## APPENDICES

### APPENDIX 1. Types of Expressive Speech Act Used by John Keating

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>No</th>
<th>Type of Expressive Speech Act</th>
<th>Utterance</th>
<th>Minute</th>
<th>Frequency</th>
<th>Percentage</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Expressive for Attitude</td>
<td>Excrement</td>
<td>00:22:40-00:22:50</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>43%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>I don’t hear enough rips</td>
<td>00:24:08-00:24:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>No more of Mr. J. Evans Pritchard</td>
<td>00:24:36-00:25:24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>We’re not talking artists George, we’re talking free thinkers</td>
<td>00:27:29-00:27:32</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Funny, I never pegged you as a cynic</td>
<td>00:27:36-00:27:38</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Are you a man or an amoeba</td>
<td>00:41:32-00:41:41</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Don’t just walk off the edge like lemmings</td>
<td>00:44:02-00:30:04</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Sounds to me like you’re daunted</td>
<td>00:51:06-00:51:09</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>No, not just a yawp</td>
<td>01:20:22-01:20:24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>That was pretty lame stunt you pulled today</td>
<td>01:20:44-01:20:51</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>It’s stupid</td>
<td>01:20:44-01:20:51</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Expressive for Thanking</td>
<td>Thank you Mr. Pitts</td>
<td>00:14:05-00:14:16</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>32%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you for playing anyway</td>
<td>00:14:37-00:14:53</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you Mr. Dalton</td>
<td>00:23:16-00:23:35</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you Mr. Dalton</td>
<td>00:24:36-00:25:24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you Mr. Perry for this trip down amnesia lane</td>
<td>00:29:54-00:30:20</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you for playing, Mr. Dalton</td>
<td>00:43:08-00:43:15</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you, gentlemen</td>
<td>01:04:18-01:04:24</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you Mr. Dalton</td>
<td>01:05:45-01:05:50</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Thank you, boys. Thank you</td>
<td>02:05:07-02:05:11</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Expressive for Congratulating</td>
<td>Very good, Mr. -</td>
<td>00:14:21-00:14:22</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>11%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Congratulations, Mr. Hopkins</td>
<td>00:54:46-00:55:10</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Oh, that’s excellent</td>
<td>00:57:20-00:57:23</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Expressive for Apologizing</td>
<td>I’m sorry if I shocked you, Mr. McAllister</td>
<td>00:27:13-00:27:15</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7%</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Excuse me</td>
<td>02:01:24-02:01:33</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Expressive for Greeting</td>
<td>Mr. McAllister</td>
<td>00:24:13-00:24:14</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>7%</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Gentlemen | 00:28:48-00:28:49 | 2 | 7% |
APPENDIX 2. Dead Poets Society Script

INT. KEATING'S CLASSROOM – DAY

Students enter Keating's classroom, talking and acting up. Keating glances out from his room off to one side.

KNOX : Hey Spaz, Spaz.

Spaz turns around in time to be hit by a ball of crumpled up paper while Cameron smacks him on the shoulder.

CAMERON : Brain damage.

The students quickly quiet down as Keating emerges from the other room, whistling the 1812 Overture. He walks up the length of the classroom and out the door without a word. The students look around at one another, uncertain of what to do. Keating pokes his head back in the doorway.

KEATING : Well come on. (00:11:56-00:11:57)

He gestures them to follow and the students, after some hesitation, grab their books and follow Keating out into the main entranceway.

INT. ENTRANCEWAY – DAY

Keating stands before the school's trophy cabinets and waits until all the boys arrive.

KEATING : "Oh Captain, My Captain" who knows where that comes from? (00:12:34-00:12:40)

Todd looks up as if he knows the answer, but says nothing. Spaz blows his nose a little too close to Meeks for his liking.

KEATING : Not a clue! It's from a poem by Walt Whitman about Mr. Abraham Lincoln. Now in this class you can call me Mr. Keating. Or, if you're slightly more daring, Oh Captain, My Captain. (00:12:47-00:13:00)

The students laugh slightly.

KEATING : Now let me dispel a few rumors so they don't fester into facts. Yes, I too attended Hell-ton and survived. And no, at that time I was not the mental giant you see before you. I was the intellectual equivalent of a ninety-eight pound weakling. I would go to the beach and people would kick copies of Byron in my face. (00:13:04-00:13:22)

The boys laugh once again, while Cameron, obviously trying to write all this down, looks around confusedly. Keating looks down at papers in his hand.
KEATING: Now, Mr... Pitts. That's a rather unfortunate name. Mr. Pitts, where are you? (00:13:27-00:13:36)

Pitts raises his hand while everyone around him snickers.

KEATING: Mr. Pitts, would you open your hymnal to page 542 and read the first stanza of the poem you find there? (00:13:39-00:13:44)

PITTS: "To the virgins, to make much of time"?

KEATING: Yes, that's the one. Somewhat appropriate, isn't it. (00:13:52-00:13:55)

PITTS: "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, old time is still a flying, and this same flower that smiles today, tomorrow will be dying."

KEATING: Thank you Mr. Pitts. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may." The Latin term for that sentiment is Carpe Diem. Now who knows what that means? (00:14:05-00:14:16)

Meeks immediately puts his hand up.

MEEKS: Carpe Diem. That's "seize the day."

KEATING: Very good, Mr.- (00:14:21-00:14:22)

MEEKS: Meeks.

KEATING: Meeks. Another unusual name. Seize the day. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may. Why does the writer use these lines? (00:14:24-00:14:34)

CHARLIE: Because he's in a hurry.

KEATING: No, ding! (00:14:36-00:14:37)

Keating slams his hand down on an imaginary buzzer.

KEATING: Thank you for playing anyway. Because we are food for worms lads. Because, believe it or not, each and every one of us in this room is one day going to stop breathing, turn cold, and die. (00:14:37-00:14:53)

Keating turns towards the trophy cases, filled with trophies, footballs, and team pictures.

KEATING: Now I would like you to step forward over here and peruse some of the faces from the past. You've walked past them many times. I don't think you've really looked at them. (00:14:56-00:15:04)

The students slowly gather round the cases and Keating moves behind them.
KEATING: They're not that different from you, are they? Same haircuts. Full of hormones, just like you. Invincible, just like you feel. The world is their oyster. They believe they're destined for great things, just like many of you. Their eyes are full of hope, just like you. Did they wait until it was too late to make from their lives even one iota of what they were capable? Because you see gentlemen, these boys are now fertilizing daffodils. But if you listen real close, you can hear them whisper their legacy to you. Go on, lean in. (00:15:11-00:15:52)

The boys lean in and Keating hovers over Cameron's shoulder.

KEATING: (whispering in a gruff voice) Carpe. (00:16:04-00:16:06)

Cameron looks over his shoulder with an aggravated expression on his face.

KEATING: Hear it? (whispering again) Carpe. Carpe Diem. Seize the day boys, make your lives extraordinary. (00:16:09-00:16:31)

The boys stare at the faces in the cabinet in silence.

INT. KEATING'S CLASSROOM – DAY

Keating sits at his desk at the front of the classroom and opens up one of his books.

KEATING: Gentlemen, open your text to page twenty-one of the introduction. Mr. Perry, will you read the opening paragraph of the preface, entitled "Understanding Poetry"? (00:21:04-00:21:14)

NEIL: Understanding Poetry, by Dr. J. Evans Pritchard, Ph.D. To fully understand poetry, we must first be fluent with its meter, rhyme, and figures of speech. Then ask two questions: One, how artfully has the objective of the poem been rendered, and two, how important is that objective. Question one rates the poem's perfection, question two rates its importance. And once these questions have been answered, determining a poem's greatest becomes a relatively simple matter.

Keating gets up from his desk and prepares to draw on the chalk board.

NEIL: If the poem's score for perfection is plotted along the horizontal of a graph, and its importance is plotted on the vertical, then calculating the total area of the poem yields the measure of its greatness.

Keating draws a corresponding graph on the board and the students dutifully copy it down.

NEIL: A sonnet by Byron may score high on the vertical, but only average on the horizontal. A Shakespearean sonnet, on the other hand, would score high both horizontally and vertically, yielding a massive total area, thereby revealing the poem to be truly great. As you proceed through the poetry in this book, practice
this rating method. As your ability to evaluate poems in this matter grows, so will - so will your enjoyment and understanding of poetry.

Neil sets the book down and takes off his glasses. The student sitting across from him is discretely trying to eat. Keating turns away from the chalkboard with a smile.

KEATING : Excrement. That's what I think of Mr. J. Evans Pritchard. We're not laying pipe, we're talking about poetry. (00:22:40-00:22:50)

Cameron looks down at the graph he copied into his notes and quickly scribbles it out.

KEATING : I mean, how can you describe poetry like American Bandstand? I like Byron, I give him a 42, but I can't dance to it. (00:22:50-00:22:55)

Charlie suddenly appear to become interested in the class.

KEATING : Now I want you to rip out that page. (00:22:56-00:22:58)

The students look at Keating as if he has just gone mad.

KEATING : Go on, rip out the entire page. You heard me, rip it out. Rip it out! (00:23:01-00:23:10)

Charlie looks around at the others. He then looks down at his own notes, which consists of drawing breasts.

KEATING : Go on, rip it out. (00:23:12-00:23:13)

Charlie rips the page out and holds it up.

KEATING : Thank you Mr. Dalton. Gentlemen, tell you what, don't just tear out that page, tear out the entire introduction. I want it gone, history. Leave nothing of it. Rip it out. Rip! Begone J. Evans Pritchard, Ph.D. Rip, shred, tear. Rip it out. want to hear nothing but ripping of Mr. Pritchard. (00:23:16-00:23:35)

Meeks looks around reluctantly and then finally begins tearing out pages.

KEATING : We'll perforate it, put it on a roll.

Keating sees Cameron still hesitating.

KEATING : It's not the bible, you're not going to go to hell for this. Go on, make a clean tear, I want nothing left of it. (00:23:36-00:23:37)

Keating goes over to his room. Cameron turns around to Neil.

CAMERON : We shouldn't be doing this.

NEIL : Rip, rip, rip!
Neil makes Cameron turn back around.

KEATING (O.S.): Rip it out, rip! (00:23:50-00:23:52)

From outside the classroom, Mr. McAllister hears all the noise and sees all the students ripping out the pages. He bursts into the room.

MCALLISTER: What the hell is going on here?

The boys all turn around in shock. Charlie stuffs a crumpled page into his mouth. Keating emerges from his room with a waste paper basket.

KEATING: I don't hear enough rips. (00:24:08-00:24:10)

MCALLISTER: Mr. Keating.

KEATING: Mr. McAllister. (00:24:13-00:23:14)

MCALLISTER: I'm sorry, I- I didn't know you were here.

KEATING: I am.

MCALLISTER: Ahh, so you are. Excuse me.

Mr. McAllister slowly backs out of the classroom.

KEATING: Keep ripping gentlemen. This is a battle, a war. And the casualties could be your hearts and souls. (00:24:30-00:24:36)

Keating holds out the basket to Charlie who spits out a wad of paper.

KEATING: Thank you Mr. Dalton. Armies of academics going forward, measuring poetry. No, we will not have that here. No more of Mr. J. Evans Pritchard. Now in my class you will learn to think for yourselves again. You will learn to savor words and language. No matter what anybody tells you, words and ideas can change the world. I see that look in Mr. Pitt's eye, like nineteenth century literature has nothing to do with going to business school or medical school. Right? Maybe. Mr. Hopkins, you may agree with him, thinking "Yes, we should simply study our Mr. Pritchard and learn our rhyme and meter and go quietly about the business of achieving other ambitions." I have a little secret for ya. Huddle up. Huddle up! (00:24:36-00:25:24)

The boys get up from their seats and gather around Keating in the center of the class.

KEATING: We don't read and write poetry because it's cute. We read and write poetry because we are members of the human race. And the human race is filled with passion. Medicine, law, business, engineering, these are all noble pursuits, and necessary to sustain life. But poetry, beauty, romance, love, these are what we stay alive for. To quote from Whitman: "O me, o life of the questions of these
recurring, of the endless trains of the faithless, of cities filled with the foolish. What good amid these, o me, o life? Answer: that you are here. That life exists, and identity. That the powerful play goes on, and you may contribute a verse. That the powerful play goes on and you may contribute a verse. (00:25:33-00:26:39)

Keating looks up at Todd.

Keating: What will your verse be? (00:26:45-00:26:46)

**INT. HEAD OF CAFETERIA – DAY**

The cafeteria is filled with students and teachers standing before the tables saying grace.

ALL: For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful. Amen.

Mr. Keating and Mr. McAllister are seated next to one another at the table.

MCALLISTER: Quite an interesting class you gave today, Mr. Keating.

KEATING: I'm sorry if I shocked you, Mr. McAllister. (00:27:13-00:27:15)

MCALLISTER: Oh, there's no need to apologize. It was very fascinating, misguided though it was.

KEATING: You think so? (00:27:19-00:27:20)

MCALLISTER: You take a big risk by encouraging them to be artists John. When they realize they're not Rembrandts, Shakespeares or Mozarts, they'll hate you for it.

KEATING: We're not talking artists George, we're talking free thinkers. (00:27:29-00:27:32)

MCALLISTER: Free thinkers at seventeen?

KEATING: Funny, I never pegged you as a cynic. (00:27:36-00:27:38)

MCALLISTER: (taken aback by the comment) Not a cynic, a realist. Show me the heart unfettered by foolish dreams, and I'll show you a happy man.

KEATING: But only in their dreams can man be truly free. 'Twas always thus, and always thus will be. (00:27:52-00:27:57)

MCALLISTER: Tennyson?

KEATING: No, Keating.

Keating winks and Mr. McAllister can't help but laugh.

**EXT. WELTON GROUNDS – DAY**
Keating is walking down towards the lake, whistling the same tune as before. The boys emerge from the building and chase after him.

NEIL: Mr. Keating? Mr. Keating? Sir? Oh Captain, My Captain?

Keating immediately turns around.

KEATING: Gentlemen. (00:28:48-00:28:49)

NEIL: We were just looking in your old annual.

He hands Keating the annual and Keating looks at his old photograph.

KEATING: Oh my God. No, that's not me. Stanley "The Tool" Wilson- (00:28:55-00:29:03)

Keating crouches down and continues looking through the book.

KEATING: God.

Neil crouches down next to Keating.

NEIL: What was the Dead Poets Society?

KEATING: I doubt the present administration would look too favorably upon that. (00:29:14-00:29:17)

NEIL: Why? What was it?

KEATING: Gentlemen, can you keep a secret? (00:29:23-00:29:26)

NEIL: Sure.

The other boys crouch down around Keating.

KEATING: The Dead Poets were dedicated to sucking the marrow out of life. That's a phrase from Thoreau that we'd invoke at the beginning of each meeting. You see we'd gather at the old Indian cave and take turns reading from Thoreau, Whitman, Shelley; the biggies. Even some of our own verse. And in the enchantment of the moment we'd let poetry work its magic. (00:29:29-00:29:50)

KNOX: You mean it was a bunch of guys sitting around reading poetry?

KEATING: No Mr. Overstreet, it wasn't just "guys", we weren't a Greek organization, we were romantics. We didn't just read poetry, we let it drip from our tongues like honey. Spirits soared, women swooned, and gods were created, gentlemen, not a bad way to spend an evening eh? Thank you Mr. Perry for this trip down amnesia lane. Burn that, especially my picture. (00:29:54-00:30:20)

Keating hands the annual back and walks away, whistling once again. Neil remains crouched.
INT. KEATING'S CLASSROOM – DAY

Keating is walking to the front of the classroom filled with students.

KEATING: A man is not very tire, he is exhausted. And don't use very sad, use-(00:41:24-00:41:28)

He points to the back of the classroom.

KEATING: Come on, Mr. Overstreet, you twerp,

KNOX: Morose?

KEATING: Exactly! Morose. Now, language was developed for one endeavor, and that is? Mr. Anderson? Come on! Are you a man or an amoeba? (00:41:32-00:41:41)

Keating stands before Todd's desk. Todd looks up nervously but says nothing. Keating paused for a moment before looking away.

KEATING: Mr. Perry? (00:41:46-00:41:47)

NEIL: Uh, to communicate.

KEATING: No! To woo women. Today we're going to be talking about William Shakespeare. (00:41:52-00:41:58)

The class lets out a collective sigh.

BOY: Oh, God!

KEATING: I know. A lot of you looked forward to this about as much as you look forward to root canal work. We're gonna talk about Shakespeare as someone who writes something very interesting. Now, many of you have seen Shakespeare done very much like this: (00:42:00-00:42:12)

Keating holds out his right arm dramatically and begins to speak in an exaggerated British accent.

"O Titus, bring your friend hither." But if any of you have seen Mr. Marlon Brando, you know, Shakespeare can be different. "Friend, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears." You can also imagine, maybe, John Wayne as Macbeth going, "Well, is this a dagger I see before me?"

INT. KEATING'S CLASSROOM – DAY

The students are all back in their normal seats and Keating leaps up onto his desk.

KEATING: Why do I stand up here? Anybody? (00:43:03-00:43:04)

CHARLIE: To feel taller.
KEATING : No! Keating rings the bell on his desk with his foot

KEATING : Thank you for playing, Mr. Dalton. I stand upon my desk to remind yourself that we must constantly look at things in a different way. (00:43:08 - 00:43:15)

Keating glances around the classroom from atop the desk.

KEATING : You see, the world looks very different from up here. You don't believe me? Come see for yourself. Come on. Come on! (00:43:22 - 00:43:29)

Charlie and Neil quickly rise from their seats to go to the front of the classroom. The rest of the class follows them. While Keating continues speaking, Neil and Charlie join him on the desk and then Keating jumps down.

KEATING : Just when you think you know something, you have to look at it in another way. Even though it may seem silly or wrong, you must try! Now, when you read, don't just consider what the author thinks. Consider what you think. (00:43:31 - 00:43:44)

KEATING : Boys, you must strive to find your own voice. Because the longer you wait to begin, the less likely you are to find it at all. Thoreau said, "Most men lead lives of quiet desperation." Don't be resigned to that. Break out! (00:43:46 - 00:44:00)

Keating notices Spaz and another boy leaving the desk immediately.

KEATING : Don't just walk off the edge like lemmings. Look around you. (00:44:02 - 00:44:32)

The school bell rings as the boys continue to climb onto the desk. Keating begins to gather up his stuff. The clock begins to toll as Keating walks to the back of the class.

KEATING : There! There you go, Mr. Priske. Thank you! Yes! Dare to strike out and find new ground. Now, in addition to your essays, I would like you to compose a poem of your own, an original work. (00:44:05 - 00:44:20)

The students begin to groan. Keating begins flickering the lights off and on while chanting ominously.

KEATING : That's right! You have to deliver it aloud in front of the class on Monday. Bonne chance, gentlemen. (00:44:25 - 00:44:32)

Keating steps out into the hall before quickly peeking back in once again. Todd is the last one to stand on the desk and is about to jump off.

KEATING : Mr. Anderson? Don't think that I don't know that this assignment scares the hell out of you, you mole. (00:44:35 - 00:44:42)
Keating flicks the light off, leaving Todd to jump down in the darkness as the students laugh.

**EXT. SOCCER FIELD – DAY**

The students are all lined up in single file, each holding a slip of paper. Keating blows his whistle.

KEATING : You know what to do, Pitts. (00:51:00 -00:51:02)

PITTS : "Oh to struggle against great odds. To meet enemies undaunted."

KEATING : Sounds to me like you're daunted. Say it again like you're undaunted. (00:51:06 -00:51:09)

PITTS : "Oh to struggle against great odds. To meet enemies undaunted."

KEATING : Now go on.

Pitts gives one of the soccer balls a good kick.

KEATING : Yes! Next.

**INT. KEATING’S CLASSROOM – DAY**

Knox stands at the front of the room with his poem in hand.

KNOX : (quietly) "To Chris."

Charlie looks up from his desk with a grin.

BOY 1 : Who's Chris?

BOY 2 : Mmm, Chris.

KNOX : I see a sweetness in her smile. Blight light shines from her eyes. But life is complete; contentment is mine. Just knowing that...

Several students begin to snicker.

KNOX : just knowing that she's alive.

Knox crumples his poem and walks back to his desk.

KNOX : Sorry, Captain. It's stupid.

KEATING : No, no. It's not stupid. It's a good effort. It touched on one of the major themes, love. A major theme not only in poetry, but life. Mr. Hopkins, you were laughing. You're up. (00:54:13 -00:54:24)

Hopkins slowly walks to the front of the class and unfolds his piece of paper.
HOPKINS : "The cat sat on the mat."

KEATING : Congratulations, Mr. Hopkins. Yours is the first poem to ever have a negative score on the Pritchard scale. We're not laughing at you, we're laughing near you. I don't mind that your poem had a simple theme. Sometimes the most beautiful poetry can be about simple things, like a cat, or a flower or rain. You see, poetry can come from anything with the stuff of revelation in it. Just don't let your poems be ordinary. Now, who's next? (00:54:46 -00:55:10)

Keating approaches Todd's desk.

KEATING : Mr. Anderson, I see you sitting there in agony. Come on, Todd, step up. Let's put you out of your misery. (00:55:28 -00:55:41)

TODD : I, I didn't do it. I didn't write a poem.

KEATING : Mr. Anderson thinks that everything inside of him is worthless and embarrassing. Isn't that right, Todd? Isn't that your worst fear? Well, I think you're wrong. I think you have something inside of you that is worth a great deal. (00:55:28 -00:55:41)

Keating walks up to the blackboard and begins to write.

KEATING : "I sound my barbaric yawp over the rooftops of the world." W. W. Uncle Walt again. Now, for those of you who don't know, a yawp is a loud cry or yell. Now, Todd, I would like you to give us a demonstration of a barbaric "yawp." Come on. You can't yawp sitting down. Let's go. Come on. Up. (00:55:43 -00:56:22)

Todd reluctantly stands and follows Keating to the front.

KEATING : You gotta get in "yawping" stance.

TODD : A yawp?

KEATING : No, not just a yawp. A barbaric yawp. (00:56:29 -00:50:32)

TODD : (quietly) Yawp.

KEATING : Come on, louder.

TODD : (quietly) Yawp.

KEATING : Come on, louder. (00:56:36 -00:56:38)

TODD : Yawp.

KEATING : Oh, good God, boy. Yell like a man!

TODD : (shouting) Yawp!
KEATING : There it is. You see, you have a barbarian in you, after all. (00:56:42 -00:56:44)

Todd goes to return to his seat but Keating stops him.

KEATING : Now, you don't get away that easy.

Keating turns Todd around and points out a picture on the wall.

KEATING : The picture of Uncle Walt up there. What does he remind you of? Don't think. Answer. Go on.

Keating begins to circle around Todd.

TODD : A m-m-madman.


TODD : A c-crazy madman.

KEATING : No, you can do better than that. Free up your mind. Use your imagination. Say the first thing that pops into your head, even if it's total gibberish. Go on, go on. (00:56:55 -00:57:01)

TODD : Uh, uh, a sweaty-toothed madman.

KEATING : Good God, boy, there's a poet in you, after all. There, close your eyes. Close your eyes. Close 'em. Now, describe what you see. (00:57:03 -00:57:10)

Keating puts his hands over Todd's eyes and they begin to slowly spin around.

TODD : Uh, I-I close my eyes.

KEATING : Yes?

TODD : Uh, and this image floats beside me.

KEATING : A sweaty-toothed madman?

TODD : A sweaty-toothed madman with a stare that pounds my brain.

KEATING : Oh, that's excellent. Now, give him action. Make him do something. (00:57:20 -00:57:23)

TODD : H-His hands reach out and choke me.

KEATING : That's it. Wonderful. Wonderful. (00:57:25 -00:57:26)

Keating removes his hands from Todd but Todd keeps his eyes closed.

TODD : And, and all the time he's mumbling.
KEATING : What's he mumbling?

TODD : M-Mumbling, "Truth. Truth is like, like a blanket that always leaves your feet cold."

The students begin to laugh and Todd opens his eyes. Keating quickly gestures for him to close them again.

KEATING : Forget them, forget them. Stay with the blanket. Tell me about that blanket.

TODD : Y-Y-Y-You push it, stretch it, it'll never be enough. You kick at it, beat it, it'll never cover any of us. From the moment we enter crying to the moment we leave dying, it will just cover your face as you wail and cry and scream.

Todd opens his eyes. The class is silent. Then they begin to clap and cheer.

KEATING : (whispering to Todd) Don't you forget this. (00:57:59 -00:58:00)

EXT. COURTYARD – DAY

The students are standing in a line while Cameron, Pitts, and Knox are walking in a circle. Keating watches as they go around.

KEATING : No grades at stake, gentlemen. Just take a stroll. (01:03:39 -01:03:42)

After a few moments, the three boys begin to march to the same beat.

KEATING : There it is.

The other boys start clapping to the rhythm of their steps.

KEATING : I don't know, but I've been told--

BOYS : I don't know, but I've been told--

KEATING : Doing poetry is old--

BOYS : Doing poetry is old--

Mr. Nolan looks out at them from his office as Keating joins the boys and begins marching with them.

KEATING : Left, left, left-right-left. Left, left, left-right-left. Left, halt!

The boys come to a halt.

KEATING : Thank you, gentlemen. If you noticed, everyone started off with their own stride, their own pace. (01:04:18 -01:04:24)

Keating begins walking very slowly.
KEATING : Mr. Pitts, taking his time. He knew he'll get there one day. Mr. Cameron, you could see him thinking, "Is this right? It might be right. It might be right. I know that. Maybe not. I don't know." (01:04:25 -01:04:34)

Keating begins walking with his groin pushed forward.

KEATING : Mr. Overstreet, driven by deeper force. Yes. We know that. All right. Now, I didn't bring them up here to ridicule them. I brought them up here to illustrate the point of conformity: the difficulty in maintaining your own beliefs in the face of others. Now, those of you -- I see the look in your eyes like, "I would've walked differently." Well, ask yourselves why you were clapping. Now, we all have a great need for acceptance. But you must trust that your beliefs are unique, your own, even though others may think them odd or unpopular, even though the herd may go, "That's baaaad." Robert Frost said, "Two roads diverged in a wood and I, I took the one less traveled by, and that has made all the difference." Now, I want you to find your own walk right now. Your own way of striding, pacing. Any direction. Anything you want. Whether it's proud, whether it's silly, anything. Gentlemen, the courtyard is yours. (01:04:35 -01:05:30)

The students begin walking about, some walking casually, others making up silly walks. Keating notices that Charlie is still leaning up against one of the pillars.

KEATING : You don't have to perform. Just make it for yourself, Mr. Dalton? You be joining us? (01:05:33 -01:05:40)

CHARLIE : Exercising the right not to walk.

KEATING : Thank you, Mr. Dalton. You just illustrated the point. Swim against the stream. (01:05:45 -01:05:50)

Nolan moves away from the window where he had been watching them.

INT. KEATING'S CLASSROOM – DAY

Keating and McAllister are enjoying tea in the small room off the classroom. Mr. Nolan knocks on the door and enters.

MR. NOLAN : Excuse me. May we have a word, Mr. Keating?

KEATING : Certainly.

Keating fixes his tie and follows Mr. Nolan into the classroom.

MR. NOLAN : This was my first classroom, John. Did you know that? My first desk.

KEATING : Didn't know you taught, Mr. Nolan.

MR. NOLAN : English. Oh, long before your time. It was hard giving it up, I can tell you. I'm hearing rumors, John, about some unorthodox teaching methods in
your classroom. I'm not saying they've anything to do with the Dalton boy's outburst. But I don't think I have to warn you boys his age are very impressionable.

KEATING : Well, your reprimand made quite an impression, I'm sure.

MR. NOLAN : What was going on in the courtyard the other day?

KEATING : Courtyard?

MR. NOLAN : Yeah. Boys marching, clapping in unison.

KEATING : Oh, that. That was an exercise to prove a point. Dangers of conformity.

MR. NOLAN : Well, John, the curriculum here is set. It's proven it works. If you question, what's to prevent them from doing the same?

KEATING : I always thought the idea of educating was to learn to think for yourself.

MR. NOLAN : At these boys' ages? Not on your life! Tradition, John. Discipline. Prepare them for college, and the rest will take care of itself.

INT. STUDY ROOM – DAY

Charlie sits with his bongos as the other boys are all crowded around him. He hits the bongos as he mimics Nolan's footsteps.

CHARLIE : Creak. He started walking around towards my left. Creak. Creak. "Assume the position, Mr. Dalton."

The door opens and Keating walks in. Many of the boys get up from their seats.

KEATING : It's all right, gentlemen.

CHARLIE : Mr. Keating.

KEATING : Mr. Dalton. That was a pretty lame stunt you pulled today. (01:20:22-01:20:24)

CHARLIE : You're siding with Mr. Nolan? What about Carpe diem and sucking all the marrow out of life and all that?

KEATING : Sucking the marrow out of life doesn't mean choking on the bone. Sure there's a time for daring and there's a time for caution, and a wise man understands which is called for. (01:20:30-01:20:40)

CHARLIE : But I thought you'd like that.
KEATING : No. You being expelled from school is not daring to me. It's stupid, 'cause you'll miss some golden opportunities. (01:20:44 -01:20:51)

CHARLIE : Yeah. Like what?
KEATING : Like, if nothing else, the opportunity to attend my classes. Got it, Ace?
CHARLIE : Aye, aye, Captain.
KEATING : Keep your head about you. That goes for the lot of you.
BOYS : Yes, Captain.
KEATING : Phone call from God. If it had been collect, it wouldn't been daring.
Keating leaves and the boys gather around Charlie once again.
CHARLIE : All right. Go on.

INT. KEATING’S OFFICE – NIGHT

Keating is seated at his desk. He is writing a letter and occasionally looks up at the framed photo on his desk of a woman playing the cello. There is a knock at the door.
KEATING : It's open.

Neil enters and closes the door behind him. He appears to be nervous.
KEATING : Neil, what's up?
NEIL : Can I speak to you a minute?
KEATING : Certainly. Sit down.
NEIL : Can I speak to you a minute?
KEATING : Sit down.
NEIL : I'm sorry. Here.
KEATING : Excuse me. Get you some tea?

Keating goes to a table in the corner and begins pouring several cups.
KEATING : Like some milk or sugar in that?
NEIL: No, thanks.

NEIL: Gosh, they don't give you much room around here.

KEATING: No, it's part of the monastic oath. They don't want worldly things distracting me from my teaching.

Keating gives Neil a cup of tea and they return to their seats. Neil looks at the photo on the desk.

NEIL: She's pretty.

KEATING: She's also in London. Makes it a little difficult.

NEIL: How can you stand it?

KEATING: Stand what?

NEIL: You can go anywhere. You can do anything. How can you stand being here?

KEATING: 'Cause I love teaching. I don't wanna be anywhere else.

KEATING: What's up?

NEIL: I just talked to my father. He's making me quit the play at Henley Hall. Acting's everything to me. I-- But he doesn't know. He-- I can see his point. We're not a rich family like Charlie's, and we-- But he's planning the rest of my life for me, and I-- H-He's never asked me what I want.

KEATING: Have you ever told your father what you just told me? About your passion for acting. You ever show him that?

NEIL: I can't.

KEATING: Why not?

NEIL: I can't talk to him this way.

KEATING: Then you're acting for him, too. You're playing the part of the dutiful son. I know this sounds impossible, but you have to talk to him. You have to show him who you are, what your heart is.

NEIL: I know what he'll say. He'll tell me that acting's a whim, and I should forget it. That how they're counting on me. He'll just tell me to put it out of my mind, "for my own good."

KEATING: You are not an indentured servant. If it's not a whim for you, you prove it to him by your conviction and your passion. You show him that And if he still doesn't believe you, well, by then you'll be out of school and you can do anything you want.
A tear falls down Neil's cheek and he wipes it away.

NEIL : No. What about the play? The show's tomorrow night.

KEATING : Well, you have to talk to him before tomorrow night.

NEIL : Isn't there an easier way?

KEATING : No.

NEIL : I'm trapped.

KEATING : No, you're not.

EXT. THEATER – NIGHT

Mr. Perry pushes his way through the crowd of people, with Neil close behind.

MR. PERRY : Excuse me. Excuse me. Excuse me.

The boys notice Neil and try to stop him to talk.

CHARLIE : Neil, Neil, you were great.

NEIL : I can't, guys.

TODD : Neil! Neil!

Outside of the crowd, Keating manages to catch up to Neil. He takes hold of Neil's coat.

KEATING : Neil, Neil. You have the gift. What a performance. You left even me speechless. You have to stay with-

Mr. Perry returns from his car and shoves Neil aside.

MR. PERRY : Get in the car. Keating, you stay away from my son.

CHARLIE : Neil! Neil! Mr. Perry, come on.

KEATING : Don't make it any worse than it is.

Neil and Mr. Perry get into their car and drive away. Keating stares after them.

CHARLIE : Is it okay if we walk back? Captain?

Charlie motions Todd to follow.

CHARLIE : Knox.

The boys leave and Keating continues to stare after the car, wiping the falling snow from his face.
INT. KEATING'S CLASSROOM – DAY

The students are all seated at their desks in silence. Everyone looks as the door opens. They quickly stand as Mr. Nolan enters the room.

MR. NOLAN : Sit.

The students sit once again as Mr. Nolan walks to the front of the room.

MR. NOLAN : I'll be teaching this class through exams. We'll find a permanent English teacher during the break. Who will tell me where you are in the Pritchard textbook?

MR. NOLAN : Mr. Anderson?

TODD : Uh, in the, in the Pr-

MR. NOLAN : I can't hear you, Mr. Anderson.

TODD : In the, in the, in the Pritchard?

MR. NOLAN : Kindly inform me, Mr. Cameron.

CAMERON : We skipped around a lot, sir. We covered the Romantics and some of the chapters on Post Civil War literature.

MR. NOLAN : What about the Realists?

CAMERON : I believe we skipped most of that, sir.

MR. NOLAN : All right, then, we'll start over. What is poetry?

There is a knock at the classroom door.

MR. NOLAN : Come.

The students look back as the door opens. They quickly turn away when hey see it is Keating.

KEATING : Excuse me. I came for my personals. Should I come back after class? (02:01:24 -02:01:32)

MR. NOLAN : Get them now, Mr. Keating.

MR. NOLAN : Gentlemen, turn to page 21 of the introduction. Mr. Cameron, read aloud the excellent essay by Dr. Pritchard on "Understanding Poetry."

Todd slowly closes his book. Keating opens the door to the tiny room off the classroom.

CAMERON : That page has been ripped out, sir.
MR. NOLAN : Well, borrow somebody else's book.

CAMERON : They're all ripped out, sir.

MR. NOLAN : What do you mean, they're all ripped out?

CAMERON : Sir, we, uh-

MR. NOLAN : Never mind.

Mr. Nolan takes his own book over to Cameron's desk and then slaps the open page.

MR. NOLAN : Read!

As Cameron begins to read, Keating looks out at Todd as he puts his scarf on. Todd looks at him for a moment and then glances away.

CAMERON : "Understanding Poetry by Dr. J Evans Pritchard, Ph.D. To fully understand poetry, we must first be fluent with its meter, rhyme and figures of speech, then ask two questions: 1) How artfully has the objective of the poem been rendered and 2)..."

The door squeaks as Keating shuts it behind him. Cameron pauses.

CAMERON : "...How important is that objective? Question 1 rates the poem's perfection; question 2 rates its importance. And once these questions have been answered, determining the poem's greatness becomes a relatively simple matter. If the poem's score for perfection is plotted on the horizontal of a graph--"

Keating passes by Todd and the others and gets to the back of the classroom before Todd leaps up from his seat and turns to face him.

TODD : Mr. Keating! They made everybody sign it.

Mr. Nolan gets up from his desk and approaches Todd.

MR. NOLAN : Quiet, Mr. Anderson.

TODD : You gotta believe me. It's true.

KEATING : I do believe you, Todd.

MR. NOLAN : Leave, Mr. Keating.

TODD : But it wasn't his fault!

MR. NOLAN : Sit down, Mr. Anderson!

Todd reluctantly returns to his seat.
MR. NOLAN: One more outburst from you or anyone else, and you're out of this school! Leave, Mr. Keating.

Keating hesitates at the back of the classroom.

MR. NOLAN: I said leave, Mr. Keating.

Keating slowly turns and heads to the door. As he opens it, Todd, stands upon his desk and turns to Keating.

TODD: O Captain! My Captain!

MR. NOLAN: Sit down, Mr. Anderson!

Keating pauses at the door and looks back at Todd on his desk.

MR. NOLAN: Do you hear me? Sit down! Sit down! This is your final warning, Anderson. How dare you? Do you hear me?

After a moment of indecision, Knox climbs up onto his desk.

KNOX: O Captain! My Captain!

MR. NOLAN: Mr. Overstreet, I warn you! Sit down!

Pitts climbs up onto his desk, followed by several others, including Meeks.

MR. NOLAN: Sit down! Sit down. All of you. I want you seated. Sit down. Leave, Mr. Keating.

More students stand on their desks until half the class is standing.

MR. NOLAN: All of you, down. I want you seated. Do you hear me?

MR. NOLAN: Sit down!

Keating stands in the doorway, staring up at the boys in wonder. A smile comes to his face.

KEATING: Thank you, boys. Thank you. (02:05:07 -02:05:11)