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# Getting Schooled

By Chuck Norfolk

Well hello, little lady.  
Lemme guess.  
Detention, right?  
Yeah. Totally bogus.  
Um...  
I've-I've gotta pee  
really bad.  
Kids today.  
I used to love detention.  
Pick up chicks.  
Some of them had to pee also.  
Someone stayed up too late  
watching MTV.  
I got places to be.  
Not.  
Like where?  
Take a bath?  
Hold that, Princess.  
Stop it, stop it, stop it!  
Ouch! Gag me!  
Oh, my god.  
Who's that, y'all?  
Who are you?  
Call me Mr. Roker, tough guy.  
Everybody sit.  
Boy, girl, boy, girl.  
And girl.  
Close the door.  
Mike swank?  
Yeah?  
Just say "here", meathead.  
Here.  
Hillary Miller.  
As if!  
Here.  
Rusty Boone?  
Yo.  
- Shelly Hinson.  
- Here, sir.  
Julie Moore.  
Aren't we a fine looking bunch?  
From the looks of you, I imagine  
you already know the rules.  
No talking,

keep to yourselves,  
and no one, and I mean no one,  
leaves this room  
without my permission.  
I can do this  
standing on my head, man.  
Don't make me  
have you prove it, son.  
You ladies enjoy...  
and I'll be back in a bit  
to check on you.  
How's it going, Princess?  
Ugh, gross me out!  
Why don't you just  
leave her alone?  
Mm-hmm.  
That's what I thought.  
Because you don't mess  
with the bionic man.  
Loser.  
Retard.  
Dork.  
Homo.  
Ooh.  
Bet she'd do me if I put her  
in the school play.  
What's this world comin' to?  
So what's your story, Princess?  
Story?  
Yeah... like, your story.  
I think the burnout means  
why are you here?  
I'll tell you mine  
if everyone else tells theirs.  
Come on.  
What's your damage?  
Maybe I don't like handing out  
my dirty laundry to strangers.  
Aw, come on,  
we're all friends  
here in detention.  
Yeah, just like  
a championship team.  
Come on,

as if it's that personal.  
Get real.  
Okay.  
You go first.  
Okay, so, me  
and my gal pal Brittany  
were, like, totally  
going to Blaze out of class  
and stand in line  
for R.E.O. Speedwagon tickets...  
Flamers!  
Uh, r.E.O. Is totally proper!  
Anyway...  
We got busted by that science  
guy pulling out of the lot.  
Totally lame-o.  
Can you relate?  
I can relate to what boner  
smokers those guys are.  
R.E.O. Homowagon.  
What about you, four-eyes?  
My name is Shelly.  
- Ooh.  
- Okay.  
Let's just say  
I had a little run-in  
with someone who was...  
Touching my property.  
Property?  
Like, they touched you  
where you pee?  
Sorry.  
Don't have a heart attack.  
Will you just let her talk?  
What was it?  
My Rubik's cube.  
Whoa! Those are so...  
zeeked.  
Huh?  
Bunk?  
Ill? Mung?  
Uncool.  
Not more uncool  
than R.E.O. Whateverwagon.

Wait.  
So you raged on some scumbag  
for touching your blocks?  
It's Hillary, right?  
Mm-hmm.  
Go shut the door.  
Ugh!  
Where'd you go?  
Get your tires rotated?  
Stupid.  
So you're  
a real go-getter, huh?  
You gonna roll me  
over to the office, Mr. Roboto?  
No...  
but I am gonna roll  
all over you.  
Shut up, Geekette!  
Don't you people  
have anything better to do  
on a Saturday morning  
than sit here with a cripple?  
Don't you have friends?  
The freak doesn't.  
Meet the only friend  
I need, Jocko.  
Bring me the knife, Mr. Boone.  
Why don't you come over here  
and get it?  
Ugh.  
I hope you brought a spare tire.  
Seeing that you all have  
an obvious learning disability,  
I'll write the rules  
on the board.  
Oh!  
It hit him right in the face!  
Yes!  
Dumbass.  
- Oh, my god.  
- Mister?  
Mr. Roker, are you okay?  
Mister?  
Oh, shit.

Is he breathing?  
Mr. Roker?  
Shit.  
I think I hear him breathing.  
It's actually  
more of a wheeze than...  
Shit!  
- Sh...  
- You tried to kill me!  
You gook bastards!  
No!  
Let him go! No!  
Killer!  
Damn it, I'm not touching him!  
Rusty!  
Let him go!  
She just hit him!  
Thanks a lot, Bimbette.  
I don't wanna touch you, dweeb!  
We got trouble.  
He's got trouble for sure.  
You think they're  
gonna believe us,  
or a teacher in a wheelchair?  
They?  
What do you mean by they?  
Police. Parents. Society?  
We just assaulted a teacher  
as far as they're concerned.  
He said we tried to kill him.  
No, you assaulted the teacher.  
You tried to kill him!  
And we watched, asshole!  
It's called being  
an ass-cessory, joystick.  
I'm not gonna get busted  
for this.  
This is hellacious.  
My dad... will kill me for real  
if this messes with me  
starting the next game.  
Don't have a cow.  
Let's tie him up.  
What?

What? We can talk to him  
when he catches snap.  
Uh...  
He tried to friggin' kill me.  
It's a fantastic idea.  
Where are we gonna  
get rope from?  
Fine, okay...  
Yeah.  
They're boys,  
they can do the rope stuff.  
I don't... it's not...  
I'm just the idea person.  
Well, I was a girl scout.  
Let's go Jocko, get some rope.  
So...  
What do we do now?  
Wait until he wakes up.  
Reason with him.  
Did you hear that major  
crazy shit he was talking?  
Man, we're all in more trouble  
than I wanna even think about.  
Hell, I'm not even  
supposed to be here.  
I'm the good kid.  
I ought to be home  
working on my science project.  
Uh, just say no.  
I should be out  
buying my prom dress.  
Instead I'm stuck here  
with you posers.  
Can it, miss America.  
Everybody had something better  
to do today.  
I could be out busting heads  
on the field.  
I could be home right now.  
What would you be doing?  
Crimes.  
What was he yelling about,  
anyway?  
Probably gibberish.

I think part of it  
was Vietnamese.  
How the hell would you know?  
Uh, whatever.  
What's he doing  
in that wheelchair anyway?  
Ladies! Come on!  
We need to figure out  
what to do before he wakes up.  
Uh... too late.  
Uh... hi.  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to.  
It's just that...  
Do you remember what happened?  
Shelly's gonna take a look  
at you.  
I don't want to.  
Do it...  
or I'll call the police myself.  
Okay, don't have a cow.  
Just give me two seconds.  
What the hell are you doing?  
Hey!  
Hey!  
Just go!  
Shelly!  
I'm gathering my chi.  
If I watch this  
am I gonna be a flamer?  
Yeah.  
Fuckin' do it already!  
- Okay.  
- Come on! Do it!  
It's a little bruised.  
You have to press around it.  
Gag me.  
Do you wanna do it?  
Are you okay?  
It hurts further back.  
Be careful.  
Further back.  
Oh, barf me out!  
What is wrong with you?!  
Gross!



You're a dick, man!  
- He bit me!  
- You're in time out, speed racer.  
Get the door. Move!  
Come on!  
It's like shark teeth.  
God, you're heavy.  
Shut up!  
Stupid kids.  
Ah, ouch.  
It hurts.  
Okay.  
So now we add taking a hostage  
to the list of offenses.  
Oh, it's "we" now?  
Yes, we.  
We...  
Let's just figure this out!  
I've been thinking about this.  
Oh, here we go.  
The men are talking.  
We need to make sure  
no one gets in here  
until we figure this shit out.  
We need to call the police.  
We are totally innocent.  
They're not gonna believe us!  
At least not until Mr. Roboto  
comes to his senses.  
What's your big idea, then?  
We gotta lock down the school.  
Lock it down?  
No one can see him.  
He's in the closet.  
What if somebody walks in  
and he starts shouting?  
What then, huh?  
I can't believe this, but...  
I agree with a kid  
that wears a leather jacket.  
Any volunteers?  
- Mm-mm.  
- All right. Jocko, I guess we...  
Uh... I'll take Julie with me.

You just watch that door.  
Fine.  
Hey, why don't you come up here  
with me?  
I think he's gone insane.  
What are we gonna do?  
Follow the plan.  
Lock it down.  
Every door and window?  
That's impossible.  
Nothing's impossible.  
Man, you are a mess.  
You're so pretty.  
You think they know?  
They would never...  
I love you.  
I love you too.  
Aw, young love.  
Kinda takes me back to my youth.  
'Scuse me.  
You guys have a hall pass?  
- We really have to go...  
- Yeah, we gotta go.  
Look, we just gotta go.  
That's all.  
Kids of today.  
You just wonder what's  
going through their minds.  
You know...  
Probably sex...  
more sex...  
sex again...  
Did I say sex?

**That's included:**

We can't let them catch on.  
Yeah, they'll rag us to death,  
but...  
I don't really care  
what anyone thinks.  
I do.  
You can't be seen  
with an outcast like me.  
What if your dad...

You two look like  
you've been boinking.  
Ugh! Grotesque!  
Ha ha!  
Nobody's getting in here today.  
This place is locked down  
like my offensive line.  
Boo bam!  
- Ta-da!  
Mr Roker's wallet, anyone?  
Look what we have here.  
Mr. Roker's rsum.  
Mm...  
Couple of private  
security contract jobs.  
Hm. No teaching jobs.  
Fucking queer!  
Veteran card.  
Couple of tours in Vietnam  
I'll bet.  
That's where the gibberish  
came from.  
Gnarly.  
Know what that card is?  
He was in black ops!  
What does that mean?  
Oh, Jesus Christ.  
That means he's a bad, bad man.  
I wanna call my parents.  
What if we just tell him  
what we know?  
- Read it to him, outcast.  
- What? Why me?  
I think the sound  
of a woman's voice  
might rush the blood  
from his head to his...  
What?  
Uh, Mr. Roker,  
we know you were in  
the, um, black ops.  
You were also in Vietnam.  
Do you remember?  
Mr. Roker,

do you remember this?  
You think he's dead?  
There's only one way  
to find out.  
We gotta open that door.  
Hey, hey, hang on a second!  
If he comes after us, man,  
I'm totally gonna sack him.  
Fuckin' a.  
Come on.  
Watch out, Princess.  
Ready?  
- Yeah, yeah.  
One...  
- Sorry.  
- One...  
two...  
three!  
Shit.  
- Where's the beef?  
- - Oh, my god, guys.  
What's wrong?  
What's it say?  
How did he climb up  
and into the ceiling?  
- What's it say?  
- - What's it say?  
"Game on. You die."  
Oh, my god.  
Is, uh...  
everything okay, there,  
mister, uh...  
- Roker.  
- Roker.  
Um...  
I'm, uh...  
watching detention.  
I-I don't feel so well.  
What's the matter, buddy?  
I'm not sure. I know...  
I threw up...  
I... wonder if I could  
borrow a mop.  
I got plenty of mops here,

but...  
it's my job to clean up.  
I can see you're eating.  
Hey, I...  
I won't tell.  
Very considerate of you.  
Don't wanna take your job...  
but I will take your life!  
Little bubbly?  
Huh? Huh?  
Drink it down.  
There you go!  
I wanna go home!  
The pigs are gonna be  
all over me for this,  
and I ain't going down alone!  
I guess the mall maggot is  
going to sit there and bawl?  
Why don't you just  
leave her alone?  
I'm tired of you  
opening your mouth...  
- nobody was talking to you, outcast.  
- I'm talking to you.  
I'm not an outcast!  
- Why don't you turn your head...  
- I'm not gonna turn around. - ...And  
cut yourself a little bit, huh?  
It's none of your concern,  
so shut up!  
Oh, you don't talk all year and now you  
are gonna turn around and bitch at me?  
I'm gonna bitch at you  
all I want!  
Let's not be afraid.  
Fear is the mind killer.  
Fear is the little-death  
that brings total obliteration.  
Just let her go with it, man.  
And when it has gone past,  
I will turn the inner eye  
to see its path.  
Where the fear has gone...  
There will be nothing.

Only I will remain!  
Wow. Righteous speech.  
I knew reading "dune" would  
come in handy at some point.  
Is that blood on your head?  
I don't think  
I can take it anymore.  
Take what anymore?  
War, you gook!  
You and your kind followed us  
for three days in the bush  
while we were trying to find  
the rest of our company.  
Listen!  
You are going to listen.  
We found evidence of 'em.  
Our provisions were running low.  
Some of the men turned to...  
You know what I mean!  
You commanded your...  
little yellow bastards  
to kill them, and...  
It all started  
when we ran across this...  
this little village...  
that had been napalmed  
hours before.  
For miles it was all  
anyone could talk about.  
That smell...  
It was enough to drive  
some of the...  
weaker men insane.  
One of my men...  
rushed up...  
To a smoldering body...  
didn't hesitate for a second...  
After that it was a frenzy.  
I'm not finished...  
general.  
When we got back to base...  
some of the men were arrested.  
They were found  
cooking human flesh.

Oh, I don't have to tell you...  
taste.  
It was in 'em...  
It was in 'em, all right.  
Like their conscience laid bare.  
I have walked through the valley  
of the shadow of death!  
And it smelled...  
delicious!  
You're gonna tell me  
where my men are, general...  
now.  
Let's hunt  
that mental fuck down.  
Yes! Yes!  
He wants blood?  
Let's give it to him, man.  
Fuck yes!  
Attention, students.  
All of you little brats  
are gonna pay.  
I'll be wearing your ears  
as a necklace  
before the final bell.  
That is all.  
Let's get out of here!  
Come on, come on, guys.  
No fake.  
We have to go...  
- hey, hey, hey!  
Chill out.  
All right?  
We just gotta make sure lieutenant  
lunatic doesn't get in here.  
We have to find something  
to block the doors.  
Duh!  
Let's go!  
Get the cabinet!  
Forget the cabinet!  
Move the trash can!  
That's never gonna hold, moron!  
Shut up!  
That has wheels, asshole!

- Hit me again.  
- Get the goddamn...  
Hit me again, bro!  
Come on! Come on!  
Come on! Come on! Come on!  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!  
How's that?  
Mega-touchdown!  
Just what we needed he-man!  
Ow... ow...  
Just kidding! You suck!  
How are we supposed to get out?  
As long as he can't get in,  
I don't give a shit  
about getting out.  
I am not your b.F.F.  
Ah!  
I can get it for you.  
I can get you all the money  
that you need.  
I don't care  
about those little brats.  
Just let me go.  
Let me go!  
Promises, promises!  
Hey!  
Could use a smoke.  
Hey, you can't smoke that  
in here.  
You have to go  
to the smoking area.  
Get real.  
I think that is the least  
of our problems.  
You smoke dicks, I smoke cigs.  
Ha!  
You want one?  
I want to get out of here.  
You've made that  
abundantly clear.  
Ooh, abundantly, huh?  
I could be like you...  
if I wanted to.  
Yeah, right.



What's your score on your sats?

A lot.

I bet mine was higher.

Bet you were just high  
when you took it.

- He was. I was there.

- Come on. Humor me.

That's pretty good.

Yes? So?

Why don't you humor us?

Bullshit!

Bullshit, and I'm calling  
you out right now.

Whatever.

Ah!

What are we betting?

What? Nothing.

How 'bout the Princess

let's me French her?

And if I win, you have to apologize  
to all of us for being rude!

Yes!

If you scored a 1500 on the sat,  
I'll let you bag me.

No way! No way!

Let me see that shit!

Fuckin' a, dude!

Are you serious?

You want some gum, Princess?

Damn!

So, do you want  
some privacy, or...?

Let's just get this over with.

This is actually happening  
right now.

You said anything I wanted.

You're not a liar are you?

- Fine.

Texas thunder light  
would make this a lot easier.

Yeah, let's get some privacy.

- How is this happening?

- Later days and better days, suckers!

What?!

What does that even mean?  
Oh, oh my god.  
Is it safe in here?  
Listen if you're scared...  
We don't have to do this.  
You think you're so  
bad to the bone.  
I think it's bogus.  
Preppy girls do it best.  
Say it.  
Prove it.  
This has been brewing  
a long time.  
Get real.  
Get bent.  
Just between us?  
Oh, yeah.  
Principals don't belong here  
on Saturday!  
That should bleed you out  
soon enough.  
Listen, this is  
a long time coming.  
To be continued?  
In your dreams.  
Tease.  
There's somethin'  
out there, man.  
Let's go check it out.  
Rusty, let's go!  
Shit, dude, you see that?  
Oh, shit! Oh, my god!  
Close it!  
Fuck dude!  
- Shit, shit.  
- That's janitor Dan!  
- Dude, that's fucked up, man!  
That guy was cool!  
Let's go tell the girls.  
Let's go.  
Okay,  
he is officially batshit  
to the Max!  
He butchered janitor Dan!

My balls are in my throat, man,  
and that tells me we gotta  
get the shit out of here.  
Can we go home now?  
I'm with her!  
Let's bail!  
- Yes!  
- Guys, this is not a good idea!  
I have a very bad feeling  
about this.  
Guys!  
Let's stick together.  
God, please!  
Somebody help us!  
Hillary, you can't do this.  
We gotta chill and keep moving.  
Come on!  
It doesn't matter.  
We're all going to die anyway.  
We will if you don't get up  
off your ass!  
Oh, shit! Boogie!  
Guys!  
Damn! You're bohunk, man!  
We didn't do all this!  
Who, then?  
My guess is g.I. Joker.  
Hey, where's Julie?  
- Julie?  
- Julie! Where's Julie, man?!  
- Wait, wait!  
- Come back!  
Wait! No, no!  
Oh, god...  
Ah...  
How could we just leave her?  
I can't! I can't!  
I gotta go back!  
Mike!  
Ain't happening, bro.  
We gotta stick together.  
Nobody said "we", wuss!  
Wait, wait! Wait!  
No!

We're sticking together.  
Fuck.  
Julie?  
Julie?  
Mike, I'm in here! Mike!  
Julie?  
So... here we are.  
Where is she?  
Wouldn't you like to know?  
Mike!  
Why don't you go see  
if she's okay?!  
Man, why don't you go  
fuck yourself?  
Aah!  
Soldiers today...  
No respect for the enemy!  
Oh! Oh!  
Oh!  
Where'd the tough guy go?  
Huh?  
Mike!  
Mike, I'm in here! Mike!  
Thank you, sir.  
May I have another?  
Mike!  
Mike!  
Are you okay?  
I see the breadcrumbs worked.  
Big ol' honkin' breadcrumbs.  
Come on let's  
get you outta here.  
- No! No, no, no!  
Somebody help!  
Somebody help me!  
Mike, please!  
Mike, I love you!  
Mike, please!  
Mike! Mike!  
Oh, my god! Why?!  
Why?! Why, why, why, why?!  
No guts, no glory!  
Right, little man?!  
You're not half bad, now!

I'm sorry, Julie.  
Look the only way we're  
gonna getting out of here...  
is if we kill Roker.  
We-we know that right?  
We see what rushing away  
from the group gets us.  
He saved my life.  
And lost his.  
Look, we all have skills.  
We need to use them.  
You are smart.  
He's strong.  
Hillary is... well...  
Hillary is a gymnast,  
captain of the cheer squad  
and a black belt in tae Kwon do.  
What's your skill, Julie?  
My skills are bogus.  
All I know is we need  
to get the hell out of here...  
and the only way  
is over Mr. Roker's dead body.  
I am a cheerleader.  
I'm not gonna kill anyone!  
I'm gonna to call the police!  
The only phone  
is in the principal's office.  
What about the fire alarms,  
did you ever think of that?  
I didn't think so.  
Hillary, chill out, all right?  
We gotta wait.  
- Hillary!  
- Hillary!  
- Hillary!  
- Hillary!  
Hey! Hillary!  
Yo, rusty.  
We need a plan, okay?  
You've got one minute to plan  
before I go after her.  
You know this is crazy.  
I'd do it for you, too, Julie.

You just can't go on a wing  
and a prayer.  
If that's all I got...  
It's righteous.  
Rusty! Rusty, no!  
Rusty!  
He's the only guy that really  
ever cared about me.  
I loved him so much.  
He wanted to tell everybody.  
That was the kind of guy he was.  
But if his dad ever found out  
he was dating someone like me,  
a freak,  
he would've killed him.  
And now he's dead  
and I have to go into the world and  
pretend like I never knew him.  
Like I never fucking knew him.  
Bite me!  
Gross me out!  
Ew.  
Oh, oh!  
Chuh, like, what am I, a hacker?  
Shelly will know  
how to use this.  
Ew.  
How did you get so far out  
in the back country?  
Hmm?  
You are so kirked out!  
What's a pretty little thing  
like you doing  
conniving with the enemy?  
You won't get all of us,  
you know.  
Somebody's gonna get out  
and when they do,  
you're going down.  
Oh.  
What's daddy's little girl  
gonna do now?  
Daddy's little girl is gonna  
party Hardy on your ass!

Roker!  
Not bad for a squaw.  
You're messing with  
the spirit club now, loser.  
Ow! Gag me.  
Die, slant-eye.  
Hillary!  
Ah! Fuck!  
Hillary!  
Hillary!  
Where could she be?  
Hillary!  
I just can't let rusty  
be alone like that.  
Like me.  
S-stay here.  
Not a problem.  
I'll be back.  
No, no.  
No, no.  
You showed me something today  
that... I never knew existed.  
That son of a bitch!  
Rusty?  
He killed her.  
I wanna kill the fucker.  
Rusty, we have to go.  
That son of a bitch!  
Good bye, Hillary.  
I'll never forget.  
Preppy girls do it best.  
Rusty!  
We gotta go!  
Come on!  
Come on! Let's go!  
What happened?  
Hillary's dead.  
You know earlier, when...  
she was saying that she  
wanted to be out  
shopping for her prom dress?  
I thought "how typical...  
Princess wants to go  
shopping for a prom dress."

Why do we do that?  
Why do we have these...  
misconceived ideas  
of one another?  
If this wouldn't have happened,  
then we wouldn't  
be talking like this.  
I don't want  
to be like that anymore.  
Me neither.  
So, how the hell  
do we kill the psycho?  
Any ideas?  
We have to find something  
to arm ourselves with.  
I got this.  
Julie...  
What do you got, Shelly?  
Uh...  
Let's go get this fucker.  
Let's go.  
Who goes there?  
Rusty?  
Julie?  
I said...  
who goes there?!  
Shh!  
Why didn't you answer me?!  
Shut the fuck up.  
We're supposed to keep our  
location secret, ass munch.  
Let go of my shirt.  
Well then stop being  
such a chicken shit!  
Deadweight.  
I'm not a chickenshit.  
Not even scared.  
Come on guys.  
We have to stick together  
or we're dead.  
Okay?  
Are we good?  
He needs to apologize  
for his last remark.



All right, shit.  
You're not a deadweight.  
Hmm.  
And apologize for my shirt.  
All right. I'm sorry  
I messed up your shirt.  
I'm sure your grandpa  
would be mondo-pouty  
I wrinkled his shirt.  
Hey. Hey, Julie!  
Hey, Julie, where you going?!  
Julie, come back!  
I'm sorry!  
Rusty and I,  
we're-we're fine now.  
Look! We took  
a major chill pill, all right?  
This is how this is gonna go.  
You, stop with your whining  
and get on with your traps.  
And you, stop with  
your third grade crap  
and get onto that hallway  
and guard it.  
I'm gonna take the other end.  
If we don't stick together  
we're gonna be...  
frickin' road pizza  
by the end of the night.  
Shelly, you have fifteen minutes  
to come up  
with something spectacular.  
Amaze me.  
All right it's all clear.  
Oh shit! What is that?  
It's a compound I made using  
general household products,  
we should set it up  
in every hallway  
and if he tries to get us  
we can throw it on him.  
It'll neutralize him.  
All right cool, but we're gonna  
need more buckets

to put at the end  
of each hallway.  
Hand me that rat poison.  
Go get those buckets.  
Hey, Shelly.  
Henderson...  
You're gonna be all right.  
It'll be okay.  
I just need to... take a look.  
What?  
Let's hunt this bastard down!  
Our best bet is to drive him  
into one of the traps.  
What? We'll have to split up  
to do that.  
She's right.  
We're gonna have to come at  
this asshole from all sides.  
It's do or die time, shel.  
Let's crush this fly!  
For Mike, for Hillary.  
Roker!  
Here, let me help you with that.  
Shh.  
Better run, Poindexter!  
I'll have your goddamn heart  
on a platter!  
Run!  
Test.  
Aah! That's better!  
I'm looking at you, little lady!  
Uh, this one goes out  
to all you spoiled little  
pieces of shit out there.  
New wave, baby!  
Don't be such a spaz!  
Whatever.  
Please... no.  
I'll do anything.  
You're not giving up now,  
are you?  
Bud?!  
We didn't do anything!  
Come on, soldier!

There's no use  
crying about it now.  
Hey, slant-eye!  
On second thought...  
Let's jam.  
Oh, you little... bitch.  
Score!  
You really got your head  
in the game.  
Nighty night.  
You bitch!  
What did you throw on me?!  
Oh, god!  
Die!  
It's over?  
It's over.  
That's all it took?  
That's all it took?!  
That's all it took?  
That's all it took, asshole?  
That's all it took?  
That's all it took?!  
Oh, shit!  
I'm outta here, asshole!  
You need to watch  
your language, young lady.  
Hey!  
You're gonna end up with  
another detention next week!  
Attention, student.  
I'm coming for you.  
I can hear you, Julie.  
You crazy son of a bitch!  
What is wrong with you?!  
All we wanted to do  
was get out of here,  
but you wouldn't let us!  
And now I'm stuck here.  
Nowhere to run.  
Time to die, Julie.  
That is all.  
You know earlier, when...  
she was saying she wanted  
to be out

shopping for her prom dress?  
I thought, "how typical...  
Princess wants to go  
shopping for a prom dress.  
Why do we do that?  
Why do we have these...  
misconceived ideas  
of one another?  
If this wouldn't have happened,  
then we wouldn't be  
talking like this.  
I don't wanna  
be like that anymore.  
I'm not gonna do this anymore.  
Julie!  
I smell you.  
I smell you!  
Where are you, you bitch?  
Huh?  
You're in my jungle now.  
Understand?  
I'm gonna fuckin' devour you.  
You dink bitch!  
What you did to me...  
That was mind control!  
Julie!  
Hear that?!  
It is the sound of nothing.  
No chopper's coming for you!  
You're in my jungle.  
My jungle!  
You don't get to  
outta here, bitch.  
Oh!  
Oh, my boyfriend Mike is dead!  
He cut him in half!  
That's nothing compared  
to what I'll do to you!  
I'm gonna end you.  
After what you did to me  
and my men!  
They were my men!  
Good men!  
I'm gonna wear your ears

for a necklace.  
I've got some 556  
for your fucking teeth...  
and then I'll devour them  
and shit 'em out...  
on your cold fucking corpse!  
You understand me?!  
You dink!  
I'm gonna take my blade...  
and I'm gonna bury it  
deep into you, you bitch...  
like I did  
to your boyfriend, Mike!  
Thieves, the dinks...  
I'm comin' for you!  
Shit.  
Oh, my god.  
Where?!  
I can't see.  
Where are you?!  
There you are, slant-eye!  
As if!  
Well, since we are up here...  
let's have a little lesson  
in gravity.  
Why are you doing this?!  
Get back here!  
For all my men  
lost to the likes of you!  
We're just kids!  
Scum!  
It's 1983!  
They're all gone now.  
I'm just a kid!  
Please! Please!  
Ong Thanh, loc ninh...  
dak to...  
Mekong delta,  
tam quan, thom tham Khe,  
Khe Sanh!  
They're all gone now.  
Ghosts!  
Please...  
Please!

No, no, no!  
I live surrounded by ghosts!  
No! No!  
Help!  
Help me!  
Little girl?  
Please.  
No.  
I'm an American hero.  
Why did you do it?  
Why?!  
You tried to kill me.  
You are the enemies!  
We were just stupid kids!  
But you are right  
about one thing, Mr Roker.  
We are enemies now!  
And gravity...  
Is so righteous.  
No!  
Sometimes I can't help  
but imagine...  
what their lives  
might have been.  
Hillary...  
she would be a news anchor...  
or a rich socialite...  
helping the disadvantaged.  
Rusty?  
He'd probably be running around  
with the other hooligans...  
but then again...  
this might have changed him.  
I could see him  
turning a new leaf.  
Maybe becoming a cop.  
That would be ironic.  
Shelly?  
Who knows  
what amazing discoveries...  
she would have made.  
How the world will suffer  
without her.  
Mike.

He'd be winning  
the big football game...  
and I'd be at the sideline  
cheering him on.  
We all would.  
Sometimes when it's quiet...  
and I'm all alone...  
I pretend that...  
we're married and that  
we have two children.  
Living...  
in a safe suburb somewhere.  
But that's all gone now.  
Look. That's the girl that lived  
through the murder spree.  
Wow. I can't believe  
she came to prom.  
Hey, back off, slick.  
Bogus.