



Scripts.com

# Fack ju Goehnte 2

By Unknown

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Gimme that.

Yes?

' Get up!

Miller my name. Goethe High.

I have to visit a student intern.

Last name?

- Miller.

The student's.

- No idea.

Chantal! Where are you?

Trunk!

- How's it going?

OK. That bitch from

Schiller private school is here too.

She's constantly

dissing me, Mr. Miller! - Well...

Is this your social worker?

Watch your mouth, baby tits.

How dare you?

- I'd like coffee too.

It's only for customers.

Whatever. I take mine

without gum anyway.

Oh, God!

Do you at least get to test drive?

Please, let's not put ideas  
into her head.

Chantal, you may continue  
cleaning the floor mats.

I simply can't imagine that  
anyone would hire her.

Mr. Miller, we're taking a golfie.

Blah blah. We both know

these 'interns-ships' are useless.

Internships.

- I was speaking the plural.

Start the motor.

Turn that motor off immediately.

- And

Are you nuts!?

Damn, out of focus.

- Out!

You have to tell her

she's not actually gifted - Can't.  
She'd flip out.  
I just got her under control.  
Too much stress  
getting involved like that.  
Your students relate to you.  
You serious?  
Nobody relates to a teacher.  
I'm still pen pals  
with some of mine.  
Yeah, well, you're into teachers.  
Especially cruel and strict ones  
that grade you in sex-ed.  
Memo to the janitor:  
Dead leaves in the back yard  
still need to be raked.  
Garbage cans overflowing.  
Deposit bottles everywhere.  
Yes. - Mr. Badebrecht from  
the dept. of education. - Send him in.  
I want the  
dept. of education ad campaign  
it's perfect PR for Goethe High.  
You're almost level  
with Schiller school.  
To beat them, you need  
an international class trip.  
We're going to the North Sea.  
Don't kid yourself.  
You need something international.  
An emerging nation.  
Human rights and so on.  
Stick your finger into the wound  
of a global educational disaster.  
Your Goethe High needs to step up.  
So sorry. I can't help  
thinking about our time together.  
Eckhard, the school  
needs all my energy.  
In two weeks, we decide which school  
gets the dept. of education ad campaign.  
Gudrun.  
- Eckhard.  
Show Erika who's

the better principal.

Right.

Oh, Ploppi, you have to pick up garbage?

Daniel, put the toys back in the box.

They're for poor Thai children.

Ms. Meyer, you can't switch to the enemy  
and then hang around here.

Just chatting.

- Don't care.

How's the Schiller school?

Enjoying it?

Long smoke breaks,

good coffee, rich parents?

Yes. All I really wanted  
was to lead the choir.

I offered you that.

You offered to re-name remedial German.

So, couldn't you sing the alphabet?

What's blocking the escape route?

The Schiller school is collecting toys  
for its partner school in Thailand.

I want it gone by tomorrow.

And no smoking here.

You look like a parrot.

What parrot?! I'll give you parrot!

Leave Ploppi alone!

- She touched and bit me!

She can't do that!

- He said I looked like a parrot.

He's an ugly fucker with his man purse.

Chantal, watch your mouth,

or else we'll make an example of you.

Make a what?

- Don't know.

Mr. Miller, I still need

your certificate of conduct.

Forgot it at home. I'll bring it.

- Good.

How did 10B's internships go?

I wanted a job for intellectually...

- Ouch!

I was with the cops. Sucked.

I couldn't even drive of the police car.

- What weren't you allowed TO drive?

Of the police car. - Daniel: grammar!  
- No, I think it was an Opel.  
I can't wait for the reports.  
Of course, I'll correct them.  
There's trash here.  
Ms. Schnabelstedt, as environmental  
watch, you're endangering our eco-badge.  
Shut up!  
I'll take care of it.  
Ploppi!  
- Quit it!  
You could've at least noted  
the easy spelling mistakes.  
Yeah.  
Fucking job,  
handing in a new form every day.  
If you would invest only 50% of your  
criminal energy into lesson prep.  
You didn't mention  
teaching was so much work. - Yes.  
Getting up early!  
Here we go again! Another depressive  
episode, like the therapist said.  
No.  
- Come on.  
No!  
'Yes!  
I'm not sure if this one  
should be lower.  
Grotesque.  
I'd rather own a bar.  
- You can't afford a bar.  
You'll work until 10B graduates...  
or at least tries to.  
That could take decades.  
I asked, you'd get a loan.  
We've discussed it.  
You can quit.  
But only when you've saved up  
enough money to build a life.  
It's important to me.  
You need to learn to finish things,  
or you'll end up back in prison.  
Laura, turn the music down!

Since she's been seeing Daniel,  
all she listens to are ridiculous 'raps'.  
Laura Katharina Schnabelstedt!  
In other news, a prison inmate  
died in the hospital yesterday.  
Mustafa K. fell six meters to his death  
after using a bed sheet  
to escape.  
He was imprisoned  
in 2012 for a robbery and  
police assault shortly after the arrest.  
I saw it.  
What letter?  
What does it say?  
Dunno, I only read the first line,  
'for Zeki.' - Where'd you get it?  
Somebody smuggled it out of prison.  
A fat guy came by with it.  
He said he still owes Musti.  
If I'm shot trying to escape,  
my loot is in your tank.  
That's it?  
Give some to Charlie!  
So sweet! - You wrote that. I'm not  
stupid. Different color and writing.  
Whoops. You got me.  
You're supposed  
to wash the car, not the dog! - Shut up.  
I don't get it.  
- We were running.  
We split up. 'Cash for me  
diamonds for you.' Hide them.  
Then we both came to you.  
He got busted on the way,  
put the loot in my tank  
because my car  
was at your place that night.  
Stupid hiding place.  
True. Why didn't he just bury them  
at a construction site?  
Whoa, mate, what'd you fill it with?  
They're worth at least 40-50,000 euros.  
Here.  
- Thanks. - Commission.

I'd prefer it in a ring, but this'll do.

- I can see it now.

A cool bar. A few hookers.

Or something more upscale.

Go-go girls.

I'm standing there. Occasionally there's one on the house. I mix cocktails.

But you liked teaching.

- Because I had no job prospects.

Who'd work

when they have this?

Bro, now you can dump

that uptight teacher.

You can afford a really

hot slutty escort. - Stop blabbering.

Does she even give blowjobs?

- You'll blow my fist in a minute.

I need to quit

and find real estate for my bar!

You're hired!

- Bro, now I can be honest.

That teacher shit was embarrassing.

Don't quit right away.

I'd keep it secret for a few weeks.

In case the cops are watching us.

I know it's important to you.

I didn't forget you, Caro.

I'll do it right away.

Yes.

Where were you? I called 3 times.

We have a conference.

What's that?

- I fixed your bike.

While I was out shopping on it?

I'll go change.

Are you hiding something?

- Always suspicious. Annoying!

Annoying to whom?

Try to get a noun in that sentence.

You get to stay.

Laura?

Which teacher gets the

dept. of education ad campaign?

The one who leads a school trip abroad.

This campaign will make us famous.  
New students, student grants, PR,  
maybe even new gym equipment.  
BECOME A TEACHER NOW!  
Enough dreaming. Who's going  
on the international school trip?  
North Sea doesn't count?  
- How's the North Sea international?  
I went there  
before you were even principal.  
Right. Don't start again  
with your seal rescue station.  
Without my eco group,  
and the 12 euros monthly sponsorship,  
Ines and Rollie wouldn't be alive.  
We now have a seal-cam for Rollie.  
And a Twitter account.  
In case you want to follow us.  
Perhaps you should have spent  
more time in treatment.  
I'd like Rome again.  
The wine, the air, the dolce vita!  
An emerging nation, Mr. Gundlach.  
Not pizza, but something like  
an epidemic or a catastrophe.  
Like the Schiller school  
is going to Thailand. - I'd go.  
If Mr. Miller comes along.  
- What?  
No. There's no way I'm going  
to some camp with those idiots.  
Certainly not  
with my North Sea budget.  
Or I'll put the student council  
on your case.  
It's called working according to plan.  
According to plan, Ingrid!  
Are we done? - Right, you have  
parent-teacher day.  
Tell them what's going well, but also  
talk about student weaknesses and  
Can you write that down?  
- You're so dependent.  
Have you started reading 'Faust'?

- Of course.

Which part do you like best?

- When he dies.

The thing with the apple,  
him shooting the apple.

You haven't even googled it.

We'll discuss the class trip. I don't  
want Hauke to get the campaign again.

Dream on!

YOUR DONATIONS HELP!

Did you crash here?

But no coitus interruptus  
or whatever, right?

You put it in, you use a condom.

I'm not financing your retard baby.

Oh my God.

Grotesque. That woman  
went through my stuff.

My old DVDs, gone. Our mascot, gone.

All my stuffed animals, gone.

Mascot? What'd it look like?

- The Goethe mascot. A sloth.

What'd she do with it?

I donated it. You don't play with it  
anymore. - Donated to who?

Grotesque.

It was our school mascot.

Oh, I'm sorry.

To the Schiller school, for  
their partner school in Thailand.

You put it in the container?

Yesterday afternoon. You saw  
I had the garbage bag with me.

What's with you guys?

- Simply grotesque.

Laura, stop using that word.

It's driving me mad.

You mean 'grotesque'?

Caro!

Where's the donation container?

- It was picked up last night.

They're sending it to Thailand.

- Thailand!?! - Yeah.

**I DRIVE GREEN:**

WE'RE OFF TO OUR PARTNER

SCHOOL IN THAILAND AGAIN

Oh, the sun's coming up. Fab shirt!

- Thanks.

Hey! Are you going going to  
the place where the donations are?

And you're the father of - No,  
that's Mr. Miller from Goethe High.  
Hauke Woelki, Biology, English.

- So?

I'm Lisi's ex.

Didn't she tell you?

Maybe.

- Jealous?

Kidding.

We don't talk anymore.

The grammar queen is all yours.

You're a bit amped, huh?

- I'm in a good mood.

Fab job, fab students.

#Livin' the dream.

Hauke! We're waiting for you.

- Morning.

I'm a little late.

Ate some bad oysters.

Would you please be so kind  
and get the projector. I brought snacks.  
My class is a treasure.

- Is that where you're going?

Yes,

our Thai partner school.

Most successful social school  
project in Germany. - Shit.

Frustrating, when your  
school just doesn't have the means.

Maybe you and Elisabeth want to buy  
a boxwood plant from our school garden?

Or a hedgerow? You can see directly  
into Lisi's living room from the street.

I usually look out, not in.

It's been a pleasure,

but I've got to go.

Hope to see you at the

schoolyard design seminar in May!  
Cool guy, say hi to my Sweetie Pie.

WORLDSAVERS TEAM

IS HELPING TO SAVE THE WORLD

My bank called.

Did you try to use my credit card  
to buy a ticket to Bangkok?

I was surfing the website  
and I might've clicked on something.  
Zeki?

Don't screw with me.

I just wanted to borrow it until  
I get paid in a couple of weeks.  
Maybe you shouldn't spend it all  
on games and alcohol.

Why Bangkok, Zeki? Something's  
going on, it isn't vacation time.

It's Kaiser,

Mr. Miller's probation officer.

Probation's almost over.

We need to

confirm Mr. Miller's address.  
Schnabelstedt. The truth in 5 seconds,  
or I've lied the last time for you.

Hello?

You can tell your probation officer  
you forged the certificate of conduct.

Still there? - Hello Mr. Kaiser. I've  
been meaning to call.

About Mr. Miller.

Hey. I wanted to surprise you

- Hello?

With an international class trip.

So Ms. Gerster beats the Schiller school  
and you get the teacher campaign.

Ms. Schnabelstedt?

- Mr. Kaiser. Excuse me.

Yes, Mr. Miller still lives here.

- I see. Perfect.

I'll tell him. Bye bye.

- Very good, bye.

I thought we could pay  
at least one teacher ticket,  
to keep the school budget down.

I should have asked, sorry.  
Sorry, I was so mean to you.  
I'm sorry. I just worry  
you'll do something stupid again  
and then we can only have sex  
once a month in prison.  
Hey, you need to learn to trust me.  
It would be so great  
if you came on the class trip.  
And to Thailand!  
- I have to go there.  
You are so passionate about your job!  
- Yes.  
But it won't work  
without the money  
from Ingrid's North Sea trip.  
Think of your career.  
Someone's got to get her  
to cancel it.  
God, that sounded ruthless.  
I learned that from you.  
This is a test, right?  
It's not a test.  
Eliminate Ms. Leimbach-Knorr.  
She's been unstable since her  
burnout rehab.  
What's in it for us?  
- Nothing.  
We want to go along on the class trip!  
You're not in the eco group.  
- Then get us in.  
Or you can do your own dirty work.  
Yeah, whatever.  
We never get to go on class trips,  
they always leave us behind.  
I wonder why.  
Come up with a plan.  
OK.  
Animals.  
She takes pills, right?  
- Oh, yeah.  
Careful! School's not a playground!  
Oh, you are out of your  
minds! Hoodlums!

Excuse us, Ms. Leimbach-Knorr.  
Just get out of my way!  
Naomi, quiet down.  
Or everyone's getting an F.  
The whispering  
is bad enough.  
Now just watch,  
and describe what happens.  
Who rigged the experiment?  
- Nobody. We were all sitting here.  
My mother says you shouldn't  
be allowed to teach anymore.  
I bet YOU made a mistake.  
You're just trying  
to make me look crazy.  
You stay seated.  
Oh my God.  
- What was that?  
One word and we'll shave your heads!  
He didn't tell us  
it would be that extreme.  
You're cheating  
your worthless school to the top.  
Humanities are yesterday's news, Erika.  
Veni, vidi, sorry.  
An inclusion certificate?  
Without even a wheelchair ramp!  
Etienne has Asperger's.  
- Right, 11% disabled.  
Anyway, WE applied first  
as an anti-racist school.  
I have almost 50% ethnic students.  
You have  
We have genuine black students.  
- Right. One.  
And I'm not even sure she wasn't  
painted! - Don't get cheeky!  
Time for a pop quiz.  
Take it easy.  
Ingrid  
Who's there?  
Your inner voices.  
You must destroy us.  
Or we'll destroy

- you  
I'll get you.  
Stop. Stop.  
One last time, Gudrun.  
Tear down your gym.  
You are invading our territory.  
- Try watching less Game of Thrones.  
Whatever, you don't  
even have a coat of arms.  
And the next thing I'm going to get  
is the dept. of education ad campaign.  
With the North Sea? I doubt it.  
Ingrid!  
- Now it's your turn!  
The plug's been pulled on the North Sea.  
Oh God, she's going to kill him.  
Can't you hear the voices?  
Hell is empty.  
The devils are all here.  
- What the hell got into you?  
Shakespeare.  
- I'm not crazy!  
That gang of hoodlums!  
I'll press criminal charges!  
Freedom! Freedom!  
Pia, no bikes on the handrail.  
And no posting!  
So, dear colleagues,  
Ms. Leimbach-Knorr is 'sick' again.  
Ms. Schnabelstedt  
is taking over the eco group.  
She and Mr. Miller are going to?  
- Thailand. Ban Nam.  
Thailand? Why? The Schiller school  
is already going there.  
It's a bad idea.  
It's cheaper than any other place.  
They're used to student groups,  
they go there all the time.  
And maybe we can steal  
their partner school.  
That's the spirit!  
I have to take a few  
of my students along -

Chantal and them.

- What?

Elisabeth, you won't survive.

- And a disabled student, please.

That too? But then

it's a special ed trip. Why?

Because we're an inclusion school.

No backtalk.

Ask um, - Ploppi?

- Exactly. He's all we've got.

You can't just change the whole group  
without asking us.

Yeah, yeah. Go!

He's so stupid.

Why does everyone think he's cool?

- Not me.

Definitely not. I never travel.

But it'll be super fun.

Chantal beat me up twice.

She'll do it again.

Is it just Chantal?

65% because of Chantal. I think.

Plus I hate the climate

and I hate sweat.

- Fuck.

So Ploppi can stay here.

If he doesn't come, we're going  
to the North Sea. - Yes Spain!

Spain.

Who's got slap duty?

'Yo', me!

- So slap yourself.

She said 'yo'!

- Who's on 'yo'-duty?

IYOI!

I am. - Too late.

Burak, hit him! - Ouch!

Apologize to Etienne, or it's a North  
Sea worm dig. - No, I don't want to.

He's weird. Plus he's in love  
with Ms. Schnabelstedt.

Aw, sweet!

- Seriously? - Yes.

They screamed his locker,

found a photo altar.

Screened.

- Screamed his locker

Not screamed... screened!

You shit-for-brains.

What? - But we will graduate  
with you, won't we?

What did we learn today?

Photosynthesis is not shit,  
it's hot shit.

Because plants are awesome!

Click 'biology is awesome' and try  
my mega brain channel for study tips.

Over and out, your Hauke!

Friend request

Confirm

Hey, Honey, look forward  
to seeing you on the class trip.

I can't go.

But I'd like to spend some time  
with you. Don't tell anyone,  
but sometimes I secretly imagine  
kissing you.

No, I can't go.

But I have to go.

Yes.

Yes.

Father?

Could you get down the big suitcase?

We're twins!

They let

their folks bring them.

Embarrassing.

- Bye, Dad. - Have fun, OK?

Hi, Laura! - A class trip!

Like a real teaching couple.

I'm gonna sleep in.

You can do the teacher thing.

Are romantic nights in a tent  
part of the teacher thing?

I'm sleeping alone.

- Right.

Hey, Ploppi! Are you moving?

Hi, Meike.

Good morning!  
- Mr. Miller!  
Yeah, yeah, come on.  
- Class trip!  
Load that shit.  
GOETHE HIGH CLASS TRIP  
Shut up and sit down.  
Shut the fuck up!  
Zeynep, Zeynep, Zeynep!  
- Quit it!  
And go through here.  
- Oh, my watch.  
Where are you?  
It's boarding time.  
I'm almost there.  
Go ahead to the gate.  
And don't let them buy candy,  
it's too stimulating!  
Schnabelstedt. I was wondering if it's  
too late to order a vegetarian meal?  
I'll see what I can do.  
Schnabelstedt. And you're  
traveling with 8 children?  
Yes. One of them's my boyfriend.  
I'll see if I can reach anyone.  
Don't let him through, he's a terrorist!  
I'm too fat, Mr. Miller.  
Go to the gate move!!  
My ticket says that's my seat.  
Excuse me! Sorry, I'm late.  
Yes?  
- Come with us, please.  
No, not right now.  
I'm not carrying a bomb.  
Oh God, I shouldn't have said that.  
Kidding!  
Not funny. Come on.  
- For the 1000th time,  
I don't know what you mean.  
How much longer?  
It's just a bottle.  
- You think this is funny?  
I'm a teacher. It was probably  
a prank. I really have to

Undress. A female officer  
will be right with you.  
Welcome aboard.  
Welcome to our Goethe High friends  
in economy.  
Champagne's coming.  
I wish us a great flight.  
Excuse me.  
Please don't use the intercom!  
Business?  
Sorry guys, it was all paid for  
by alumni donations.  
Even I find it a little snobby.  
Definitely at the wrong school.  
Caro?  
Cheers.  
- Cheers.  
Hello. Someone's missing.  
My colleague's not here yet!  
I'm terribly sorry, it's too late.  
I'm sure  
you have everything under control.  
Fasten your seatbelts, please,  
ready for take off!  
Time to party!  
Stop this. Cut it out!  
I didn't put the darn bottle in my  
bag. It was probably Daniel!  
They're not normal.  
I can't do this without you!  
You can cope for one day.  
Laura has sleeping pills.  
That doesn't look  
like airplane mode to me.  
Turn your phone off, please. Thank you.  
It'll be fine.  
- Fuck.  
It'll take more than a day...  
to finish the police investigation.  
How long?  
- One or two weeks.  
It's milk chocolate.  
ANNOUNCEMEN Here you go.  
Give me a few of

the little bottles. - Here.  
Man!  
Please don't open the duty-free  
items. - Put that back!  
One's enough!  
I just swallowed them all.  
Oh my God, it's so warm.  
Guys, let the driver do that.  
Get on board.  
I'm vlogging. - Me too.  
- No, it's my vlog.  
Hi peeps! it's Chanti!  
Guess where I am?  
Right! 1. AM. IN. Bangkok!  
Mr. Miller is still asleep.  
And I need alcohol!  
Look, a hooker!  
- Excuse me?  
Motherfucker!  
- The hooker speaks German.  
What's wrong with him?  
Where's our bus?  
There.  
You rent without driver.  
No driver.  
Anybody speak Thai?  
He said we rented it without a driver.  
OK, get moving, Danger!  
- Yeah, yeah.  
Wait, wait.  
Here we go, bitches!  
Best class trip ever.  
Thanks!  
Is she really going to stick  
a ping-pong ball in her ...? - Yup!  
Me too, me too!  
Zeynep, do you know how many likes  
a video like this gets?  
Chantal, I bet you can't pop  
a ping-pong ball out of your pussy.  
5 euros!  
This idiot is my witness.  
Where's the ball?  
Got it.

In the pussy, in the pussy.

ELVISH LANGUAGE COURSE

BECOME AN ELF IN 100 DAYS

Have we arrived?

- When is Ms. Schnabelstedt coming?

When are we leaving? I'm hot.

And it smells like cilantro.

Where are the others'?

- They were going to a king-Kong bar.

Over there.

A Ping-pong bar?

No.

Hey! Have you completely lost it?!

I hardly had anything to drink.

Out! Right now!

You had a choice.

But you just had to hide a hand grenade  
in Ms. Schnabelstedt's hand luggage.

Until she arrives,  
we're playing by my rules.

What's that for?

If you move out of my line of sight,  
your leg explodes.

My leg's gone! My leg's

That was level 1.

- That's against 'human's freedom'!

It's mainly against  
venereal disease and fatal accidents.

I should

put you all on a leash.

Come on! Spare me the fake  
innocence. Just get on the bus.

You look like prostitutes.

- Zeynep, a compliment for you.

What madness

You're playing with my feelings  
Chantal!

Hey Burak, we're at your place!

Oh my God, what a dump.

Where are you?

I was on the phone for ages  
with the authority. I can't come.

You're joking!

You're not coming?

I'm a terror suspect!  
I'm not happy either.  
I can't do this alone.  
- I know you'll do a great job.  
They're nuts!  
Nonsense! You grow so close  
to your students on a class trip.  
You'll be a real team  
when you're back.  
What if someone dies?  
- Man, Daniel, stop that!  
Danger, put the hatchet down! - Keep to  
the schedule and nothing'll happen.  
Structure each day to educational  
goals. Remember the protocols.  
And Laura  
is not allowed to have sex.  
The acupuncture kit's  
in the suitcase in case of an emergency.  
I love you. Keep in touch, OK?  
- OK. - Bye.  
Oh God.  
Welcome to Ban Nam.  
Hello.  
Great that it worked out.  
Elisabeth.  
Once she finds a gift,  
she sticks with it.  
So, let's show you our partner school.  
Wolf Group, into double rows. March!  
Come on!  
Two, three, four  
Your camping space  
is down there, at the beach.  
Where are you guys crashing?  
In our huts. We built them  
last year.  
They include Torben?  
Solar panels, WiFi, and water filters.  
Right, buddy.  
One day,  
we'll have a complete eco-resort.  
And 30% of the revenue goes  
straight to the village. - And the rest?

To the Schiller school!  
And we don't fit, or what?  
It's all single beds. Totally basic.  
Hauke, the air conditioning  
isn't working.  
Ah, technology.  
Motherfucker.  
See, paradise.  
I lost my virginity over here,  
when I was 26  
And ten years ago  
the tsunami came. No warning.  
The wave was high as a house.  
And it took everything  
Last one in the water is  
Good luck!  
Thank you, Fatty Chan. Hey, come here.  
Where is this?  
- Forbidden, army. Forbidden.  
Show me on the map.  
Put up the tents!  
You eat a lot of rice here, eh?  
- Yes.  
Mr. Miller,  
a lot of us don't have tents.  
Didn't you read the packing list?  
- What's that?  
The packing list for your parents.  
- My parents don't speak German.  
So why didn't YOU read it?  
Because you said  
the list was for our parents.  
Are we going to bake bread on a stick?  
Danger could sleep in my tent.  
Yeah, right! Should I gift wrap  
the optional sex for you, too?  
Around here  
you're only FB friends, OK?  
Buttface, think there'll be  
cute guys? - Hope so.  
Stop acting like sluts!  
The only things getting into your pants  
on my watch are spiders and cockroaches.  
Wolf Group! Is the marinade ready?

Do we get a group name too?  
Group assholes!  
Look for stuff to build with!  
Here, for your tent.  
What's that?  
Not the pot.  
- We can cook with it.  
Oh my God, Mr. Miller, a wolf!  
- Where?  
Don't look into its eyes.  
It's a monkey. Never seen a monkey?  
Yeah, in a movie I downloaded.  
But they could talk.  
Eew, it's got hair everywhere.  
God, it looks so messy.  
Do. You. Understand. Me?  
Chantal!  
Chantal!  
Why're you walking like that?  
- Just because.  
Is it a woman's thing?  
Ask Zeynep for a plug.  
It's still in her.  
Mr. Miller, I think I need  
to talk to Ms. Schnabelstedt.  
I'm in class.  
Hello, it's Chantal!  
- What's wrong? Where's Mr. Miller?  
Mr. Miller is here, but I have  
to talk to a woman.  
Spit it out. Why is there  
a ping-pong ball in her moomoo?  
Louder, I can't hear you.  
Why is there a ping-pong ball  
in her moomoo? - How should I know?  
They were playing.  
Did you really just say moomoo?  
I remember ping-pong differently.  
Is there a trick to get it out of  
the moomoo? I only know how it goes in.  
Oh, man, Zeki, really?  
Shake her, Meike, and then like I said.  
- Can it slip into my innards?  
Maybe it'll slip into your head,

so at least there's something in it. - OK.

Now, Meike!

- Go!

I just finished boiling it.

Shut up, trash!

- Danger, you owe me 5 euros.

You guys think I'm here for fun?

- Of course, what else?

Why a night hike?

We're outside all night anyway.

- That's true!

Eeuw. A sewage plant.

What's that?

- The house of the Asian WITCH!

Smell the human flesh?

Whoever yells loudest gets cooked  
and sold as no. 24 on the menu.

OK, find our donations.

- What?

Oh no.

These are our school's boxes!

Where's the fucking mascot?

Who was that?

Get up, lazy shit.

He's diabetic, faints all the time.

Stuffing yourself with chocolate?

Don't you have to  
measure it or something?

Yeah, Burak,

don't you have to measure it?

Where are his fucking shots?

- Maybe in the tent?

Solenopsis invicta.

The females and larvae  
joined together to make a raft  
to survive the tsunami.

The toxin is what, Silke?

Alkaloids?

- Wow. - Oh, yeah.

Go, go, faster!

Mr. Woelki!

- Torben, stay calm.

Water!

Where does it go?

- In his pecker.  
Come on.  
It goes in the stomach.  
You're getting a muzzle tomorrow.  
My feet hurt.  
Got the diamonds?  
Why'd you wear heels?  
- Yeah, right... flats!?  
Have to go back tomorrow and  
put the pressure on, maybe with a gun.  
GUN!!! Are you nuts?  
Laura? Are we free tomorrow?  
No, we're going to the temple.  
All these fucking outings!  
Ouch, another one, Mr. Woelki!  
Get a grip!  
- Don't kill it.  
Look, the queen!  
Yeah, wicked, Mr. Woelki!  
Hey, Flankey!  
Listen, could you take  
my class tomorr  
Torben was shoved  
and nobody apologized.  
Sal! You're sorry!  
Bad luck.  
- That's it?  
They ignore you and you do nothing?  
Later. When there are no witnesses.  
Where were you guys just now?  
In the old military area?  
No. The beach.  
Can you take them tomorrow?  
- Hey. No.  
What the heck...  
If you fuck with me  
one more time, Daniel!  
Sorry, Mr. Miller.  
I made a fire.  
- Oh, God!  
Today we went on another outing.  
We were at a temple  
where Indians or something used to live.  
They believed in a God named Buddha.

With an h  
in a weird part of the name.  
The temple was excavated.  
I think it's that Pompeiius,  
where a volcano exploded.  
At one spot,  
the people used to make selfies.  
You couldn't tell man from woman.  
No, not gum. A gun!  
Where can I buy a gun?  
Like a pistol.  
Meike started a fight  
with a guy from Schiller.  
Or a machine gun.  
Because they stole the Goethe mascot.  
- It's mine!  
Mr. Miller flipped.  
He loves the mascot game, too.  
Got it from the box.  
I asked if anyone'd seen it!  
It's our mascot.  
Schiller and us steal it  
back and forth. - Was that you?  
You're not allowed to touch me.  
I could report you!  
He's weird. He allegedly  
shot at his students.  
Who has the mascot? - What's going on  
here? - Some shithead stole our mascot!  
The kids will work it out.  
- No, we'll work it out now.  
I need it. - it's important  
that they make their own decisions.  
I want it back on the count of three.  
Not until we get our Schiller bear back.  
It's hidden in the chem lab.  
That's the end of stick bread!  
- Bread on a stick!  
Relax. You're losing all credibility.  
Mr. Woelki!  
- Are you drunk!?  
Give me the mascot or else!!  
Calm down, please!  
Then we'll talk peacefully

about what's really going on.  
Mr. Miller showed Mr. Woelki how  
Goethe High solves conflicts.  
OK, you're trash.  
Incredible.  
I can't believe Elisabeth is with you.  
Time out! Silke, take my sundial watch?  
And, here, my fanny pack.  
Mr. Miller! Mr. Miller!  
Mr. Woelki! Mr. Woelki!  
Get him, Mr. Miller!  
Break it up!  
Burak, Danger, grab Mr. Miller!  
- Let me go!  
What?  
- You fucker!  
The outing was really sweet.  
We saw lots of slanty-eyed people,  
but we can't say that  
since we used to be Nazis.  
Victory!  
Maybe someday they'll dig up our houses  
and an archeologist will find  
the MP3 player I lost 6 weeks ago.  
Shit!  
You have one night  
to get that thing back. - Why?  
No questions!  
Ms. Schnabelstedt says  
I should consider what I do.  
You can ask  
if you plan to shoot someone.  
Why do you care about our mascot anyway?  
Don't question me!  
It's annoying.  
He's going psycho.  
I'm not going psycho.  
No, not there, it tickles.  
Mr. Miller, I walked all the way back.  
But I couldn't find your mobile, sorry.  
Shitty camp.  
Why did we come at all,  
if he didn't even feel like it?  
She bit me, that whore!

I'm not a whore!  
Quiet or I'll smack you!  
Calm down!  
Ooh, cool nails.  
Where's the mascot?  
OK.  
She's not talking.  
OK, time for waterboarding.  
- Hold her hands!  
Enough, she wants to talk.  
You're sick!  
She wants more.  
No, no, no. My mobile!  
No.  
I'll tell you where it is, you cunts.  
Tsk, so abusive suddenly.  
Go!  
OK. Mr. Miller fucked up.  
If my sister finds out, she'll flip.  
If they tell Ms. Gerster,  
he'll be sacked.  
Maybe he murdered someone.  
He almost killed Mr. Woelki.  
We need to know. it's our right.  
No shit, you just talked  
like a thing...  
lawyer.  
- Yeah.  
Done.  
- I could've done that.  
But I don't have my computer.  
You looking for this?  
Go!  
Did you kill somebody for these?  
Are you nuts?  
- You were leaving? - What?  
You promised  
to teach us until we graduate.  
Give me the diamonds.  
You're not getting them!  
So how does it work?  
Like I said, put your arm in here.  
But it's not dangerous, right?  
- No, it's fun. You'll see.

Hey, dipshit!  
Hey! Are you crazy!  
You motherfuckers are not  
screwing me again. Danger, stop!  
Fuck!  
He's coming! Zigzag!  
Faster, Danger!  
It's broken.  
I can't.  
- You can't?  
Watch it, cliffs!  
Get off the boat!  
No! The diamonds, motherfuckers!  
Fuck!  
Are you dead?  
No!  
- Good.  
Then I can kill you,  
fucking kids.  
Man, Mr. Miller.  
We were trying to help you  
not to do something stupid!  
You're so stupid! Especially you!  
You're not gifted  
as you might've noticed today!  
I can think of 5 million things  
better than spending  
one more hour teaching you.  
Like being crapped on and castrated!  
If you don't stop,  
I'll tell Ms. Gerster you're a criminal!  
Watch it!  
You should watch it!  
Or you might be out of a job.  
I'm quitting anyway.  
The next teacher won't keep his mouth shut  
when no parent shows up to parents night?  
Or you shove ping-pong balls  
up yourselves, or get plastered?  
De-escalation!  
- What?  
As a trained conflict mediator,  
I suggest  
we all sit down and write down

which expectations aren't being met.

I'm not a teacher.

I can't do this.

And I'll never be able to.

Do you think

he seriously meant I'm stupid?

Two beers.

- You only get a beer with a tire.

All I want is a beer.

What kind of shit shop only

sells beer with a tire?

Exit the water before the last curve.

There's a waterfall.

Come on, shut up!

Did you tell him about the monkey?

- No, he was a shithead.

What if he never comes back?

Who cares, let him die.

Piss off!

- That's my bag!

That's mine!

What, man? I'm taking a shit.

My phone! Hands off!

Chanti, she's got my bag.

Leave those!

Those' re ours, stop, stop'!.!

Danger, you loser!

I don't have a back-up!

My YouTube videos!

Shit, my nude pictures!

Fuck your phones! This would never  
have happened with Mr. Miller.

I told you we should look for him.

He left us, remember.

- So you never flip out?

Without him, you wouldn't even  
be in school anymore. Come on.

Like, today!

Splitting up makes sense, Chantal!

So sorry I'm not the FBI!

You go with them,

or they won't even look.

Mr. Miller!

He rented a tire and bought beer.

Which way did he go?

- The river only flows one way.

Yeah, maybe in Germany!

You have to steer, Chanti!

- Careful.

Faster!

Why're we going backwards?

- No!

Mr. Miller!

We.

re sorry'

Mr. Miller!

Mr. Miller!

Danger!

Wa-te r-fall!

Waterfall ahead, you idiot.

We need to get out,

the waterfall's coming!

My God, my God, my God.

Hold on!

There he is! There's Mr. Miller!

- Mr. Miller!

Human chain!

Danger, Chanti, careful!

He's dead. He's not breathing.

Etienne, do CPR,

you know everything!

30x cardiac massage

and 2x ventilation.

On the mouth, Chantal!

Do it!

Isn't the heart more up here?

I need a paper bag,

I'm hyperventilating.

Remember on The Real World,

when she died?

What? - There was the club owner

married to the porn star,

and her implant exploded

and she had to be revived.

Yeah, so do it the way they did.

I don't remember, I was

making out with Volkan. - He's dying!

No!

Please Mr. Buddha  
and God and whoever else.  
I'll finish school, I swear.  
And I'll give  
my sister the 30 euros back.  
And I'll never steal eye shadow again.  
Please, please, don't let him die.  
I'll read anything you want!  
Chantal, use your fist!  
Goethe, Schiller and Kamuz!  
I swear you're so medical!  
Yeah, huh?  
Want a pick-me-up?  
If you take it with wine,  
it really works.  
My mom always takes one  
when she's too tired to shop.  
And it works.  
But she usually only buys underwear.  
Chantal, stop feeling me up.  
Please don't kill yourself again,  
Mr. Miller, OK?  
I didn't kill myself.  
A monkey shot me.  
A monkey?  
Like in a movie? Could he talk?  
I didn't mean to piss you off.  
Are you all OK?  
- No.  
Certain pieces of my clothing  
need to be replaced. They got wet.  
I shouldn't have yelled at you guys,  
I'm sorry.  
But the diamonds are my future, OK?  
I inherited them and I need them back.  
What did you mean  
you can't be a teacher?  
That it was a great time,  
but it's over now.  
Man, I just can't do this.  
It's way too much - Responsibility?  
Yeah, maybe. - But you're  
the best teacher in the world.  
Yeah. - I don't even understand

the books we're supposed to read.  
I started reading that 'Faust.'  
I looked at it and thought,  
what is this?  
You'll never graduate with me  
as your teacher. - Without you either.  
Besides, you can't give up.  
You would not be a a role model.  
Are you afraid you're not good enough?  
What are you after?  
- Just answer.  
I don't have to answer a child.  
He lacks objectivity.  
And he has massive complexes.  
We should call our parents.  
You're not calling anyone  
until I have my diamonds!  
None of you! Or I'll sell you  
to a Cambodian textile mill.  
Forever 21?  
No name.  
Dive!  
I can't see the bottom.  
It's a billion meters deep.  
Your asses weren't even under water.  
I can't breathe.  
Diving is unnatural.  
My body refuses.  
That's from smoking five butts  
at recess, you pubescent seniors!  
So you do it!  
Peace, not piss!  
Stop this shit!  
They already attacked us once,  
they're 'Jacuzzis'!  
You're invading our territory.  
There is no Ass-Acres on the map.  
You're not Thai.  
Maybe he's a lady boy,  
there are lots in Thailand.  
We're Dek Talay Tui, children of  
the wave.  
Our parents died in the tsunami.  
It must've swept you here

via the Elbe river?  
My father had a hotel in Khao Lak.  
He's dead.  
Piss off or we'll kill you.  
Shit!  
Help us and we'll forget your  
little assault. - This is child abuse!  
I'm sure the Thai cops would love  
to put you all in juvenile prison.  
Help you with what?  
- Diving.  
Sorry, we can't swim.  
- I see.  
So how'd the little Ninja commando  
just swim under my boat?  
What are you?  
- Teacher.  
What?  
Who's that?  
He's an orphan too.  
They're friends.  
They're expressing sympathy.  
Our stuff!  
Our phones!  
We'll help you.  
But we want something.  
5 McDonald's vouchers for each of us.  
Two.  
Three.  
Even dumber than you.  
You look really attractive now.  
Mr. Miller!  
Mr. Miller!  
Mr. Miller!  
What do you want?  
We read the book and summarized it.  
Which book?  
- The Faust.  
Stop lying.  
- Really, I swear.  
My eyes are still bleeding.  
No idea who wrote it,  
but he was crazy, that Penguin guy.  
Goethe.

Yeah him.  
So it's like this.  
There's the devil and he's got a bet  
with The Fau er, Faust.  
He's unhappy too.  
- Like you. - Exactly.  
The devil takes his soul,  
and in return he has fun and stuff,  
but the devil's a son-of-a-bitch.  
He totally cheats and The Faust  
sees it too late. - Faust, dude.  
Yeah, because he doesn't have  
a 10b class to help him.  
Here are our interpretations.  
And we couldn't even Google it.  
You're like Faust.  
But you'll stay a teacher.  
And you didn't kill  
Ms. Schnabelstedfs mother.  
Did you seriously  
read that shitty book?  
So we could explain it to you.  
First lesson!  
Now you don't have to be afraid  
you can't teach us anything.  
And you're not 'uncompetent'.  
The other teachers  
are much more 'retardeder' than you.  
What are you doing?  
I'm googling bread on a stick,  
you dipshits. - Great!  
Are there gas stations  
everywhere in the world?  
So.  
A short break.  
Everyone can pick something,  
but no more than 40 euros.  
Peace!  
You pack quite a punch,  
almost put me out.  
Martial arts, eh?  
- Yeah, a little.  
Spent time on the streets  
as a kid, right?

I saw you hanging out with  
the homeless kids. Be careful.  
They're trouble.  
So? My students are too.  
Why not help them instead of  
building solar bungalows?  
It's our partner school.  
How we help them is our decision.  
Your student's smoking near the pump.  
Chantal!  
Get the flame closer to the pump.  
Closer!  
Even closer!  
Oh, Mr. Miller, you're such a prankster.  
Small, sad world of Goethe High.  
1, 2, 3,4.  
Statistically,  
the most common mobile phone PIN.  
Diamonds? Forged documents?  
Best to delete text messages like that.  
What do you want? - The question is  
what don't we want, Mr. mini Ripley.  
We don't want Gerster to report you  
for forgery and endangering children.  
Or that Elisabeth gets dragged  
into all this. Hey, don't even!  
I could've killed you yesterday, but I  
wanted to spare my students a body.  
I'll give you 15%.  
Fuck your diamonds.  
Get them and piss off.  
This is a Schiller school project,  
including the homeless kids.  
Good luck at your retard school.  
How's my top teacher?  
Hello?  
What are you wearing?  
I bought it for the school trip.  
I'm sooo hungry!  
I have a confession.  
- OK, not enough push up.  
I happen to have another one.  
I'm only here for the diamonds.  
- What diamonds?

Oh, my God.

What's with Ploppi?

- What were you doing?

The question is what are you doing?

Looking for diamonds!?

Musti's loot. My accomplice.

That's why you wanted

to go on the class trip?

Was anyone endangered?

Calm down. They revived me.

They revived you?

- Yeah.

You're such an idiot sometimes!

I thought the job

meant something to you.

Because you could change their futures.

You could've been the person

that you never had.

Maybe you see more in me

than there is.

If you're trying to make me yell

and break up, forget it.

I'm not making it that easy for you.

Pull yourself together; get back

to the man I fell in love with,

the one I can be proud of.

Unless he was just an invention.

Hey, tattletale.

- Don't hit me!

Maybe I'll give you a nice,

tight hug, Etienne, huh? - No!

Fuck, that burns!

- Shit, Daniel, what was that?

I put chili in your condoms. I promised

your sister no secret shagging.

Sounds like a few days of celibacy.

That burns. - Mr. Miller,

when do we get our cell phones back?

When you can spell it.

- S.E.L.L F.O.N

I wanted to tell you that my mother

never came to parents day

because she was drunk and I was ashamed.

The gifted thing was a dream.

Like I could really  
become somebody, later.  
That was fucked up of me.  
I didn't mean  
- Haters are my motivators.  
Now I know I don't have to go to college  
and have more time for a real career.  
Such as?  
YouTube star!  
It was a hobby,  
but now I'm a professional.  
I'm rehearsing a nail tutorial.  
Brilliant.  
And why didn't your parents  
come to parents day?  
Because we hate our parents.  
- And they hate us.  
Why do you think we like YOU so much?  
I like my mother.  
Shut up, Meike.  
- You wuss!  
You don't know what it's like  
to have no parents?  
Unfortunately not.  
You get your phones for one hour.  
Brilliant!  
- I sent a few text messages. - What?  
Oh, man, my credit!  
- Shut up, Chantal.  
I wrote to the people you despise,  
who you disappoint  
and degrade as much as you can.  
I mean your parents.  
Who gave up alcohol  
and nicotine for nine months,  
most of them anyway.  
- Not yours.  
And who had to watch helplessly  
as their innocent, sweet babies  
became shitheads.  
- What did you write?  
Read it.  
Mom, dad, thanks to Mr. Miller,  
this is the nicest place I've been.

A lie.

- But I'm totally homesick.

I know I never say so, but I love you.

God, how embarrassing.

- Oh my God.

I hope you can forgive me

for not always being

the way you imagined.

I want to become a better person.

- How could he! - He's lost it..

Turn your phones on!

Give your phone to the person

next to you.

Etienne, you start.

Danger, give him your phone.

Stop that!

Daniel, you made your mother cry.

Tears of joy. She printed your text

and put it in the photo album.

We know your intentions are good

and we're always behind you.

When you're back,

you get your own room.

Sweet'.

- And probably even a kiss.

I know you're making a face right now.

And we love you for that,

mom and dad.

Canim benim.

Zeynep's is written in code, Mr. Miller.

- Girl, you are so stupid.

My parents are from Turkey.

- Give it to me.

My darling,

you moved our hearts tonight.

You are my star,

my sun, my pride and joy.

If I sometimes love your brother more,

'Yo', it's only because I ..

'YO'-duty!

' What? NO!

Because I know you're strong

and you're something special.

You got your grandmother's beauty.

Oh, she's so beautiful.

- Yeah?

And we'll give you your computer back  
if you promise  
to stop chatting naked.

Zeynep!

- Hey, I love them so much too.

Give me yours.

Yes.

What do you mean, you miss me?

Do I know you?

Show me your dick. Kevin.

Man, my mother's  
got a thrift shop pre-paid.  
Sometimes a few people  
share the same number.

Yeah man, it's true.

I know we haven't spoken much  
since your mother moved out.

I know it's not easy for you.

My wish is that some day,  
I can just give you a hug.

Dad.

You're manipulating us!

You don't know anything about us.

Hey, YOU!" phone.

Most of us will be losers forever.

Hey, ugly duckling. What'd you get?

I don't have a text message.

E-mail?

WhatsAPP?

Facebook messenger?

- Stop bugging me, Zeynep.

Mom only turns her phone on  
when she's sober.

Hey, it rang.

Chill out!

Chantal, you nightmare in platforms.

Your mother's  
not here for you, but I am.

You can come to me when you're  
scared or freaking out.

I may not always know how to show it,  
but you're my favorite monster

in the whole class.  
How sweet!  
To me, you're gifted.  
Gifted at dressing like a slut, dissing  
people, and in driving me nuts.  
Maybe because you're important to me.  
Even if I won't always be your teacher.  
You'll never be alone  
as long as I'm here.  
Please stop drawing hearts  
on my sneakers,  
it's incredibly annoying.  
Oh my God.  
Who's it from?  
From me, you freak.  
Is she getting better grades  
than us now?  
I dislike you all equally.  
Can I hug you?  
No.  
You're like a father to me.  
One I could have sex with too,  
if he insisted.  
Eeuw. Chanti, you're so disgusting.  
OK.  
Can you imagine that  
what you got from your parents,  
you could get from everyone?  
You give something  
and you get something back.  
Now go P13Y-  
No, no, no!  
Wait!  
Man, it's going to drain  
all the dye out of my hair.  
You're gorgeous.  
- Don't move.  
What're you doing?  
Don't fuck around.  
- The princess needs her crown.  
What's happening, Ploppi?  
The ring thing doesn't work,  
you get that, right?  
Magic's been dead

since the middle ages.  
When you do that, it looks crazy.  
I have Asperger's. 11 percent.  
I have vodka. 40 percent.  
You don't like to be touched, huh?  
- No.  
Oh, man, don't smudge  
my make-up, you freak!  
It's just color pigments and oil.  
Paraffins.  
Maybe a formaldehyde splitter.  
Paraffinder?  
Petroleum. Almost everything's  
made of petroleum.  
Fertilizer. Chemicals. Plastic.  
What!? That's totally gross.  
Petroleum used to be this.  
Algae and crustaceans.  
They decay and become oil  
millions of years later.  
Don't say that.  
- Yes.  
Mr. Miller doesn't mean it that way.  
He wants us to grow... up out...  
To grow out of it.  
- Exactly.  
Mr. Miller is an asshole.  
- Yeah, but all teachers are assholes.  
Better a cool asshole.  
- Ms. Schnabelstedt deserves better.  
What's she look like naked?  
Is she prettier than me?  
I don't want to hurt either one of you.  
Maybe you only pretend to like her,  
since you can't be with her anyway.  
She's old and she'd go to prison.  
You just keep fantasizing  
and get even crazier  
than now, with your weird touch problem.  
I can't touch people.  
It just doesn't work.  
It's a trick. My uncle had Asperger's  
too and he could taste numbers.  
When he had to touch broccoli,

he fainted.  
But they undid the broccoli thing.  
You can get rid of tricks.  
- Tics, not tricks.  
Maybe I'll come up  
with something for you.  
Maybe you're my project.  
Then I'll put you on YouTube.  
Asperger's tutorial.  
No, I won't do it.  
Pretty darn hot today, eh?  
Enjoy the view.  
Or have a drink.  
Or maybe the bathroom?  
Dig her up right now!  
Unbelievable!  
I've got the last diamond!  
- Great!  
Mission accomplished.  
- Almost.  
Chantal will pull you up.  
- No, please, the ladder!  
The ladder, the ladder, the ladder!  
Stop moaning, you'll swallow water  
and she'll give you mouth to mouth.  
I hate you!  
Give me your hand!  
You can do it, Ploppi.  
See.  
One less trick, Ploppi.  
I shit you not. Since my mother got  
WhatsApp, she sends pictures.  
Do you live in real houses?  
With real windows?  
Maybe we could buy beds for the cave?  
That'd be great, they'd love it.  
An orphanage makes more sense.  
Could you all press mute?  
We're not interfering.  
You said we should give back.  
Why aren't you giving back?  
I'm the negative example  
so you understand the rule.  
Besides, they're happy.

Do you have any idea  
what an orphanage costs?  
20,000?  
25,000?  
Yes?  
This is Mr. Long.  
- Who?  
You have to come to the camp right now!  
Dangerous and Burak are insane!  
They stole our bikinis!  
And two 'rhinoses'!  
We're Bibi and Tina!  
Hear the clopping  
Horses trotting.  
See them running,  
see them hopping.  
Who could that be?  
Here come Zeynep and Chanti,  
in New Yorker and Forever 21.  
They smoke too much,  
they drink too much,  
because they're twats.  
What did you take?  
We discovered something!  
- Yeah. - Paradise.  
Cedric didn't want  
to give us any of the weed.  
But they have tons of it.  
So much weed, Mr. Miller.  
Give me something!  
Look sad.  
Cedric, the 2-kilo bags  
need to go out today.  
A sprinkler's broken in section B.  
You are not an aid organization at all.  
We're registered as one.  
Gas!  
Chantal, bring the gas.  
Don't plants need water?  
You wanted a teacher?  
You got a teacher.  
You're crazy! You're children!  
Film this for Ms. Schnabelstedt.  
- OK.

I'm burning the drugs.  
Happy now?  
Am I a good teacher now?  
Run!  
Get out!  
Chanti, what's happening?  
He's starting a fire.  
One question, you idiot.  
A plantation this size and  
you don't earn enough to eat?  
We're just employees.  
- What? Whose?  
We had a few plants  
then Mr. Woelki came  
and said we should expand, optimize.  
He said he'd take care of us.  
But he keeps 85%.  
And the donations of course.  
Are you shitting me?  
- He said we'd be adopted.  
But that was 3 years ago.  
Now almost everyone has pubic hair.  
The Internet says if you have  
pubic hair, you'll never be adopted.  
Bravo, Cedric.  
Just brilliant  
how you stuck to our plan.  
And I told you not to interfere!  
You're fucked.  
Close that or I'll report you!  
And, Cedric, 15% is still more than any  
fucking Fair Trade coffee farmer gets!  
But they're not minors, you asshole!  
Do you have a clue what it's like  
to always get fucked over as a kid?  
To be hungry and fending for yourself?  
To constantly hide,  
and dream of being just a normal kid?  
Oh, man, I'm going to cry.  
Maybe I'll report you.  
Who's going to  
believe a criminal  
and a few stinking orphans?  
You want to lose

the shitty bit of life you still have?

Even if I do.

My life might not have been shitty  
if someone burned  
my crack lab when I was 14.

Shit!

Hello?!

Was your childhood  
really like that?

I need to leave before he wakes up.

Run to Ms. Meyer,  
tell her what happened.

When the cops ask,  
say you don't know anything.

Say you thought I was a completely  
normal teacher. Act like  
like totally innocent children.

Yeah.

Like that. That looks real.

OK.

Come on, Danger.

And tell Ms. Schnabelstedt that  
whatever  
that I love her.

Mr. Miller!

I have a solution.

Oh my God,

I've dreamt of saying that for so long.

We were saving it

for final exams. - So,

we were going to get you drunk

and take sex photos to blackmail you.

But we'll sell you the idea.

For 10 euros.

He's burned out.

Slop!

Somehow it's gotta look more

like fucking. - Mr. Woelki.

Good morning.

Surprise.

The pics stay secret if you shut up  
and give us the partnership.

This is Kafkaesque.

- You exploited children.

You financed drugs with donations.  
Do you know  
how hard international funding is?  
A sandwich!  
- Yeah! - Kids!  
I want to be on top.  
Zeynep, suck him.  
- OK, but only a bit.  
No. - Yes.  
- Girls!  
Take a picture with Daniel while  
he's still stoned instead. As a backup.  
If you'd confessed you were a criminal,  
we might've been friends.  
At some point, you forget  
where the peace pipe is buried.  
But never where the hatchet is.  
The semester just started, Miller.  
#Have a good trip!  
Louder!  
Group Asshole!  
We're building an orphanage and saving  
the tsunami-assed little beggars.  
If you do well,  
you'll get a real animal name.  
I can take that.  
Hello followers! it's Chanti.  
A special hello to everyone  
from YouTube Bibi.  
There are 3, 3 things  
to remember  
if you want to be a real Thai.  
What are you doing, girl?  
Girl, I'm making a video.  
- Is that for real?  
Number 1, the greeting. Danger!  
Hey, Chanti, what's up?  
No, Danger. The Thais never shake hands.  
They make a fin.  
He's so bad. We should drop him.  
Number 2. Even if you're loud,  
a Thai is never loud back.  
Hey, piss face.  
Whore. Tramp.

Drop it, Chantal, it's annoying.

You said you'd help with  
my YouTube channel.

Nobody wants to see it, get it?

You and your sewage 'channel'.

Number 3.

The outfit.

It's totally important to follow  
the country's traditions. Like me.

Chantal, that's Japanese.

Let me do it my way!

Bye-bye sweethearts.

Follow me on Twitter and thingy.

Just follow me everywhere.

Smaug incoming!

PARTNER SCHOOL OF

G6HTE HIGH

Thank you very much, Mr. Long.

We need to talk about the spelling.

Mr. Miller,

you have done a lot for this village  
and its students.

You have helped 20 orphans  
onto a better path.

You built them a home!

- Mr. Miller!

We will hire a social worker.

We are looking forward to a lively  
exchange

between Germany and Thailand.

Super def, Mr. Miller.

I am proud of you, Mr. Miller.

You got us

the dept. of education ad campaign.

You'll be the face of Goethe High.

In trade magazines and 24 info screens  
in German universities.

I didn't do this alone.

Somebody else deserves credit.

Really, no thanks. I'm well aware

of my positive influence on my staff.

Schnabelstedt belongs on the campaign.

Schnabelstedt?

- Yes.

With pleasure.  
And now make a wish and send it to heaven.  
I wished you'd stay a teacher.  
Your wish is my command, airhead.  
Oh my God,  
maybe I should've wished  
for something else. Money.  
Chant!  
Where's your mother?  
I'm sure she'll be here soon.  
- Yeah?  
My God, that's really marijuana!  
- Hey, not so loud.  
Somebody might hear.  
Excuse my indiscretion. I forgot  
how important your job is to you.  
Maybe it is now.  
Almost as important as you are.  
How many diamonds do you have left?  
One for each ear.  
Hey, I got you the campaign.  
That was the job.  
Next time, the North Sea, you bum.  
Um, Etienne?  
There was  
a mix-up with the chat recently  
do you have any questions?  
Mr. Miller told me  
that you maybe think  
I'm nicer than other women.  
I love  
Etienne, that's sweet, but  
- loved you, but not anymore.  
Excuse me?!  
I mean, good. That's good.  
But what did I do  
is it maybe  
because you saw me in a bikini?  
Etienne?  
I'm ready for reality.  
'L'll never forget our first night'.  
I'm the only one  
boinking you voluntarily.  
I can do a whole 5 seconds.

Chantal?

You can ride with us.

- Really?!

Bye, Mr. Miller.

- Bye, Mr. Miller.

Bye, you assholes!

See you Monday, yeah?

- Yeah, yeah. Piss off.

I'm riding shotgun!

Is there a job

that fulfills me anew every day?

A job

where I inspire and motivate people?

A job that not only helps me,

but helps my country?

SCIENTIST?

No cheat sheet needed for that question!

- The answer is simple.

Teacher! More than just ONE job.

Apply now and show Pisa who's tough!

WWW.BECOMEATEACHER.ORG

Project of the Dept. of Education

and Goethe High

Our logo is visible.

Brilliant, eh?

This is the peak of my career.

You may take a candy out of the head.

Mr. Miller, your certificate of conduct?

- Ah, yes.

Photoshop.

You're clearly better at it than I am.

I had to submit it for

the campaign. You were way too slow.

What did you do wrong?

13 months in prison.

Shame on you. - No cops. I'll be gone

in 5 minutes. I was quitting anyway.

Not you. Shame on YOU!

All that college.

And somebody from

the welfare depths shows

that commitment

and responsibility are possible.

This shows

what can become of a problem student  
if he goes to the right school.  
He grit his teeth, pushed through,  
tamed class 10b,  
got us in the top 2.  
What is it, Ms. Schnabelstedt?  
There's smoke coming from your halo again.  
Yes, well,  
it's not exactly right to say  
Sometimes higher math  
and fluency in latin aren't enough.  
Sometimes you need spirit or  
a healthy dose of ruthlessness  
to find a solution. Yes?  
You're not firing me?  
- I'm not an idiot. You're my best man.  
Grotesque. - But I'm docking you two  
paychecks for yanking my chain again.  
The money'll go to the school newspaper.  
We're still in 10th place.  
But not for long.  
At newsstands, people will say,  
'no Time magazine. Give me  
the Class Fart. That's got content.'  
Or you've got  
Send.  
Sent  
That's my plan.  
Midnight in the auditorium.  
Or you got a problem.  
You can read messages outside.  
Thank you.  
Hello?  
You're standing on my foot, move!  
Let go!  
Fuck.  
Mr. Miller, we need you again.  
You're all getting A's.  
Now stop this shit.  
We don't want grades. We need 'likes.'  
What, likes?  
If you want the shackles off,  
follow our instructions.  
Fuck that! You're all getting...

That was level 1.  
Great. What?  
Underpants.  
This is the end of you.  
- No,  
it's the beginning  
of my YouTube career.  
I only have 6 subscribers.  
Let me out! Chantal!  
Chantal, piss off, you freak!  
Hi, this is Chanti.  
If you like this video,  
hit the thumbs up button,  
and subscribe here.  
You better not put this online!  
- Let me through.  
What are you doing in there?  
I thought I'd wear a vending  
machine to school today. - So?  
I'm not  
in here voluntarily!  
Subscribe to Chanti's channel!  
- Chantal, please stop filming.  
Naked teacher  
in vending machine  
Chantal!

**THIS HAS BEEN:**

The best ever crew!  
Katja Riemann hot  
More  
Hottest supporting actors? [Click here.](#)  
Hurray, Uschi is burning  
Action in the staff toilet  
Does no leg work!  
We've got the camera.  
It's a higgledy-piggledy.  
No sound, right?  
If this isn't cleaned up  
in 5 minutes  
Ouch!  
NO ANIMALS WERE HARMED  
IN THE MAKING OF THIS FILM. ONLY ACTORS.  
Yes, you can speak German?

- A little bit.  
Why didn't you say so? We could've  
spoken German.  
Must be finished by tomorrow!  
Schiller and Kamuz!  
Shut your face!  
Yes.  
Should I answer it again?  
Well?  
- Yes, answer it again.  
It's always the scenes  
with French fries. Shit.  
Shit. OK.  
And to Thailand!  
I have to go there.  
You're so passionate about your job.  
That look was unbelievable.  
I have to go there.  
You crossed your eyes.  
- I did not cross my eyes. - Shit.  
And action!  
Monkey.  
Say 'umm'!  
Don't you have to  
measure it or something?  
Yeah, Burak,  
don't you have to measure it?  
Let's shoot my nail tutorial.  
- Yeah, let's.  
Gizem, what are you doing? Why are you  
pretending you're holding a phone?  
Use the real phone. We're rolling.  
He's not coming.  
Eckhard.  
- Sorry.  
Katja's first outtake.  
Gudrun. You are almost level  
with Schiller school.  
Maybe he's a lady boy.  
There are lots in Thailand.  
Maybe he's a lady  
fuck, now we've got it.  
Chanti, what happened?  
He's starting a fire.

Good.

Sorry, sorry, that was so clear.

Fuck.

On?

Shit, sorry.

Night vision goggles.

Is it true that the shit  
turns to ice cubes man.

Is it true that the shit  
is thrown from earth as ice cubes?

To Earth!

Is it true that the shit

Is it true that the shit from

Is it true that the shit is thrown  
from Earth as ice cubes to Earth.

Is it true that the shit

Is it true that the shit is thrown  
from ice cubes as Earth

Is it true that the shit

is thrown from the ice cubes

What, man?

50"')!-

I'll take Lisi's credit card  
and book a flight.

Excuse me!

- Gesundheit!

No. I'm definitely not going  
with those misfits

You started that time,

I saw it. Stop it.

I'd go somewhere if Mr. Miller  
comes too. - That wasn't me.

How about Rome?

I'd like to go back to Rome.

The wine, the light,  
the, the, the yada, yada.

An emerging nation, Mr. Gundlach.

Schiller is going to Thailand.

What's going on there,

Ms. Schnabelstedt?

Or I'll put

the student council on your case.

I'd travel somewhere

To Thailand.

- I'm crying.

Ms. Schnabelstedt, what's going on?

- I don't know what's going on.

There's no air in here.

- What?

Cut, thank you.

- Finally.

Fack Ju Goethe 2.

I love you.

- I love you too. Lots.