

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

TONIE

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

KEATING

You think that everything inside of you is worthless and embarrassing. Isn't that right, TONIE? 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.

KEATING (CONT'D)

"I sound my barbaric yawp over the rooftops of the world." W. W. Uncle Walt again. Now, a yawp is a loud cry or yell. TONIE, 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.

KEATING (CONT'D)

You gotta get in "yawping" stance.

TONIE

A yawp.

KEATING

No, not just a yawp. A barbaric yawp.

TONIE

Yawp.

KEATING

Come on, louder.

TONIE

Yawp.

KEATING

No, that's a mouse. Come on. Louder.

TONIE

Yawp.

KEATING

Oh, come on, GIRL. Yell like a man!

TONIE

Yaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhwwwwp!!!!

KEATING

There it is. You see, you have a barbarian in you, after all. Now, you don't get away that easy.

KEATING (CONT'D)

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

TONIE

A m-m-madman.

KEATING

What kind of madman? Don't think about it. Just answer again.

TONIE

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.

TONIE

Uh, uh, a sweaty-toothed madman.

KEATING

Good girl, there's a poet in you, after all. There, close your eyes. Close your eyes. Close 'em. Now, describe what you see.

TONIE

Uh, I-I close my eyes.

KEATING

Yes?

TONIE

Uh, and this image floats beside me.

KEATING

A sweaty-toothed madman?

TONIE

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

KEATING

Oh, that's excellent. Now, give him action. Make him do something.

TONIE

H-His hands reach out and choke me.

KEATING

That's it. Wonderful. Wonderful.

TONIE

And, and all the time he's mumbling.

KEATING

What's he mumbling?

TONIE

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

KEATING

Stay with the blanket. Tell me about that blanket.

TONIE

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.

She slowly opens her eyes and both she and teacher are pleased.