

# **AP Health**

by

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FADE IN:

INT. BORING AP CLASS

On a gleaming white board are the words "FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL!" The bell rings and STUDENTS flood into the class as an ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER comes out of nowhere with balloons.

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

Heya kids, we're gonna have so much fun  
this year!

The Students go nuts with excitement, screaming at the top of their lungs. One HYPER KID yells.

HYPER KID

I LOVE SCHOOL!

The Enthusiastic Teacher flicks on a light show and a dance beat begins to play. The students begin to dance.

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

Former students of mine have said on  
their death beds that this class was  
the CRAZIEST FUN THING THEY'VE EVER  
DONE!

We see more shots of kids dancing and breaking open pinatas. Out of nowhere, one boy who was sitting down this whole time raises his hand. This is RICKY.

The Enthusiastic Teacher notices him and screams over the music.

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER (CONT'D)

What is it? Do you have a question?

RICKY

Yes! Will there be much ho--

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

WHAT?! I can't hear you over the music!

RICKY

I SAID, will there be much home--

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

WHAT!

RICKY

AHH!!!

Ricky stands up and immediately rips the pinata out of the ceiling, pops a few balloons, punches the Hyper Kid and unplugs the stereo. The music stops and everyone looks extremely awkwardly at him.

RICKY (CONT'D)

I said, will there be much homework in this class?

It takes a few moments for the Enthusiastic Teacher to respond.

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

All of the work we do is fun!

RICKY

Will there be much homework?

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

Yes. There will be a considerable amount of home--

Before he can finish, Ricky storms out of the room.

INT. GUIDANCE

In a broom closet sized room, Ricky sits across from MR. O'TOOLE, who is in motivational speaker mode.

MR. O'TOOLE

Ricky, I hate to be a Johnny Raincloud here, but if you wanna go to college, you gotta start taking a more challenging path.

RICKY

You told me that before, so I'll ignore it again. I'm not just gonna take any old class, O'Toole. That teacher needs to retire. I couldn't understand a word he said.

MR. O'TOOLE

Right. You didn't seem to like the last seven AP classes either. You never even last a period.

RICKY

Lucky I trust my gut instinct.

Mr. O'Toole takes a folder out of his desk.

MR. O'TOOLE

If only your gut would tell you to start caring about college.

RICKY

I do care about college, O'Toole. But only one is worthy of my care...Brown University.

MR. O'TOOLE

Ricky, Brown University has a GPA requirement. And you ain't going there until you meet it. And you ain't gonna meet it until you challenge yourself with some serious work.

RICKY

I'm sensing you found a loophole...?

Mr. O'Toole opens the folder to reveal the words "AP HEALTH."

MR. O'TOOLE

This is the only AP class left, Ricky. If you wanna go to Brown, this is your last shot at meeting the GPA requirement.

RICKY

AP Health. Sounds like a waste of my time. I'll take it.

INT. AP HEALTH

A class of BORED FRESHMEN sit and drool as a tracksuit wearing MR. KAMPPER stands at the front of the room next to a MANNEQUIN. He has a plastic bag in his hand.

MR. KAMPPER

The funny thing with humans is that sometimes they have to breath.

Mr. Kampper places the plastic bag on the mannequin's head.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

And although these plastic bags might seem like hours of fun on your head, they can actually kill you.

Ricky enters the room through the door. He looks between Kampper and the mannequin and breathes a sigh of relief.

RICKY

I love this class already.

MR. KAMPPER

Are you Ricky? The new AP student?

RICKY

Damn right I am. Happy to be here.

MR. KAMPPER

Well, I'm Mr. Kampper. This is the class. Take a seat wherever.

Ricky goes to the back row and sits down. Kampper continues on with the lesson.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

Okay, back to health. Just as a refresher, bags can kill you. They're not as bad as sharks or lead paint, but they're pretty bad. This is on the test next week, by the way.

RICKY

Yes!

MR. KAMPPER

Yeah, that's good.

An ANNOYING FRESHMAN in the front row raises his hand.

ANNOYING FRESHMAN

Mr. Kampper, this is redundant.

A chorus of "Yeah"s emit from around the room. Ricky looks insulted.

MR. KAMPPER

Yes, some might call this entire class redundant. Some might say I'm a boring, redundant teacher who repeats the same lesson about plastic bags every day.

## ANNOYING FRESHMAN

You do!

## RICKY

Hey freshmen! Shut up! Kampper's the best teacher in the world! I'd take a bullet for that guy!

Mr. Kampper gives Ricky a questioning look.

## MR. KAMPPER

Right. Thanks Rick. Anyway, I'm sorry if some of you are bored, but I'm on contract to teach this class the same way I would if all of you were made of wood. And wood don't learn too well. This is Health 101 after all.

## RICKY

Yeah, freshmen! Give the man some respect! He has to teach wooden idiots all day!

## MR. KAMPPER

Alright Rick, thanks for the enthusiasm, but I'm gonna have to ask you to pipe down. It's cupcake time.

The freshmen moan and groan, and Ricky clenches his fists. Kampper walks over to his desk and grabs a bucket of cupcakes he proceeds to throw like slop at the freshmen, who eat them like vultures.

## ANNOYING FRESHMAN

You gave us cupcakes yesterday! Boring!

## RICKY

Hey! Shut up!

Mr. Kampper dumps the bucket on the ground and all of the freshmen slither over to get the remainders. Kampper then walks over to Ricky.

## MR. KAMPPER

Alright Rick. Come with me, kiddo.

## RICKY

You mean I don't get a cupcake like the rest of them?

MR. KAMPPER

Psst they're laced with horse tranquilizer. I got a different plan for you.

RICKY

Why? I like the regular plan.

MR. KAMPPER

I'm getting a vibe you're bored here Rick.

RICKY

Not at all.

MR. KAMPPER

You seem like the kinda guy who needs a challenge.

RICKY

I hate challenges.

MR. KAMPPER

Your AP calibre brain is capable of greater things.

RICKY

I'm pretty sure I don't have a brain.

MR. KAMPPER

Okay...I'm kinda banking on you wanting something different here. You are taking AP Health, right? Not this dumbed down version for brainless apes.

RICKY

Technically. But I don't wanna stress you out. I care about your stress meter. Why change a proven method?

Mr. Kampper looks over at the pile of the now SEDATED FRESHMEN, then back to Ricky.

MR. KAMPPER

Do me a courtesy here, Rick. I've been teaching idiots my entire adult life. AP Health could keep me out of the looney bin. At least let me show you what I've been working on.

RICKY

Alright, Kampper, but you owe me one.

Mr. Kampper leads Ricky from the room.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE

From out of a lush forest comes Mr. Kampper, who now holds a walking stick. Following him is Ricky, who does not look happy in the slightest.

They both walk a few feet, then Kampper moves a branch out of the way and gapes with pride at what he sees.

MR. KAMPPER

There she is, Ricky. My proudest accomplishment, my life's work.

RICKY

Your life has been pretty sad so far then, huh?

MR. KAMPPER

What? No, this isn't about me. This is about health. AP Health. The AP Health Obstacle Course.

Ricky takes a step further and his jaw drops as he looks off into the distance.

Ahead of him is a massive, intricate ring of obstacles forking into two sections. One is long and the other is short, but each looks increasingly difficult.

RICKY

Did you build this for Ho Chi Mihn?  
What is this? What mortal man must you  
subject to this torturous maze?

MR. KAMPPER

You, Ricky. Get going. You have 30 seconds. Go!

MONTAGE: AP HEALTH OBSTACLE COURSE

--Ricky starts running, and it immediately starts to rain.

--Kampper watches him, holding a stopwatch.



--Ricky reaches the fork, and looks between the two sides. One is long and the other is short. He picks short and runs toward the finish.

--Kampper notices and shakes his head.

--Thunder and lightening as Ricky completes several difficult parts of the course, jumping and dodging everything in his way.

--Kampper looks at the watch: 12 seconds left.

--Ricky vaults over a downed tree and sprints to the finish.

--Kampper watches closely, holding his breath.

--Ricky runs through a trip wire. He does not fall, but looks down at his feet wondering what hit him.

--Kampper smiles sadistically.

--Cables snap and Ricky looks up to see a large tire on a rope as it swivels down from a branch above him and levels him onto the ground. He is down for the count.

--Kampper watches the stop watch click to zero.

END MONTAGE

INT. KAMPPER'S LAIR

Ricky awakens in a cold sweat. He looks around the room, which is dimly lit and very creepy. On the walls are blueprints and plans for the obstacle course he just took, along with some portraits of Mr. Kampper, but everything else in the room is trashy.

RICKY

Where am I?

Mr. Kampper appears from behind a curtain.

MR. KAMPPER

My humble abode. Health teachers get paid in toothpaste. This is the best I could do.

RICKY

What happened? My head...

MR. KAMPPER

That's what you get for picking the easy way.

RICKY

What?!

MR. KAMPPER

I'm very disappointed in you, Rick. You took the short cut instead of challenging yourself. A healthy man always accepts a challenge. Remember that.

RICKY

What are you talking about? It's your stupid maze. I didn't know what I was supposed to do!

MR. KAMPPER

Don't worry. I'm gonna train you day and night. Week after week. Month by month. Hell, you might be here for the rest of your life...

We are close on the terrified eyes of Ricky as he shudders at the thought.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

...but it'll be worth it. AP Health is going to be your life. Just like it is mine. I'll teach you everything, Rick. I'll be the dojo master and you can be my apprentice. You can move in here! I picked you out a nice shower curtain to sleep on. It's gonna be sick!

SMASH CUT TO BLACK

INT. AP HEALTH - THE NEXT DAY

Mr. Kampper is sitting at his desk writing frantically in a notebook as he builds a scale model of the obstacle course out of toothpicks.

An ANTSY FRESHMAN approaches his desk.

ANTSY FRESHMAN

Mr. Kampper, can I go to the bathroom?

MR. KAMPPER

No. Can't you realize there are more important things in the world than emptying your precious bladder?

The Antsy Freshman takes a seat, but before Mr. Kampper can go back to work, a CONCERNED FRESHMAN replaces him.

CONCERNED FRESHMAN

Mr. Kampper, Billy was playing with that plastic bag and now he's not moving.

MR. KAMPPER

Well then he fails tomorrow's test. Stop talking and let me plan for AP Health!

The Concerned Freshman goes to sit back down. He is immediately replaced with a SICK FRESHMAN.

SICK FRESHMAN

Mr. Kampper, I ate like fifty of those cupcakes you handed out yesterday and now I don't feel too good.

Mr. Kampper slams the notebook down on the ground and stands up, facing the class angrily.

MR. KAMPPER

Alright, that's it! I'm trying to work on important AP stuff and all you idiots can do is complain! Everybody shut your traps! Only Ricky can speak from now on.

The Annoying Freshman in the front row looks around the room and grins creepily at Mr. Kampper.

ANNOYING FRESHMAN

Ricky isn't even here, Mr. Kampper.

Mr. Kampper looks around, distraught and then angry.

MR. KAMPPER

What?! He's missing AP Health?!

INT. BORING AP CLASS

Ricky sits in a chair bored out of his mind as the Enthusiastic Teacher is back waving a glo stick and guiding a few kids under the limbo.

RICKY

At least I'm safe from that psycho  
Kampper in this boring AP class.

The room shudders and the needle slips off the record on the turntable. The lights flicker and the Enthusiastic Teacher looks over at the window.

Mr. Kampper's face is pressed up against it and he's holding a plastic bag. Ricky covers his eyes with shame as people in the class scream with terror.

RICKY (CONT'D)

Oh no.

Mr. Kampper opens the door and immediately rips down the limbo setup, knocks off a few pinata sending it flying into the Hyper Kid from earlier.

MR. KAMPPER

You're lucky I never got my black belt  
and had to turn in my gun license,  
Rick.

RICKY

Kampper, listen to me, it was all a big  
misunderstanding.

MR. KAMPPER

Misunderstanding? You sign up for AP  
Health and then try to leave the next  
day?

RICKY

I just think this class is a more valu-  
able use of my time.

Ricky looks around at the stunned people in the class. Kampper looks about as fired up as ever.

MR. KAMPPER

Valuable? What's more valuable than  
running around in circles all day?  
What's more valuable than jumping and  
climbing on pieces of wood and metal?

You know what, Rick, maybe if you don't value health, you'll value...death.

Mr. Kampper picks up the limbo stick and starts walking menacingly toward Ricky with it.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

You know what happens when you fail health, Rick?

RICKY

What?

MR. KAMPPER

You die.

Mr. Kampper pulls back on the limbo stick and in a scene of great urgency and tension, the Enthusiastic Teacher breaks the tone, waving his arms around.

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

Mr. Kampper, I feel it necessary to point out that you are wielding a big stick and using it in a threatening manner on a student.

MR. KAMPPER

It's okay, I'm a Health Teacher.

ENTHUSIASTIC TEACHER

Oh, forget it then.

Kampper puts the stick down and walks the rest of the way to Ricky, still looking sinister.

MR. KAMPPER

So listen here, Rick. I waited ten years for AP Health, and you're in it. You could've taken the nice AP Health, but no. You're taking the painful AP Health now. Bring a bag of ice. See you next class.

Ricky gulps, and in the background the Hyper Kid gathers himself.

HYPER KID

Okay, just as a general rule, we're not letting Ricky back in this class.

INT. AP HEALTH

Ricky mopes in his seat as the Freshmen mingle all around him. After a few moments, Mr. Kampper enters the room with a dog carrier and a large suitcase.

MR. KAMPPER

Everyone shut up. Some major, major announcements today.

Mr. Kampper puts his things down then heads over to the board and writes "Ricky" and "-27."

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

First off, Rick is failing this class with a meager negative 27. And negative numbers confuse X2, so it basically makes Rick have zero chance of getting into college. So see you later happy life for Rick.

The class laughs as Kampper opens the suitcase and starts taking out various things. Ricky starts to panic.

RICKY

Kampper, come on, I'm back here. Why can't we just forget about that little incident earlier?

Kampper stops and gives Ricky a death stare.

MR. KAMPPER

Too late. I already changed the entire curriculum. The entire universe is out of balance! No turning back now, Rick. We're on a road to hell now.

Ricky covers his eyes and Kampper writes some more things on the board, including "Rabies," "Fire," "Glass," and "Fighting."

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

So anyway, for the rest of the year, we're basically just gonna be whaling on Rick. So all of you just sit back, you all get one-hundreds for the term.

The freshmen celebrate and Ricky starts to have heat stroke.

MONTAGE: RICKY IS TRAUMATIZED

-- Mr. Kampper opens the dog carrier and a fluffy little puppy waddles out to play with the freshmen.

MR. KAMPPER  
Lesson one. Dog training.

Mr. Kampper slides a large crate in front of Ricky's desk.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)  
We ran out of cute little puppies for you Rick. You get to train Rasputin.

Mr. Kampper drags Ricky by the ear over to the base of the crate, which he slides open. He guides Ricky through the latch, and we hear a "grrrrrr" noise as the latch closes.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)  
Haven't fed him in 3 weeks.

--We get a closeup of Ricky's grade, which is shrinking. Ricky looks noticeably bruised as he sits half-asleep watching Kampper talk to the freshmen.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)  
Lesson two. Fire.

Mr. Kampper takes out a can of WD-40 and a lighter.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)  
It's usually necessary to stop, drop and roll when you're on fire. But honestly, I don't care. Rick!

Ricky stands up and walks off screen. We see an orange glow on the faces of the freshmen watching, and they applaud.

-- We see a set of mannequins standing around, and Kampper comes out wearing boxing gloves and a robe. Ricky is bandaged up and looks like a prisoner of war.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)  
Lesson three. Kick boxing.

A bunch of the freshmen start punching their mannequins. Ricky looks around for his.

RICKY  
Where's my mannequin, Kampper?

Kampper takes off his robe to reveal he is dressed in heavy-weight boxer gear.

MR. KAMPPER

Oh no, you're facing me buddy. Come here.

Ricky massages his migraine and stands up, moping once again.

END MONTAGE

INT. KAMPPER'S LAIR

An organ plays as we open on Ricky in a chair under a dim light, and he looks as bruised, battered and depressed as ever. Mr. Kampper sits across from him with a few mannequins surrounding him.

RICKY

You've lost it Kampper. You're out of your mind.

MR. KAMPPER

Why don't you ask my mannequins if I'm crazy? They know best. I talk to them.

RICKY

What do you want from me? You've destroyed my good name, made a fool out of me, and I certainly won't be going to Brown University now.

MR. KAMPPER

Yeah, especially after I wrote the dean's wife all those nasty letters in your name.

Ricky shakes his head.

RICKY

I'm done Kampper. I've had enough. I thought I could survive your torturous games, but I can't. I'm leaving AP Health. I hope you're happy.

MR. KAMPPER

Oh, I'm happy alright. How could I not be happy? I'm sitting on a spray-painted lawn chair, drinking drainpipe



water and playing checkers with my man-  
nequin friends. What do you have in the  
world? Nothing, that's what.

RICKY

You're right, Kampper. I have nothing  
left. You win.

Ricky stands up and starts to walk out of the room.

MR. KAMPPER

Giving up, huh? If just walk out, I'll  
fail you, and you know what happens  
when you fail AP Health...

Ricky slams the door behind him.

INT. GUIDANCE

Ricky is back in Mr. O'Toole's office.

MR. O'TOOLE

You won't really die, Ricky. Trust me.

RICKY

But I will! If I don't go to Brown Uni-  
versity, my life is as good as over.  
And if Kampper fails me--

MR. O'TOOLE

Kampper will only be able to fail you  
if you give up. Look, Ricky, if you  
walk away, you're only proving to eve-  
ryone that you really are lazy.

RICKY

People think I'm lazy?

MR. O'TOOLE

You need to show Kampper that you're  
not going to let him get in the way of  
Brown.

RICKY

But how?

MR. O'TOOLE

You need to take that challenging path.

We move in close on Ricky's eyes as everything dawns on him at once.

RICKY  
Challenging path... I think I know what  
I have to do, O'Toole. Thanks a bunch!

Ricky sprints from the room, and O'Toole shakes his head.

MR. O'TOOLE  
That challenging path crap works every  
time.

EXT. WOODS

Ricky walks through the forest, eventually walking past the branch Kampper moved out of the way earlier.

We see the AP Health Obstacle Course, and it is gleaming in the moonlight. Inspirational music begins to play.

We are now close on Ricky, who nods and looks intense.

RICKY  
I can do this.

Ricky runs past the camera, presumably onto the course.

INT. AP HEALTH

Mr. Kampper sits at his desk unmoving. The freshmen in the class look up at him, bored.

ANNOYING FRESHMAN  
So what are we doing today, Mr. Kampper?

MR. KAMPPER  
Sitting quietly. We'll be doing this  
exercise for the rest of the year. Be-  
cause most of you should never ever  
speak for your own good.

ANNOYING FRESHMAN  
What kind of class is this?

Kampper stands up angrily.

MR. KAMPPER

Hey, don't blame me for this! Blame Ricky, he's the one that ruined it for all of you. His laziness and lack of effort made it so all must suffer!

The freshmen begin to complain, and suddenly the door bursts open to reveal a very motivated Ricky.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)  
Speaking of the deceased.

RICKY  
Listen here, Kampper. Your tyrannical rule is over. I challenge you.

The class falls dead silent and several freshmen get whiplash trying to turn their heads fast enough to see what just happened. Kampper is stunned beyond words.

MR. KAMPPER  
You ch-challenge me?! You can't do that! I'm the challenger!

RICKY  
A healthy man always accepts a challenge, right Kampper.

Again, everyone starts freaking out. Kampper looks ready to go.

MR. KAMPPER  
To the death, then?

RICKY  
AP Health Obstacle Course. You and Me. If I win, I pass health. If I fail...

MR. KAMPPER  
You're all mine for the rest of the year.

Ricky and Kampper move within hand shaking distance. The freshmen are so in awe that most aren't breathing.

RICKY  
Deal.

EXT. OBSTACLE COURSE

It is a massive event, and we open on legions of freshmen crowded together behind a fence, watching the festivities.

Horns sound in the distance as Mr. Kampper and Ricky start their pre-game stretches.

MR. KAMPPER

Might want to get your visa. You're taking a field trip to North Korea next week after you lose.

RICKY

Have you started thinking about my recommendation letter to Brown you're gonna have to write?

MR. KAMPPER

Have you started thinking about my grandmother's jungle rot infested toes you're going to have to scrub with a toothbrush--

RICKY

Oh yeah, eat my--

Out of nowhere comes MR. ERKER dressed as a referee.

ERKER

Enough, you two. We start in thirty seconds. I want a nice clean race. Nothing physical.

Kampper and Ricky line up at the starting line.

MR. KAMPPER

I think you'll find mannequins have a way of popping up when you least expect them and getting VERY physical.

RICKY

You're insane, Kampper. I knew you'd rig it somehow.

The Annoying Freshman blows his whistle, and the crowd goes silent.

ANNOYING FRESHMAN

Alright. On your mark, get set, GO!

A gunshot rings, and Kampper and Ricky are off.

MONTAGE: RACE

-- Ricky and Kampper run side by side, and we see Kampper take a small plastic switch out of his pocket and flick it down.

-- A mannequin is shot out of nowhere and hits Ricky, causing him to fall. Kampper laughs, continuing up the path.

-- The freshman wince.

-- Kampper continues to laugh, opting to take the long route.

MR. KAMPPER

He'll never catch me now.

-- Ricky stands up, looking between the two paths. On one, Kampper is making considerable progress, but on the other, it is much shorter, but covered in mannequin traps and various other obstacles. Ricky thinks for a moment, summoning words of wisdom from various people.

MR. O'TOOLE (V.O.)

You have to start taking a more challenging path.

MR. KAMPPER (V.O.)

You're lazy! You vile worm!

Ricky makes up his mind, heading down the shorter path he went last time.

-- Kampper vaults over a downed tree, turning to check where Ricky is.

-- Ricky plows through a row of mannequins and over an electric fence, wincing in pain the entire way.

-- Kampper shakes his head.

KAMPPER

Can't let you get away with this.

-- Ricky runs down the strait away, right up to the trip wire he ran through last time. He does a quick dive and avoids it.

-- Kampper watches this from afar and flicks another switch.

-- A massive net falls in front of Ricky's path, and he is unable to move further.

-- Kampper laughs in the distance.

-- Ricky starts climbing up the net, making it look easy.

-- Kampper watches, looking mortified.

MR. KAMPPER

No, this can't be happening!

He keeps running without watching where he's going, and slips right down the side of the obstacle course.

-- Ricky lands on the other side, and amid cheers of freshmen onlookers, passes the finish line. END MONTAGE

BACK TO SCENE:

Ricky stands alongside the legions of freshmen, as Mr. Erker holds up his hand in victory. He starts to look around for Mr. Kampper, who is nowhere to be found. The freshmen give him hi-fives, and he walks happily off screen.

INT. BROWN UNIVERSITY - 1 YEAR LATER

Ricky sits in a chair wearing his Brown University shirt, looking very pleased with himself. The DEAN speaks to the CLASS.

DEAN

Welcome each and every one of you to Brown University. You have all been selected for your academic excellence and persistence throughout the years. You've all emerged successfully from the great challenges you've overcome to be who you are today. It's safe to say none of you are lazy in the slightest.

Ricky nods, patting himself on the back.

DEAN (CONT'D)

So without further ado, I shall introduce my right hand man, the Vice-Dean, Mr. Kampper.

Ricky's eyes go wide as he watches Mr. Kampper emerge from behind a curtain and walk up next to the Dean.

MR. KAMPPER  
(staring at Ricky)  
Good morning. For our first class, I  
will need a volunteer.

Mr. Kampper whips out a plastic bag.

MR. KAMPPER  
(points at Ricky)  
Ummm...Ricky come up to the front of  
the class.

Ricky is overcome with fear and faints.

FADE OUT.