Class of 1999

By C. Courtney Joyner
In 1992, there were 543,767 violent incidents in American high schools. In some cities, the areas around these schools were beginning to fall under the control of violent youth gangs. By 1997, the number of violent incidents had tripled. Gangs had taken control of large sections of these cities. Some schools were shut down. The year is 1999. The gang-controlled areas have become known as... free-fire zones. Kennedy High is located in the middle of a free-fire zone. The police will not enter. There is no law. The Department of Educational Defense has been formed to reopen the schools and control the gangs.

Ladies and gentlemen, I know that when you asked Megatech to help you with your problem, it wasn't an easy decision. You are, after all, educators. We are automation and robotic specialists. At first glance, not exactly compatible fields.
But the current situation in our high schools calls for unusual measures. Meet the pride of Megatech. It's as fine a group of educators as you'll find anywhere in the world. I guess you could call them super teachers. Cody Cup, come with me. You're getting out. These artificially created tactical education units have been thoroughly programmed in history, chemistry, all mathematics... and of course, physical education. And they also come equipped with the option of XT-6 hardware to deal with discipline problems. It's hard for me to believe that they're not actually human beings. Mr. Bryles? One million megabytes. Don't be scared. What? Sign it. You'll report to your school by 9.

or we'll have your ass back here. You violate any of the terms of your parole, we'll be waiting with open arms to welcome you back to the real world of discipline. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I would like to present to you...
the Principal of
Kennedy High School,
Mr. Myles Langford.
Dr. Forrest, thank you.
That was indeed impressive.
This secret program,
sponsored by the Department
of Educational Defense
and Megatech,
is going to
make it possible
for classes to resume once again
at Kennedy High School.
You all know what we've had
to face in the past...
drugs, gang activity,
rampant violence.
And of course this group of particularly
troublesome students
with prison records
who, because of
this experiment,
will be released back into
the school population today.
Hey.
How you doing, man?
How was it in there?
All right.
You look like shit, Angel.
What do you mean?
He's a bad
little dude.
Yeah. I'm getting
jumped in next week.
Let's get out of here.
- I'm driving.
- Back seat.
Come on.
Destruction, yeah
Till there's no one
there
If you ain't
from the gang
You better
watch your step...
- Where to?
- Wanna get high?
School.
School! Oh, man.
You definitely want to get high.
What is it?
Edge, man.
Best new high since Skin.
Cool!
- Come on!
- What'd they do to you in there, man?
You used to enjoy gettin'
wrecked with your brothers.
Times change...
brother.
Cops gave this place up.
We can't go
this way.
Motherfucking Razorheads
control this whole area now, man.
What the fuck
are you doing?
Get us out of here,
Cody.
Welcome home,
C-C-Cody.
Meet any nice boys in jail?
Yeah.
You should have been there.
He would have liked you.
See you at school,
assholes.
Ow!
Come on!
Get that Cody!
Kill him!
- Get out of here!
- Go go go go!
Shut up!
Hey! Get down!
Go ahead!
Get him!
Get Cody!
Hold on.
Faster, Cody, faster!
Go!
Fuck!
Looks like Hector's gonna be a little late for school.
Ha. It's gonna be good to have you back with us, man.
Ow! God!
What's going on?
This is a free-fire zone.
Yeah, the cops still won't come in here so they got their own goons now.
Maybe I should've stayed in prison.
Welcome, students, to Kennedy High School.
All weapons must be surrendered before entering the school grounds.
- Out of the way.
- You got a search warrant?
  You got a search warrant?
Get away from my car, man.
You wanna make this tough? Huh?
- Sonny!
- Let him go!
Hold it right there.
Hold it right there.
Sonny! Sonny!
I'm not kidding!
- Get your friend out of here.
- Sonny!
- What about Sonny?
- Forget about him.
Do yourself a favor.
You're turning into a real douchebag, you know?
Why don't you just go fuck yourself?
Any student caught on school premises with an automatic weapon will be detained by school security and turned over to the proper authorities. Your brother says you don't want to be a Blackheart anymore. So what if I don't? These guys are our friends. So if you ain't with us, you're against us. So that means we got to kill you. Yeah, and that'd make us sad, Cody. Gee, Dawn, I'm touched. So what's it gonna be, Cody? I'm lying low for a while. If I get slamming for ganging, I'll be doing real hard time. Guess you'll have to waste me. Either way I'm dead. Come on, Angel. Let's go. Hey, you! - March march. - All right, come on. Shrapnel. Yeah, let me see your papers. Good morning. - Good morning, Dr. Forrest. - Good morning, sir. Mr. Hardin, Miss Connors and Mr. Bryles, this is the first day of the rest of your lives. These are our problem students.
I've made sure to assign them to your classes. We know what we're here to do, Mr. Langford. Academics will be up. Discipline will be firm. We'll, if there are any problems, my door is always open. Don't move it! Come on! There won't be any problems. Saturday, or I'll make earrings out of your balls. You're a real badass, huh? Fuckin' $10. Guess you gotta be a millionaire to go to school here. Here she comes, Mark. I don't have the money. You're gonna find your balls in a vise, asshole. Good morning, students. Good morning, students. Good morning, bitch. I'm Miss Connors, your chemistry teacher. And we welcome to the wonderful world of chemistry. - You got it? - You're gonna pay us, aren't you? Please be seated. Fuck off. Internal systems on alert, Dr. Forrest. Switch over to Connors' class. I think he said... fuck you. What are you laughing at? System making process of order.
Skin temperatures increasing, sir.

Gentlemen, if you're going to be in my class...

She's moving. She's approaching the students.

- You're going to have to be cool.

Baby, I got cool for you right here, honey.

Right here.

You're gonna have to walk cool.

You're gonna have to stand cool.

We don't got to do nothing, lady.

And if you cannot, you will sit down.

I ain't finished.

I'm still 60 bucks short, asshole.

That's not very cool.

"That's not very cool."

Temperature's increasing.

Breathing's increasing.

Approaching critical.

Baby, can't you see I'm trying to conduct a little business here?

Not in my class.

Hey, don't you mess with my boys, Miss Connors.

God!

- Reflex time, Mark?

- .027.

- .027.

- Falls within the parameter, sir.

Reflexes normal.

Now that I have your undivided attention, we'll have roll call.

And I see we're going to have some very...

Breathing returning to normal.

Temperature returning to normal.
Education at its finest.
Congratualtions, sir.
Ah, can you believe that woman?
Chemistry teacher from heII.
Uh, hi, I'm Christie.
I would have introduced myself in class but I was afraid Sheera the Devil Woman would bite me.
What a drag that class is gonna be.
Girls Iike you usually love everything about school.
What do you mean, "girls Iike me"?
Nothing.
I don't know.
You new here?
Yeah, I just transferred from Nixon.
My dad was a little worried about it, but he said as long as I stayed away from gang guys...
He don't want to hang out with us, does he?
He just wants to kiss up to her.
You might as well stick your dick in a meat grinder, Cody.
I don't know what you guys are talking about.
Ah, I do.
My dad's the new principal.
- Perfect.
- Yeah, maybe for you.
It is so embarrassing.
I might as well go around with "geek" tattooed on my forehead.
Cody Cup.
Blackheart for life, whether I like it or not.
You, uh, you want to do something sometime?
I'm sure your dad would love that.
I didn't ask you if you wanted to do something with my dad.
Well, this is my class.
So, uh, are you gonna call me or what?
Yeah.
Both.
Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.
I can't hear you!
Way to go!
All right, let's make several things perfectly clear, shall we?
This is going to be the most difficult history course you've ever had.
For you.
Expect...
...a test every two weeks,
two hours of homework, each and every night for the remainder of the year, for the rest of your life.
Something... something a little more important...
I operate from a model... - of ab... - Spit it out! - So I use zero tolerance. So do we.
And that means behavior in... or out of this classroom.
No roaming the corridors
without a pass.
No disrespect
or disobedience.
- Shut up.
- Why don't you shut the fuck...
And last, uh, there'll be
no excuses...
whatever.
Why don't you
shut the fuck up?
Hey, fuck you, mook.
Have I made myself
perfectly clear?
He's making
his decision now.
Corporal punishment...
is that still legal, sir?
Whatever's necessary to
keep the children in line.
Anybody else?
Hey, Cody.
I made sure that nothing
happened to your bike
the whole time
you were gone.
- You should give me the car.
- You don't have a license.
Big deal.
Neither do you.
What the hell
happened to you?
They got me in
the parking lot.
You fucks ran off
and left me.
Look at this... yeah.
Who did it?
The Razorheads?
Fuckin' Nazi
security guards
turned me over to
the new history teacher.
The guy...
the guy's insane.
Got any money?
I really need a hit.
They took everything
away from me.
I haven't had
any all day.
Come on, Angel,
you got any Edge on you?
- I'm really hurting.
- Hey, look in the kitchen, Angel.
Maybe there's some Drano
or floor cleanser...
that'd be even
more fun, huh?
This is plenty!
Hands off that!
- No!
- Stop that! Get your hands off it.
Get your hands off that.
Give me that. Give it to me.
- Give it to me.
- Mom, I need it.
Stop it!
Give it to me.
Look who's here, Mom.
- Find your own drugs!
- No, you gotta give it to me.
Gee!
It's good to be back home.
You're all fuckin'
pathetic!
- You're a rat.
- Come on, give it to me! I need it!
Next.
No gang jackets
or colors allowed on campus.
No sexual activity
of any kind permitted.
Hey, you think smart girls
give better head?
Hey, you.
Hey, baby.
Hey, you...
principal's daughter.
Hey, fuck off, okay?
Ooh, such nasty language.
What would Daddy say?
Would you just
Leave me alone?
- Leave you alone?
- Hey! What are you doing?
Stop! Help! No!
No! Help!
Hey, stay here.
Come on!
Come on, man!
Get him back!
You're coming
with me, Cup.
You know the terms and
conditions of your release...
no alterations
of any kind.
That boy ended up
in the hospital.
That boy nearly
raped your daughter.
I appreciate what
you tried to do.
Why didn't you go
to a teacher for help?
Like him? This bitch
nearly broke my arm.
Mr. Bryles, thank you.
Perhaps Mr. Bryles
did overreact.
Right.
All things considered,
I won't put this
on your record.
But this is the last warning.
Now you understand that?
Yes, sir.
Good.
Right, I'm releasing you
to your next class
- which is...
- Phys Ed, I believe.
Thanks you, Mr. Bryles.
You may go.
Come on, lad.
A little exercise will do you good.
One more! Suck it up, babe!
Come on.
Be tough!
I'll turn you into
a wrestler yet.
Next time, I'll get
200 out of you.
- I did the best I could!
- Everybody get in the shower.
- Oh, ho!
- That wasn't cool.
It's okay.
Come on, man.
Not you, Cup.
You stay behind.
Anybody ever tell you
you got a bad attitude, boy?
- You wrestled in prison?
- Not by choice, Coach.
I wrestled in
the service.
Oh, yeah?
Which one?
Military.
- Oh!
- That's it, the military.
Ah, you gotta lay off
the steroids, Coach.
I hear they
shrink your penis.
I'm a firm believer in
negative reinforcement, Cup.
You better be careful
from now on, Cup.
You macho motherfucker,
right, man?
Beat the shit out
of the kids?
Get away from him.
Oh my God. Amazing. Simply amazing. Play that back. That was a Level seven, multidimensional decision. The intelligence factor is evolving. It isn't artificial any longer. Kill the enemy? I mean, don't you think you went a bit too far? The boy had a gun, for God's sake. He had to defend himself. The program may be evolving faster than we thought. Or they're having trouble absorbing the educational directives. They are machines, you idiot. They absorb whatever we put into them. Correct? Hopefully. There's nothing to worry about, Marv. They're just learning. Jesus. I hate to see what they'd do if you tried to help an old lady cross the street. Oh, come on. I just wanted to thank you for helping me this morning. Tell it to your dad. Would you give me... Quit thinking about yourself. I just saw one of my best friends die. Mohawk pulled a gun on him. What was he
supposed to do?
I was there.
Mohawk was so wasted,
he wouldn't have known
which end the bullets come out.
The study of history is...
is rewarding,
not only in
its wonderful richness,
but also in the lessons
that can be gleaned
from it.
So let's turn our attention
to the Trojan War.
You're late.
Sit down. Sit.
He's wasted.
Sonny, please
sit down.
Please?
Did you get a note
from the principal?
No.
But I'd be happy to take
some time off to get you one.
Watch out.
D. 385, huh?
Huh? That's yours.
But lockers are
private property.
Tsk tsk tsk tsk.
Drug dealing is
a capital offense.
It's all personal, man.
L... I gotta have it, okay?
I know.
Not anymore, my son.
Call Forrest.
Get him in here now!
He's going berserk.
Jesus.
As you'll recall,
the salient point in
the story of Achilles
and his famous heel
is that
the basis of all
military strategy is...
find the weak spot
and attack.
Does anyone have
an explanation?
Ingestion of
8,000mg
of ethyl digimesythal
will do that.
Break the boy's neck?
Pulverize his jaw?
The effects of habitual use
are indeed disturbing.
Mr. Hardin,
you beat that boy.
Only in self-defense,
Miles.
The filthy little punk was armed with
a dangerous weapon.
And he was out of control
on narcotics.
Ethyl digimesythal
is notorious
for producing acts of
superhuman strength.
Mr. Langford?
The news crew is here.
Thank you, Wendy.
You'll have to excuse me.
I have statements to make,
people to placate.
Dr. Forrest?
We'll discuss this later...
alone.
Of course, Miles.
Whatever you say.
- Hi, Daddy.
- Hello, sweetie.
What are you doing here?
Uh, Cody wanted me to
come up and talk to you.
Hmm?
He thinks that Mr. Hardin might have something to do with Sonny's death.
Does he?
That poor boy had a drug problem.
He died of an overdose.
Now it's very important to me that you don't get too involved in all this. You have to set an example.
Remember whose daughter you are.
- Hmm?
- Excuse me, Mr. Langford, but the news crew is getting impatient.
All right, Wendy, I'll be right through.
- Here, give me a hug. I gotta go.
- Okay.
- I'll see you later.
- All right. See you for dinner. I'm sorry to keep you waiting.
MiIes Langford.
- Come on through to my office.
- Thank you.
There. You see?
It was an OD.
All I see is that your father doesn't give a shit about the truth which is that those teachers are killing people, Christie. You just have a problem with authority figures. Jesus! You really are the principal's daughter, aren't you? If you just opened up those suburban eyes, you'd see what's going on.
Hey. I don't have to take this shit from some illiterate gangbanger, okay? Go ahead, MiIes. Have another if it makes you feel any better.
All I wanted was a safe place for these kids to learn in. Hey, right now you've got discipline for the students and security for the schools. Students are being beaten for minor infractions. Two are already dead. Tell me, how am I supposed to live with that? I can tell you

one thing:
That is that this afternoon, you participated in a coverup of the drug-addict boy's death. Miles, I strongly suggest that you let this program run its course. Soon every school in the country will be after us to handle their discipline problems. Now that could be a very profitable situation. Profitable? For whom? For me. Or I should say, for Megatech. But don't worry, Miles. You'll be the man who gets all the glory, the notoriety, the cover of "Time." Not you, Cody. Here's your good-looking brother, Mr. Cup. Partying hard, I see. I'm a Blackheart now, Cody.
For real.
Congratulated, Angel.
Hey! Hey, Cody!
We're jumping him in tonight
in honor of Sonny.
Did you hear how
it happened?
Yeah. He got a little
careless on the Edge.
Do you believe everything
they tell you in school?
Of course! We all
want to get ahead.
I think that history teacher,
Mr. Hardin,
he killed Sonny.
Oh, why? 'Cause he
didn't do his homework?
Man, you are so
full of shit,
your eyes are
the color of...
Hey, man, what...
what color are his eyes?
Well, they sure aren't
Blackheart colors.
You know what I think?
I think it's time
for Mr. Cup, Sr. Here to be
terminated from the gang...
...offically.
Come on.
We don't have to.
Listen, kid,
you're one of us.
You're not one
of him.
Any student who wishes to
file criminal charges
against another student
may do so
in Mr. Langford's office

between 1 :
Hey, how you guys doing?
Hi.
Sorry about yesterday.
Jesus, Cody, what happened to you?
Nothing. Blackhearts gave me a little going-away party.
Christie, listen, your dad's lying.
Maybe he doesn't know what's going on, but you can convince him.
I'm not convinced either.
Well, what if I can prove to you that Hardin and Bryses are killing people?
Oh, now you think Bryses is in on it too?
Cody, have you been doing Edge?
I mean, these teachers... they may be jerks and they may be strict but they do not go around killing people.
Come with me over to Hardin's house, okay?
I saw him with Sonny's crucifix yesterday.
- If I can find it...
- Now?
You mean cut class?
Yeah.
You never cut class?
- Reach down the back of my pants.
- What?
Come on, I live dangerous.
What is this? The faculty address book?
Cody, how did you get this? Just another one of my devious criminal acts.
Look up Hardin's address.
Check out BryIes.
This is really weird.
Hardin and BryIes...
they have the same address.
Yeah?
Hey, wait a minute.
Miss Connors
lives there too.
Party.
This is it.
So what if someone's
looking out the window?
Just act like you
belong here.
It shouldn't
be too hard.
Okay, Sonny's crucifix was
on a gold chain.
I hope we can find it in
the middle of this clutter.
Talk about
your Lean Cuisine.
Gotta stay on top of
those pesky squeaks.
What is this?
How homey.
Uh, I think this is
Miss Connors' room
unless those guys are
weirder than you thought.
Definitely Miss Connors.
I've never been in a chemistry teacher's
room before, Cody,
but speaking as a woman,
this is really strange.
I mean, women don't buy
one lacy bra.
They get panties to match.
They binge out.
- Oh, yeah?
- Women...
well, they have lots of stuff.
They have lots of personal stuff.
We're talking about
a chemistry teacher.
Yeah, but she's
still a woman.
Oh, yeah.
You see?
His mom gave him this.
He would never give it up.
Shit! Come on.
Ah, we've been invaded.
Run run!
Respect for private property
is the foundation
of a free society.
Well, the best defense
is a tough offense.
The Langford girl's
crossed over.
We'll advise her father on
suitable methods of discipline for her.
But now let's eliminate
the bad influence corrupting her.
Get off!
Run! Go!
So failing to yield
at an intersection;
exceeding the speed limit...
Not wearing a helmet or
using proper hand signals.
Time for a little
driver's ed?
I hate water.
Nice day for a dive.
Hey.
Happy birthday.
My birthday was
three months ago.
I know.
Sorry I missed it.
That's okay.
Mom forgot to
pay the bill.
Who'd you want to call?
Christie.
The principal's
daughter?
Man, you oughta
think about your image.
I don't have anything
to worry about.
Wanna shoot some hoops?
If you're sure it won't
mess up your image.
Looks like we'll have to
requisition a new vehicle.
What about the boy?
That boy presents
a most interesting problem.
I can take care
of him right now.
No, individual attacks are
too inefficient for our purposes now.
We need a new strategy.
- Such as?
- Such as...
a little game.
A war game,
if you will.
Yeah!
Angel! Angel!
Reigning champ of the free-fire zone.
Where... where you going?
Homework.
Join me.
Could be fun.
If you weren't my brother,
I'd say you were totally
fucked in the head.
Other than that,
you love me, right?
Right.
Same here.
Angel! Angel!
Angel! Angel! Angel!
Angel! Angel! Angel!
Exhibition of gang colors
is strictly forbidden.
What do you want?
We want to educate you.
We want to show you the...
the misguidedness
of indulging in gang behavior.
I want to kick his butt.
- We're coming to get you, kid!
- No!
Ha!
Help! Help!
Help!
Help!
Help!
Help!
What do you want?
What do you...
Help! Help!
Sorry for whatever I did.
No!
Ah, no! No!
- Shh!
- Help me! No!
- I thought you had him?
- Sorry.
- Shit.
- Is that pizza, man?
Hey, get the hell away from my car.
What the fuck?
Am I late for night school, bitch?
Let's go, pizza man.
I'm starving.
Why'd you send Noser, man?
That kid gets lost trying to
find his dick.
Get him out!
Help him!
Get those fucking Blackhearts!
Fun and Games
phase one complete.
Somebody help!
- What?
- Get the rope off his neck!
Get the fuckin' rope
off his neck!
Leave him alone.
Leave him alone!
My God!
Angel.
- Get a blanket!
- Get the blanket!
Somebody get
a fuckin' blanket!
Son of a bitch!
Damn it!
Damn it! Check it out!
Check it out!
Fuckin' A, we'll be there!
Yeah, right, man!
I want them all!
Jump me in!
Jump me fuckin' in now!
Check everyone.
Yeah, check nine again.
- What about Forrest?
- He's on his way.
Why the panic, gentlemen?
The teachers are not
in their rooms, sir.
They can't be monitored
when they're not here.
There's nothing to worry
about, Marvin.
They made the decision
not to teach today, that's all.
But they're supposed to do what
they're programmed to do, sir.
Nothing more.
But with the reasoning
powers of a human being.
Find them, shut them down
and run a complete test.
No matter how perfect
they are in the field, Dr. Forrest,
there's no such thing as
a completely stable hybrid.
Or a completely stable
human being.
I don't want them taken out
of the field right now
and that's an order.
Do you understand?
We've almost made a complete emotional
 crossover to human mode.
Worst-case scenario, sir?
The educational directives
may have miscarried.
They might be reverting back to
their original military form.
You let me worry about that,
right, Spence?
right,
everybody spread out!
Cover each other!
Medina, aquí rápido!
Down! Down!
Get every one of them.
Use any and all strategies
to achieve our objective.
Death to the opposition.
- Exterminate the enemy?
- Precisely.
Connors and I will
take out the Razorheads.
Bryles, you will take
out the Blackhearts.
Take no prisoners.
Vamos! Come on!
Razorheads!
Hey, we got a couple of guys down!
Come on, go!
- Holy shit!
- Right!
Damn, let's go!
Here they come.
Ow!
Come on!
Vamos!
Hey, Hector!
- Go back around the other way.
- I'll get 'em.
Cody!
You're next, Mr. Cup.
You're making me very... angry, Cody.
What are you?
Let's ride!
Move it!
CuIp got away.
That means this operation is a failure.
No no. No,
the strategy is sound.
We'll make him come to us.
Did anyone else see anybody there last night besides the Razorheads?
Like who?
Like Mr. Hardin.
You gotta quit fuckin' around, Cody.
I mean, the Razorheads, they killed your brother.
You saw what they did to Reedy.
No, I saw what Mr. Hardin did to Reedy.
Why would a teacher want to get involved in a war between us and the 'Heads?
I wish I knew.
Jeez, Cody!
Christie, those teachers,
- they're after me.
- Of course...
I don't know what the hell they are.
Of course they're after you.
We broke into their house.
Listen to me! We just kicked the shit out of the Razorheads and Hardin was there.
I saw him.
I shot him.
He didn't even go down.
Are you sure...
about this?
Yes, I'm sure about this!
They're worse than the Razorheads.
They cannot be human beings!
They're teaching at
our school, Christie.
Your dad's got to
do something.
On your word?
Don't even think about it.
He's fully on
the warpath for you.
Daddy got a call from Mr. Hardin
about us being over there.
He so much as sees me
with you,
I am going back to Nixon and you
are going back to jail.
That's bullshit.
You know, you people have
had total freedom.
That doesn't give you
a license to murder.
Miles, you petitioned for
Kennedy High School
to be used as an experiment
in disciplinary education.
Yes, but not to use
my school as a war zone.
We had a new product
to market
and this was a perfect
place to test it in.
But these androids were supposed
to educate the students.
BattlePods, Miles.
BattlePods.
Military surplus marked to be shipped
to Central America
for the 10-Year War.
That is until
the D.E.D. Called.
It seemed they were having
a little problem in our schools.
I said, "No problem, all we have to do is marry our war machine with the basic educational model."
Wonderful results. You should have seen those Washington assholes. They were amazed. And now we've got a military contract worth billions. I see.
So they've been waging war with my students? Isn't that what all teachers do? But my people aren't just fighting, Miles... they're winning. Whatever happened to education? The students can learn if they want to. They simply have to make the right choice. Sure... learn or be killed.
I want you to turn them off. I'm terminating this program!
I'm afraid that's the bad news, Milesy. You see, once this program has been implemented, I'm afraid it can't be turned off.
The bottom line is "Kill the enemy."
What... what... Hello?
Ah, yeah.
I know.
Oh, I'll be there, Cody. Don't you worry your pretty little head.
I'll be there.
What is it, man?
I remember the only way
I could get Cody CuIp
into school was to
promise him free drugs.
Now he wants to die there.
What's going on?
He called me up.
One on one.
You trust him?
Yeah, like a vampire
giving me a blowjob.
Daddy?
Is that you?
Daddy?
Hello?
It ain't Daddy, honey.
What are you doing here?

**It's 10:**
Do you know where
your boyfriend is?
Where's my...
my father?
Get Cody CuIp on
the phone,
or your father's
a dead man.
Do you understand?
Huh?
Hello?
Hey, man, it's your old lady.
She's in some kind of trouble.
- Christie?
- Got your bitch right here, man.
And if you ever want
to see her again,
show up at the school
in an hour.
If you don't,
she's mine.
The Razorheads have her.
Hector just called me out
to the school.
That's good. That's good. Does that mean you're with us?
- Yeah, let's go.
- Alright!
Great. Jesus Christ, what is it with that guy?
Don't we spend enough time in school as it is?
That's it. You see?
Why would Hector stay at school if he didn't have to?
Jesus, it's the teachers.
- Shit!
- Everybody get in here!
Let's go! Let's go!
- Razorheads!
- Let's ride!
Here all by yourself?
I'm disappointed in you, Cody.
I must say,
I thought you'd exercise more caution.
Don't worry about me, Hector.
Let's do it.
You called me out.
Wrong, Hector.
You see, someone's running a game on us,
the same game that killed my brother,
the same game that killed Noser.
You killed Noser!
I didn't kill anyone.
And I'm not here to fight you.
You got no choice.
- Back me up, Curt.
- No no no no, jefe.
No one's gonna back you up.
The mind is a precious thing
to waste, Cody.
Don't make me waste yours.
Inside this school
are three inhuman
teaching monsters.
One's running this game.
They kidnapped my girl.
They killed Sonny,
Reedy, Mohawk
and Noser.
And Angel.
I can't believe you.
You're fuckin' talking shit
about your own brother.
Sonny was an Edgehead, man.
He OD'd.
One of these teachers
cried him
and took this.
It's got his blood
all over it.
You gotta know who
your real enemies are.
Now I'm going in there
to waste some teachers.
- Are you with me?
- I'm with you!
- Could be fun.
- Yeah!
But if they're not in there,
the war's back on.
Do it.
There's only one rule!
Christie's in
here somewhere.
If anybody finds her,
make sure she doesn't get hurt.
Very romantic, Cody.
Now be careful.
These things are like a bad, fucked-up,
George-Jetson nightmare!
Move out!
Go that way!
Oye, Flavio, take a couple Razorheads, go up to the Library. I hear they got the new Anne Batey novel. No shit! Been wanting to read that.
- Who's got a library card?
- I got library card!
Move out! Go that way! Okay, man.
I remember in junior high, man, you kicked ass.
Yeah, I thought you were pretty bad yourself, ese. Let's go show Miss Connors exactly what we've learned. Ave Maria, how we Latins supposed to learn English if the teachers don't show up in class?
Just shut up and keep moving. We gotta find Christie.
Here I am, boys.
Shoot her!
Shoot her again!
Die, you fucking bitch.
Ha ha ha ha!
Let's get the hell out of here!
You're gonna need more than that, boys.
Tiene bionic tetas!
Go!
Ha ha!
- Come on, go!
- What the fuck?
Cono! Esa puta 'st? calliente!
Go go!
Get out of here!
That bitch... she ain't even fuckin' real.
How are we supposed to deal with that?
Go!
Move it, move it!
I gotta find Christie.
Can you handle Bryies by yourself?
Yeah, I can keep his ass running, but what about Miss flick-my-dick?
- I'll take care of her.
- Don't get your balls burned off.
Christie.
Shit.
Hey, man!
Hey, it's just me.
- Just keep watch.
- Alright.
Hide your face.
Shhh.
Alright.
It's okay.
It's okay.
Shh, stop crying.
Come on, it's okay, it's okay, it's okay.
It's alright.
Curt! Curt!
Wanna rumble?
Come on! Come on.
You come... come on!
Run!
- Run!
- I'm still coming.
Help! Help!
I love to mold young minds.
You son of a bitch!
God damn you!
You're a good fighter, Cody, but you're defeated.
Cody!
- Help!
- It's important to know when to surrender.
You're history,
Mr. Hardin.
Ohhhh!
Oh, man.
Christie.
Cody!
Get back.
Daddy!
Come on.
We'll come back. Come on.
We'll come back.
Shit!
Come on, hurry up!
Run, run!
All right, turn on
all the gas.
Right here,
you mechanical bitch!
I guess I blew
that course.
- Hey! Where's Connors?
- Oh, shit!
She's toast.
Come on!
I got an idea.
Can you buy me some time?
No problem. He's dying to stick
one of those missiles up my ass.
Let's go!
All right,
keep him busy.
Hey, Bryies!
Here, man!
Bryies, I'm over here!
Over here!
Hold on!
Jump!
This is some heavy gangbanging
going on, hey?
You okay?
- Yeah.
- All right?
Aw, let's go check out
our homeboys,
see if anybody's left.
Okay.
All right.
Cody, you hear that?
It's one of our bikes.
Come on.
What are you,
a cop?
Bob Forrest, Department of
Educational Defense.
So you're
the humanitarian
that decided to bring
these teachers here.
That's right.
A billion-dollar operation.
Well, tough shit, Bobby.
You can use what's left
of them for garbage cans.
Everything was fine,
just fine.
This was going to be
the future of education.
It would have eliminated
dirty little insects like you,
made me a lot of money.
But now all I have left is
my reputation as an upstanding citizen.
And that I intend to keep,
which means, of course,
none of you can survive.
That was foolish...
very foolish.
When will you learn that
aggression is not that answer?
I'm afraid you're next,
my son.
Cody!
Oh, God, help!
No!
Cody!
Put the chain around
his neck!
Go!
Have a nice
stretch, Coach?
It's okay.
It's over.
It's all over.
I feel the shadows
on me now
With so much more
to see
I see the strange
arrival
From 1,000
miles away
If I stopped
Right where I stand
And believed
the lines on my hand
I would open up
my fist
And take
the things I've missed
Come the day
I will be there when
the hammer starts to fall
Come the day
I will be there with
my reasons for it all
Struck by sound
across my face
Loud enough
that I can taste
Knock the choices
from my head
Hear the voice
in which I said
Come the day
I weave around
the dangers
The finest threads
unwind
This net between
my fingers
Covers all
I've left behind
If I stopped
Right where I stand
And believed
the lines on my hand
I would open up
my heart
And take
the hardest part
Come the day
I will be there when
the hammer starts to fall
Come the day
I will be there with
my reasons for it all
Struck by sound
across my face
Loud enough that
I can taste
Knock the choices
from my head
Hear the voice
in which I said
Come the day, oh
When the hammer
starts to fall
I will be there
when you call
Come the day
I will be there when
the hammer starts to fall
Come the day
I will be there with
my reasons for it all
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