man.

What's going on here?

Get up.

We're the only niggers
that sell shit in this school.

Juju just told me to go up there, man.
I just told...
Look, you tell Juju if he wants to play,
come meet us after school.
Got that, negro?
Ha-ha.
Keep the change.
What do you think about
dynamite faculty?
See that one over there on the phone?
That's the virgin queen.
Now, who the hell is that guy?
He looks like Charles Manson.
Maybe he busted loose.
Let me ask you something.
What happened to the teacher
I replaced, Goldstein?
They say he had an accident.
They say he fell down the stairs.
Morganthau says that he will be back.
But old teachers,
like old athletes,
they never come back.
At least not here.
Yeah, Andy, let me ask you something.
Yeah, how are your classes going?
Have you discovered any
hidden pools of genius there?
I don't know about that.
There are some who like music
and wanna play it well.
You're way ahead of me then.
You know, there isn't one of my
little bastards, not...
one of them that shows the slightest
interest in biology.
Except for the workings
of the reproductive systems.
You're the boss, man.
You're the boss. I'm getting sick of that.
Hey. Hey!
Done.
Hey, I thought this was supposed
to be a protected lot!

I can't be everywhere.

Andy.

That wasn't even funny.

- You could've scared me to death.

- Oh, dear.

- What is that? What are you doing?

- Aww, I just bought this.

Isn't it cute?

It's terrific. It's wonderful,
but you're a little bit early.

The baby's not due for
six-and-a-half months.

Yeah, but I don't wanna
save everything for the last minute.

- How was your day?

- Don't ask me.

- It was that bad?

- Yeah, it was that bad.

We got a principal who can't wait
to get to his board position,
with a faculty who hate their jobs.

Bunch of security guards
running all over the place...
kids running all over them.

Do you know it's cost me \$40 already
to get some graffiti off the car?

- Really?

- Yeah.

- Oh, honey.

- And that's the good news.

Well, it's always that way
when you start something new...
but you'll get used to it.

- Hey, what did the doctor say?

- I'm in my 73rd day,
and everything's perfect.

How do you know what day it happened?

Well, I was there.

I'm gonna kill you, sucker!

No one messes around
with my man, Leroy.

I'm gonna cut you, white meat.

Cut this!

Come on back, you motherfucker!

Charlie!
Hey, black boy!
Goddamn it.
Cops!
Let's get out of here!
Come on!
Great work stealing that book, patsy.
This is gonna be fucking great!
Pretty good Chinese restaurant.
We could have it for breakfast
tomorrow, you know.
We can have it for lunch,
and I might not have to cook it.
Andy, come on.
Let's go in the house.
Wait a minute. I just wanna
see what the hell they want.
Andy.
Do you guys want something?
Andy!
- Are you all right?
- Yeah, I'm okay.
What is that?
I don't know.
It's stage blood or something.
Well, what kind of stupid
idiots would do that?
I don't know. Come on.
Let's just go inside.
God.
Who do you think they were?
I don't know. They were kids
from the school, I guess, foolin' around.
- Look at that. It's all over me.
- It's ridiculous.
Come on.
Let's go clean up.
A biggie. Come on.
Come on. Get your act together.
Get it up. Come on.
Get it up.
Get it up.
If only it was real.
Get up.

How you doing, ugly?
All right.
Yeah.
I spend the money
'Cause I don't care
I hurt my brother
'Cause I don't care
A time to communicate,
A time to be sure
A time to live all day,
A time to be good
Fuck you!
You got no sense, oh, oh
Watch it, kids.
Get your fucking feet out of the way!
Look.
That haircut's great.
Who's first?
Vinnie Cuntino this year's poster boy?
Come on. Move, move.
Vinnie Cuntino, Mr. Stegman.
Hi, Vinnie.
How you doing?
What can we do for you, Vinnie?
Yeah, I'd like to work for you guys.
- How old are you?
- 14.
14?
Well, we'll get back to you.
We'll let you know.
Yeah, don't be a stranger, Vinnie.
- Next!
- Sally!
Come on!
Peter, this is Sally.
She wants some toot.
If you'll supply, she'll hook for us.
Coke whore, huh?
Our drugstore...
I'm sure we have something
this young lady can sample.
But of course.
Generosity is our middle name.
- Don't be greedy.

- Okay.

Class operation. You wanna?

We only use the very best.

Why don't you make her

take her clothes off?

Take your clothes off.

- You really want me to take my...

- Take your clothes off!

Suburbanite.

So, Sally, what do you do for a living?

- What do you think?

- I don't think.

Still learning it, huh?

Very good.

Well, do I get the job?

Yeah, well, first you

have to go through tryouts.

- Fallon?

- Yeah?

You wanna check out this merchandise?

You got a moment?

- Yeah? You got a moment?

- Sure.

And she was never seen again.

I'm gonna watch.

Another day, another dollar.

Next!

Okay. What I wanna do

is put together a junior symphony,

made up of students from

the two senior classes.

Any volunteers?

Okay...

I guess nobody wants to get out of

some of their classes for rehearsals.

Going to a city symphony competition?

Win trophies?

- Money?

- Yeah.

Okay, not so fast.

You're gonna have to take

a test on sight-reading,

and I wanna hear you all take a shot

at playing a piece cold.

So open your music.
Let's see what we've got.
This is called the "1812 overture."
It's by a Russian composer
named Tchaikovsky.
And it's...
It's very exciting.
It's very dramatic.
And you're gonna have to work
your butts off.
The class begins at 10:00,
sharp, Mr. Stegman.
I don't want you in this class.
I don't care where you go
or what you do.
I'll mark you present,
give you an incomplete.
But I want you to take your friends
and go back to wherever you came from.
Ivory Joe from Kokomo.
Knock it off.
Knock it off!
Come on.
Out.
Do I get the gig, teacher?
- Where'd you learn how to play like that?
- Do I get the fucking gig?
No.
Maybe I'll give you a shot when
you grow up. Now get out.
Stegman doesn't play in other
people's asshole bands anyway!
I love 'em.
They remind me that the world
is still a rational place.
There is nothing more rational
than the so-called lower animal.
Did you know that?
Here, you want a hug?
Are you sure you won't join me?
- I hope this is the right stuff.
- No, I got hall patrol.
What is wrong, Andrew?
Are you afraid that I might sully...

the reputation of Lincoln High
by my drinking on duty?
To the lower animals.
They never kill each other
without good reason.
I'll see you later, Terry.
To you.
Mr. Norris, when is rehearsal?
There isn't one.
It's tomorrow.
Hey, hey, watch it.
Jimmy, man, why do you wanna
mess with that shit?
- It's gonna help me play.
- That's bullshit.
It's bad news, man.
What the fuck's going on here?
Either buy it or walk.
What the fuck's the matter
with you? It's okay.
All right, well, just hurry up, okay?
Okay.
Hello, sweetheart.
- 3-0. \$30. You got that, right?
- Yeah.
Sure you do.
Yeah.
Give him the money. That's very good.
Okay, all yours.
I know. It's nothing.
Love that angel dust.
Okay, in the hooter.
That's what it's for.
There you go.
Nice and beautiful.
Let's do it again.
That's right.
We're putting another one
on the payroll, honey.
Take it easy, man. All right.
This is off.
We got company now. Mr. Norris.
Okay, everybody line up over here
and turn out your pockets.

Let's go.
Hey, come on.
What's the problem, teacher?
Let's go!
- Can I finish my pee first?
- Do it or I call the cops!
This is bullshit, man.
I ain't got no pockets.
Let's go.
You buying, Arthur?
I don't mess with that shit, Mr. Norris.
And neither does Jimmy.
Okay, get lost.
Just these two.
You guys come with me.
Look, teacher, I don't know
what you got in that bag, but...
- ...we never seen it before.
- Come on. Let's go.
Hey, hey.
In case you haven't noticed...
I run this school, man.
It's gonna be a big surprise
to the principal.
Let's go.
You say you've never
seen this bag before?
No.
They were dealing.
Five seconds earlier,
I would have walked in on a sale.
What? Those little kids
in your music class?
I mean, they were the only
other guys in the washroom.
- Maybe they brought it in there.
- That's a lie!
A lot of kids use that washroom.
That bag could have been lying in there
for hours before Mr. Norris came in.
Mr. Norris?
- If you'd seen the way they behaved...
- Selling drugs...
is a criminal offense, Mr. Norris.

We must be certain.

Sir...

Mr. Norris has been hassling
us ever since he got here.

That's bullshit.

I'm the best pianist in this school.

All I wanna do is play in the orchestra
and he won't let me.

- That's not true.

- The guy's got a problem.

Please, please.

All I wanna do is learn.

All right...

you boys get the benefit
of the doubt this time.

But from now on, when you go
into a washroom, you go alone.

Understand?

- Yes, sir.

- Yes, sir.

All right, back to your classes.

Away you go.

I can't...

no expulsion, no suspension, nothing?

That bag could have belonged to
any student who used the bathroom.

- Do you really believe that?

- We want to catch the dealers...

the vandals, the thieves, yes.

But we have got to
catch them in the act.

Do you understand?

I understand that
they're getting off Scot-free.

We don't have a watertight case.

It's as simple as that.

Wake up, you guys!

Come on!

Try to get a hold of the Metro police.

- What's his name?

- Jimmy!

I pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America.

One nation under God.

Indivisible with Liberty
and justice for all.

All right, it's okay!

- Get back!

- Back it up. Back it up.

Arthur, can I talk to you
for a minute, please?

- You wanna use this?

- He started the pledge of allegiance...

Now listen to me, Arthur.

I think that Jimmy's dead because of
that shit he bought in the washroom.

- Am I right?

- I don't know nothing.

I think you do.

I think you were there when he bought it.

And I think you can tell
the police who sold it to him.

- Just leave me alone.

- He was your friend, Arthur.

Whoever sold him that stuff
killed him with it.

Tell me who it was.

I just need his name.

No name is gonna bring him back.

Andy?

How about you and I...

having a drink?

Perfect.

- Hey, hey, hey!

- Boys and girls.

Boys and girls.

Hello.

Hey, music man, I need to have
a little chatty-whatty with you.

Hey, why don't you leave us alone.

I kept my mouth shut.

Come on. Get in.

- Come on.

- Fuckin' shit!

Where you going?

Run!

Come on, you little fuckin' bitch.

- You little bitch!

- What do you want with me, man?
You shouldn't tell tales
out of school, arty-farty.
That could give us a bad name.
I didn't tell him anything.
If I'm not home in ten minutes,
I got four brothers...
Oh-ho, yeah. Terrified.
Arthur.
Terry, hasn't anybody ever tried
to get that gang out of school?
They have been put on
suspension so many times...
they oughta name
a revolving door after them.
You know the amazing thing?
I think Stegman's
actually a brilliant kid.
So is the Marquis de Sade.
I wonder what the hell they're up to now.
Come on now, Andrew.
Cool it.
- School is out.
- I just wanna see what's going on.
It's that Corrigan and the new boy.
Ah, shit.
Andy, this is stupid.
School's out, teacher-teacher.
You're not welcome here.
Come on, you kids.
You can come with me.
We're not in school now, teach.
I can bust your ass.
So do it!
Come on.
You can go home now.
- I got plans for you.
- Yeah? Likewise.
Oh, I'm pissing in my pants.
I don't know how many kids you sold to,
Stegman, but I'm gonna find 'em.
All I need is one kid who's got
the guts to face you in open court
and finger you for pushing it,

and then I've got you.
It ain't happened yet.
It will.
Up yours!
- Out of my way!
- Andy!
Oh, geez!
God, this is crazy.
I don't believe this.
You don't look so great either.
Let's get out of here.
- Did Arthur and Deneen get away?
- Oh, yeah.
Oh, my God.
Terry, you're gonna need stitches.
We gotta go to a hospital.
No stitches, no hospital.
That just means police and questions.
I just wanna get out of here.
Terry, I swear to God, I'm sorry.
It was me they were after.
- I had no right to drag you into this.
- Good God, Andrew.
They don't care which one of us it is.
They are at war. Don't you know that?
And I don't want any part of it.
Look, just get me home to Ellen.
She'll patch me up.
You sure you don't
wanna go to a hospital?
I am positive.
I do not wanna go to a hospital.
Just get me home to Ellen.
- Andy?
- Yeah?
How you doing?
- You okay?
- Yeah, I'm okay.
- What happened?
- Some punks from the school hit me.
Why?
I don't know. I was in their way.
What difference does it make?
Andy, what is going on in that place?

Please tell me.
A kid died today.
I was so goddamn stupid.
I was so busy trying
to nail Stegman today,
I never even noticed Jimmy was high.
If I'd seen that,
I could have saved him.
You could have...
you couldn't have known, honey.
How could you?
They gave Jimmy a minute
of silence today.
One lousy minute for 16 years.
Ignite the flame with Fallon.
Diane, I want you to pack...
everything you need and go
to your mother's until this is over.
I don't wanna go to my mother's.
This is my home.
I don't think it's safe
for you here anymore.
- Not unless you come.
- I can't!
I can't leave my job.
I am worth something as a teacher.
There are kids at that school
who need me.
Like what they did tonight...
shows you that they don't want
you there anymore, Andy.
That's one gang.
That's a small minority.
But you've taught before
and nothing like this has ever happened.
Well, this happened now,
and I gotta deal with it.
I don't understand you, Andy.
I just don't understand you anymore.
Are you gonna go
to your mother's or not?
You stay...
I stay.
It's as simple as that.

- Any other witnesses that you know of?

- No.

Anyway, we got all this information
and we'll make an investigation.

What the hell is there to investigate?

It was Peter Stegman and his gang.

Stegman is under 18 years old.

All the kids you wanna I.D.

are under 18.

Besides that, they can get 27 other kids
out there to alibi for 'em in a minute.

These kids know all the loopholes.

You throw 'em in one door,

they're out another one.

- I just saw him with my own eyes.

- So what?

That's not good enough.

Nowadays, you wanna make a case
against a juvenile...

you gotta be holding his hand

while he's robbing you.

Let me see the file so I can

see what I'm up against.

- I can't give you that information.

- Why not?

Because it's the law.

Right of privacy for juveniles.

You don't want them taking

their mistakes with them...

up into their adult lives, do you?

What about us at the school?

We need your help.

We're here to help.

Okay, I'll read the records

to you, but don't ask me for names.

All right? I can't give

you names. Look at this.

Beatings, gang fights.

A rape. And the girl backed out

of being a witness at the last minute.

A 14-year-old girl.

Drug pushing.

Prostitution rackets.

These kids, Mr. Norris,

are a permanent fixture here.
And all we can do for now
is just keep an eye out on 'em.
Understand?
- Mr. Corrigan.
- Hey, what's up?
We got some problems in the lab.
Mr. Morgenthau's waiting for you up there.
Terry, I'll go with you.
Sorry, Mr. Corrigan.
I'm all right.
I am perfectly all right.
Bastards.
Rat bastards!
Vandalism is nothing new
in this school.
Vandalism? This isn't vandalism!
This is revenge! Look out!
What's happening there, eh, teach?
You ever come after me
or Terry, I swear to God, I'll kill you!
I mean it, you son of a bitch!
Go ahead.
Yeah. I knew you couldn't
do it, teach.
You still believe in
all that bullshit that holds it together.
And when it comes down
to killing, well,
teacher-teacher's just got
too much to lose.
Otherwise, you'd have done me right.
Like this.
Or like this.
Or like this!
Stop it!
Stop it!
- Now you done it, teacher.
- You done it good.
Hey, look what he done, man!
- Are you out of your fucking mind?
- He's crazy!
- All right, calm down.
- That son of a bitch is out of his mind!

- I'm gonna take care of this.
- He tried to kill me.
He tried to kill me!
- Calm down.
- He's crazy, man!
He's crazy.
That son of a bitch, he's sick!
There is no way I can
accept that story, Mr. Norris.
It's outrageous!
His mother's gonna make
a hell of a case out of this.
She's already talking assault.
Let their lawyer take the first shot.
Don't wanna show our hand too soon.
Sir, the boy's psychotic.
I think he's very dangerous
to everybody in this school.
Will you...
will you at least put
him on suspension?
On suspension?
After you nearly fractured his skull?
Goddamn it! He did it to himself.
Why do you always take
his word over mine?
Don't look at me.
When I came in, he had the kid's
blood all over his hands.
I'm sorry, Mr. Norris.
I don't know.
If we're talking about
suspension, Mr. Norris, it should be you.
And if I suspend you, then I've got
five grades without a music class.
Half the graduating class going out
of here with a substandard education
and you compound the problem
by beating a student senseless?
- I told you...
- Why? Why, Mr. Norris?
There will be no disciplinary measures
taken on hand by one of my teachers.
Is that understood,

Mr. Norris?

Yes, sir.

Where are you going?

If I'm still a teacher,
I'm going to teach.

Just a minute, Mr. Norris.

If you're found guilty of this assault...
whether you did it or not,
you'll never teach again.

Do you find any credence in his story?

With that Stegman kid,
anything's possible.

Oh, but, Lyle, I made
him dance, didn't I?

Yeah. Cool it.

Petey, what is this?

You have four, five,
six more parking tickets.

What are you doing,
parking in a bus zone?

They ain't got no parkin'
at that stinkin' school.

That school is the only one
that would accept you. You know that.

What do you think?

You like this sweater?

You look great, ma.

Yeah.

Get the door, will you, honey?

- Get the door, Pete.

- Hey, come on, ma.

Where's the bloody security
in this building?

Yes, who is it?

Mrs. Stegman, can I talk to you
for a minute, please?

I don't wanna buy anything.

I'm very busy.

I'm Peter's music teacher.

It's very important that I talk to you.

Don't let him in, ma.

Please don't let him in, mommy.

Haven't you done enough damage?

You wanna talk? You talk to my attorney?

Mrs. Stegman, if you just let me come in for a minute, I'm sure we can settle that. There are more important things to deal with.

I'm not letting you off easy.

Mrs. Stegman, there are things that you don't know about your son. If we don't talk, he's gonna be in a lot of trouble.

Now you listen to me, buster. You get your ass away from my door, or I'll have the police up here so fast it'll make your head spin. What do you think I am... a bubbleheaded housewife you can push around like those kids? Get him out of here, mom.

You have any idea what I'm gonna have to spend on a therapist... to get him out of this? He doesn't need a therapist. Who do you think you are? Some sort of a God Almighty? He's just a boy. If he comes near me again... he's gonna need a lot more than a therapist.

Oh-ho. You're making threats now?

- You call yourself a teacher?

- Please, please.

We've got to talk rationally. There are other kids... Listen, Petey is an exceptional child! I only wish his father were alive to see him. You couldn't possibly understand his kind of genius. None of you can!

Mrs. Stegman, you don't know what the hell he's been doing! I'm trying to help you. I don't need your kind of help! Will you talk to me, damn it? Don't worry, honey.

He won't bother you again.
Go on back in and watch TV.
I just wanna make sure he's gone, mom.
Teacher-teacher.
Learn your lessons.
Mommy didn't like you very much.
Lay off me!
Lay off me, Stegman!
- You hear me?
- Shut up, you son of a bitch!
You ever come here again
and I'll kill you. I swear it.
You're mine, asshole, all mine.
I'm the future.
You hear that?
I am the future.
You did it, man!
You did it.
You trashed my car.
Let's say I did.
Can you prove it?
I'm gonna kick your ass!
Careful. I could
charge you with assault.
You got a problem,
Mr. Norris?
No. Stegman was just leaving.
Okay, thank you.
Thank you. Okay.
It's like written music
is a whole other language.
- I'm speaking it with my horn.
- Mr. Norris. Mr. Norris.
Officer, what's up?
The trial, it's not gonna
take place until the 6th.
So, I promise it'll turn for you.
Well, that's great.
The concert's over with.
Without Mr. Norris,
we're nothing.
Excuse me.
Arthur, this is officer Stewiski.
Arthur, how are you?

Look, that little fucker
Arthur's squealing to the juvie.
Let's go.
Look, I personally don't think
Vinnie can do it.
- It's no problem.
- The guy's a wimp.
Hey, I'm no wimp,
all right? That's right.
- You can do this?
- Yes, I could.
Hey!
Yeah, I'm gonna do it.
All right then, Vinnie, do it.
Diversion, huh?
Look it, Vinnie.
A little magic trick.
Keep it down.
He has a ruptured kidney.
- Can we see him?
- No.
He's in intensive care.
Call us later, Mr. Norris,
and we'll let you know his condition.
Okay, thank you.
You gonna pick up the gang?
Mr. Norris.
We can't find anybody
who actually saw it happen.
Stegman's gang was there.
You know they did it.
Sure. But how do we prove
they did it?
Look, somebody's gotta stop
this insanity. If you don't do it, I will!
Easy. Easy, Mr. Norris.
You shouldn't be talking like that.
Not with you already facing
an assault charge.
Come on.
I'll drive you home.
I always walked home with Arthur.
Terry, what are you doing to yourself?
Who cares?

It calms me.
It insulates me.
If we can get through this year,
then Andy's gonna have
a permanent teaching position.
Terry talks about retiring.
But that's rubbish.
He won't.
I'm such a failure.
You're not a failure.
Terry, you're one of the best
teachers in that whole school.
To tell you the truth, Andy,
I don't think I can teach anymore.
I can't get through.
I always had this dream
that I could make kids read
every book they could
lay their hands on.
Oh, if I could only be
an inspiration to one
goddamn growing mind.
Sometimes I think I'd do anything...
Just anything if I knew
that I could leave
one person behind...
who'd heard me.
I...
Good-bye, Mr. Chips.
Uh, we've got what? We've got
a week to senior assembly. Right?
People have been invited
from the symphony competition board.
Well, parents and students.
I just...
I don't know how to
tell you this, but...
I think you guys are terrific.
You mean we're good?
No, I didn't say you were good.
I said you were terrific!
Absolutely great.
All we gotta do is...
Mr. Norris.

You gotta come with me.
So we can have any number of
"X" chromosomes in any species,
but it is only the with the addition
of the "Y" that we get the man.
Sit down.
Please.
Excuse me. Excuse me.
Let me through.
I-I'm calling the police to handle this.
No, let Mr. Norris talk to him first.
There are students in there.
Yes, and that is Terry Corrigan.
That is not a maniac killer.
Let me have a chance.
- Come on. He's my friend.
- I'll back him up.
All right.
Hi, Terry.
You shouldn't be in here, Andrew.
What are you doing?
I'm teaching.
Can't you see that?
You!
Tell us the factor
for the female of the species.
Stand up when the teacher talks to you!
- Wait a minute. Terry...
- No!
Andrew.
I don't come into your class
and tell you how to teach.
Now, what is the answer, please?
For you...
simply cannot afford...
to fail this class.
Now, what is the answer?
What is the answer?
Please?
Y.
Y.
- Well, you see how simple it is?
- Yeah.
He has never, never

answered a question in this class.
I'm finally teaching them.
Oh, tell me, darling.
How many chambers
are there in the human heart?
Oh, come on.
Come on.
Go on.
Four. I think four.
That's wonderful.
Oh, it's a pleasure.
Oh, such a tremendous pleasure.
Mr. Stegman, what is an amphibian?
You should know.
We had such a...
wonderful display...
hanging on our wall.
You don't know?
That's too bad.
You...
Do not pass.
You have to work with him, Terry.
Oh, but, Andrew, it would take
such an awful lot of work.
And this would be so much easier.
Class is not dismissed!
God!
We're gonna work all this out.
Come on, Terry.
They...
killed my animals.
Oh, God.
Stegman did that.
They aren't all like him.
Oh, Stegman.
All right, all right,
get him down to the office.
Wait a second.
Let me take him home.
Not so fast, Mr. Norris.
He needs mental help.
And we've got to notify the police.
We're gonna have parents
all over me in an hour.

How come I can't get you off the dime
when a student does something wrong,
but when a teacher screws up,
you wanna call in the police?

A teacher is required
to be responsible.

Come on, Terry.

Let me take you home, okay?

No.

No, I... I'm fine.

I'm fine. Really.

I'm fine. I'm...

I'm fine.

Jesus Christ!

What the hell you doing,
you crazy son of a bitch?

I'll kill you.

I'll kill you, you fucking asshole!

Shit!

Shit.

Run, Stegman!

It was nice to see
so many kids at Terry's funeral.
It's gonna be really hard
for Ellen to accept Terry's death.

I know.

It's hard for me.

And what about us?

Andy, I'm worried about us,
and I'm worried about the baby.

And I've made a decision.

I... I'm gonna go to
my mother's house.

It'll be safer until the child's born.

Good. Good.

I think you should have gone long ago.

What about you?

Are you ready now to give up
that obsession you have
with the kids at Lincoln High?

What obsession, Diane?

I'm a teacher.

I'm just trying to do my job.

Terry couldn't handle it.

I can.

Okay. Why don't you
just stay there then
and just slug it out
with those psychotic little misfits.

And who knows?

Maybe you'll wind up like Terry.

And what should I tell our child?

That their father died
in the line of duty? That he was a teacher?

What do you wanna tell them?

That I was a coward?

That I ran away as soon
as I had a problem?

I'm sorry.

Stay for the concert, and then
go to your mother's, okay?

I'll visit you on the weekends.

I love you.

I love you too.

- Mr. Norris. I'm glad you're here.

- How is he?

He's better.

He's talking, but not to me.

He won't say who knifed him.

Why don't you go on in there?

Maybe he'll tell me.

Hey.

Hi.

How you feeling?

As good as I look.

Who's replacing me in the orchestra?

- Zuckerman.

- Zuckerman?

- Yeah.

- He's a Turkey compared to me.

You told Stewiski

that you didn't see who knifed you.

Is that the truth?

What's the use?

Then you did see.

Mr. Norris...

you know that if I say who got me...

as soon as I get out,

they're gonna get me again.
Arthur...
don't you want them to get those kids?
I mean, the same thing
could happen to somebody else.
Look, I'm not gonna force you
into anything, but...
I just want you to think about this.
I think that the only rights we have
are the ones we're willing to fight for.
You owe it to your friends
at school to stand up for yourself.
Okay.
It was Vinnie.
Vinnie Cuntino.
- So, what do you wanna do?
- Go see a movie.
Hello, officer.
Norris must have got Arthur to talk.
- So let's fuck him up.
- All in good time. All in good time.
Excuse me.
Sir? Sir?
Come back here!
What the hell are you doing?
Why did you let them go?
- It's all right.
- Yes, sir.
I had to let 'em go. That's the law.
I could only keep them here 24 hours.
Besides, we still got Vinnie.
They set him up. You know that.
I don't know that,
and you don't know that either.
Vinnie isn't talking yet.
They're gonna go right after Arthur.
What are you gonna do,
wait until he's dead?
Don't worry about Arthur.
We'll protect Arthur.
But who's gonna protect you?
You better look after your own ass...
if you wanna be any good
to the rest of those kids.

You got that concert
tomorrow night, don't you?

- Yeah.

- Mr. Norris.

What?

Mind your own business, huh?

What do you think?

I don't think anyone will mistake you
for Leonard Bernstein.

- But you look splendid.

- Splendid?

Sexy.

That's what I care about.

The concert starts about 8:00.

Try and get there a little early, okay?

- Andy?

- Yeah?

I'm... I'm really proud of you, honey.

- How are you doing, Mr. Norris?

- Showtime, Mr. Norris.

- Afternoon, Mr. Norris.

- You're looking real nice in that suit.

Yeah, nice hairdo.

I am the future.

I am the future. I am the future.

Not if I have anything to say about it.

Teacher-teacher shouldn't
talk to Stegman like that.

Get out of my way.

You've got to learn.

Life... is pain.

Pain... is everything.

You...

you will learn.

What do you want?

Here, take the money.

Look, if you leave now

I won't tell the police!

Good evening, Mrs. Norris.

Love the place.

She's mine!

Stand back.

Where do you keep

the drugs around here?

No! No! No!
Oh, here.
Give it to her!
Smile for the photograph, honey.
You like your picture taken?
Okay, you guys, listen up.
The symphony board
will be third row on the right.
Let's make 'em hear
every note nice and clear.
What if they don't like us?
Stravinsky had eggs thrown at him
when he opened with the "Rite of Spring."
What school did he play for?
Okay, come on.
Let's tune up. Helen.
Now I want you to scream
when you feel this nice piece of chain.
Come on. Wake up.
If you don't stay awake now,
bitch, you're never gonna wake up again.
Fallon. Fallon.
- Fallon.
- Shit.
Fallon. War paint.
I'm impressed, Mr. Norris.
We haven't had a turnout
like this since the night
one of the little bastards
set fire to the west wing.
There are a lot of good kids here.
I suppose so.
It's just that the bad ones
take so much of our attention.
Good luck tonight.
Thank you.
All right, let's get
the hell outta here.
- Camouflage.
- You look cute.
Come on, honey.
Man, what a dump.
Move it. Move it!
Crunch it, Fallon.

Okay, you guys, you ready?

- Excuse me, sir?

- Yeah?

That girl there.

She told me to give this to you.

Come and get it,

teacher-teacher.

Where is she, goddamn you?

You're getting warmer, teacher.

You hurt her, I'll kill you!

I swear to God, I'll kill you!

- Son of a bitch!

- Let me go!

Havin' fun, bitch?

We're gonna be playing some more later.

- Good-bye, Mr. Norris.

- All right?

Good-bye, Mr. Norris.

Five more minutes and I'm leaving.

Do you know where he went?

No, but he better get back soon.

Andy, get back.

Go back.

- Don't hurt her, Stegman. Please.

- Say pretty please.

- Let her go. You can have me.

- I've already got you!

See you later, teach.

- Shut up!

- No! Wait! No!

I said shut up, whore!

You little bitch!

Now you're in for it.

Getting warmer, teacher.

- Please.

- Ah, sit down.

Please, please.

Ladies and gentlemen.

Ladies... please,

ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls.

Thank you. You've been very patient.

And we do apologize

for the delay, but...

I would ask you to

remain in your seats.

- The young people have rehearsed...

- Excuse me.

I think that I can fill in
for Mr. Norris.

Ladies and gentlemen,
we have a surprise.

Deneen Bowden is going
to conduct for us.

Come on. Let's sit down
and give her a real hand of support.

- Where did he go?

- I don't know.

Let's split up and look for him.

Come out, come out wherever you are.

I'm gonna get that fucker!

Come on!

Check out the lab.

If you see the prick, yell.

Mr. Norris.

That bitch of yours

is an easy lay, Norris.

You're dead, Mr. Norris.

Good-bye, Mr. Norris.

- Where the hell's Fallon?

- He's supposed to be here.

Shit. Fallon.

- I'm... I'm gonna cut Norris' heart.

- Then do it!

Come on!

Wait a minute.

Check the auto shop. The auto shop.

The auto shop!

Mr. Norris.

Where is she?

Your little whore is ours now, Norris.

Where the hell is she?

And it was so easy!

Fuck you in hell!

Joshua!

Norris!

Get him, barnyard!

Kill him!

Kick his fucking ass!

Where is she?
Where is she?
She's on the roof.
Andy!
- Let her go!
- Don't, Andy. No.
Too late, teacher-teacher.
Too late.
It's all over, Stegman. Let her go.
Oh, no, no.
It's just the beginning.
We all go...
together.
Mr. Norris.
Help me.
Please, Mr. Norris.
Don't let me fall.
I'm just a...
I'm just a kid.
Please, Mr. Norris.
Please?
Give me your hand.
Sucker!
It's over, baby.
It's all over now.
When does a dream
Become a nightmare
When do we do what must be done
When do we stand
And face the future
When there is nowhere left to run
You've got to learn
Just how to survive
You've got to learn
How to keep your dream
Alive
Take a look at my face
I am the future
How do you like what you see
Take a look at my face
I belong to the future the future
And you belong to me
When does a dream
Become a nightmare

When do we learn to live with fear
When we cry out
For some salvation
Why is it no one seems to hear
You've got to learn
It's up to you
If you can learn
That the dream just might
Come true
Take a look at my face
I am the future
Now how do you like what you see
Take a look at my face
I belong to the future
The world belongs to me
Yeah
Take a look at my face
I am the future
How do you like what you see
Take a look at my face
I belong to the future
The world belongs to me
Take a look at my face
'Cause I am the future
How do you like
what you see
Take a look at my face
I belong to the future
And the world belongs to me
Yeah