

Bullseye

written by

Gianna Frederick

FADE IN:

INT. GYM CLASS - DAY

We see a class full of students standing spread out throughout the gym, engaging in conversation.

At the front of the gym, two teachers sit behind a table. One teacher sits comfortably at the table with a slouched posture. This is MR. GEARY.

The teacher beside him holds a great posture and scans the gym with a sharp look in his eye. This is MR. KAMPPER.

Two students, WILL and ANTHONY, stand close together, staring nervously at Mr. Kampper.

WILL

Man, I really hope I don't get stuck with Kampper. Last time I had him for golf, I didn't try hard enough, so he made me run around the track.. Barefoot.. Until my feet bled.

ANTHONY

Yeah, last time I had golf with Mr. Kampper, I laughed. He made me tread water for three hours.

WILL

What? We don't even have a pool..

ANTHONY

..In a river. In the woods. While it was snowing.

Mr. Kampper promptly gets up from his chair holding a clipboard.

MR. KAMPPER

Alright, listen up. If you hear your last name, you're doing golf with me.

The students jolt at the sound of Kampper's profound voice. Kampper looks down to his clipboard to read the names.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

Carter, Evans, Palmer, Thomas...

Mr. Kampper's eyes widen and his mouth parts slowly as he reads the last name on the roster.

We see a close up of the last name "Woods." The camera slowly moves to the corner of the clipboard where a small laminated cut-out of Tiger Woods sits. We see a close-up of Kampper's eyes twinkling at the cut-out.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)
..and Woods! My hero. My one and
only..

We cut to a timid-looking boy who wears glasses and picks at his fingernails out of worry. He is pretty much the complete opposite of what Tiger Woods looks like in the cut-out. This is WOODS. Mr. Kampper stares at him with an unsettling grin.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)
(passionately)
You must be as good as Tiger!
Man, I love that guy..

WOODS
(nervously)
Haha..

Mr. Geary casually gets up from the table and grabs his clipboard.

MR. GEARY
Ok, if you didn't hear your
name, you'll be doing archery
with me.

The students begin to make their way to the back door in the gym.

EXT. TURCO FIELD

Mr. Kampper proudly stands on the field in front of the students who stand tensely, shoulder to shoulder, on the end line. Each student holds a golf club and a ball tightly.

MR. KAMPPER
(dramatically)
Let me tell you a little
something about golf. This
course before us isn't some
freshly mowed greenery. It's a
battlefield!

Mr. Kampper unsheathes his golf club from his vest as if it were a sword. He grins at the sight of his club.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

And this club right here? It's
not just some lousy putter. It's
your WEAPON! Now. Woods!

Mr. Kampper dramatically points his club in Woods' face, inches away from his big glasses. Woods flinches and his eyes bulge and cross to look at Mr. Kampper's club.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

Come unleash your strike like a
battle cry on the front lines!

Woods hesitates to move. He pushes his glasses up on his face, and shuffles over to the tee stuck in the ground.

He sets up his ball on the tee, and nervously grips his club.

WOODS

Well.. Hehe. Here goes nothing..

Woods takes an exaggerated back swing with his club and completely misses the ball. Silence. Mr. Kampper's face tightens, his eyes closing slowly, as if in physical pain.

MR. KAMPPER

(uncomfortably calm)
You... missed..

WOODS

(innocently)
Well, hehe, that was just a warm
up. When I go mini-golfing with
grandma, she always gives me a
second shot. And a hug. I'll
give it another shot-

MR. KAMPPER

(aggressively)
NO! There are no second chances
in golf. Do you think Tiger
Woods got another shot at the
Masters? You make a mockery of
the Woods bloodline! Your
grandma does, too!

Mr. Kampper points to the track.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

Start running. Now. I'll get you
when class is over.

Woods hurries off, jogging pathetically on the track, his
glasses bouncing on his nose.

Mr. Kampper pulls out his clipboard and dramatically
crosses off "WOODS" from his "prospects" list with a thick
red marker.

He pulls out a pair of white golf gloves and puts them on
his hands with determination.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

Now that we've eliminated the
weak link... let's get serious.
Let me show you guys a true,
KILLER swing.

He pulls out a bedazzled golf ball from his pocket, holding
it up as if it were a holy relic.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

(sentimental)
This here is my lucky ball.
Today, I sacrifice it for you
guys.

He brings it to his heart, squeezing it dramatically as he
closes his eyes and softly shakes his head. He punts the
old ball off the tee and puts his "lucky ball" in its
place.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

(emotionally)
This one's for you, Tiger.

With an enormous backswing, Mr. Kampper unleashes a
monstrous hit, sending the ball sailing out of the field
and toward Porker Hill.

EXT. UPPER TURCO

Cut to Mr. Geary standing out in the middle of the field in
front of three targets, speaking to the students who stand
on the sideline, carelessly kicking the ground out of
boredom.

MR. GEARY

(monotone voice)

So, archery. Like you all have heard a million times, the most important thing to know is to NOT stand out here unless you want to-

Suddenly, we see Mr. Kampper's red, sparkly golf ball fly into frame and SMACK the side of Mr. Geary's head. Geary's face freezes and he comically flops to the ground with a loud cry. The students freeze in horror.

The golf ball rolls beside a target.

EXT. TURCO FIELD

We see Mr. Kampper in his follow through stance, admiring his shot. He looks at ease, like this is his natural environment.

Mr. Geary's cry echoes in the distance.

RANDOM GOLF KID

Mr. Kampper, what was that..

MR. KAMPPER

It was just a battle cry.. It's a part of war, son.

Mr. Kampper relaxes his club and picks up the laminated cut out of Tiger Woods from his clipboard.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

Now, you all stay here and reflect on the beauty of that shot, while we (holds up the picture of Tiger) retrieve my ball.

Mr. Kampper aggressively trots toward Porker Hill, while the golf students exchange concerned glances with each other.

EXT. UPPER TURCO

The students all crouch down around Mr. Geary, who lays failed out on the ground with his tongue hanging out of his mouth, covered in grass. A bruise is forming on the side of his head. Will smirks at the sight.

WILL

What a peaceful little guy.

Anthony paces around with his hands on his head.

ANTHONY

(panicked)

Guys! What just happened!? This is not good! What happens when Mr. Kampper comes up here and sees this!? He's gonna think WE did this!

WILL

Oh, please. Mr. Kampper's too involved in his golf-military-camp to ever come up here..

EXT. GRASS HILL

Cut to Mr. Kampper intensely trudging up the hill toward upper turco. He holds the Tiger Woods cut out in his hand.

MR. KAMPPER

(out of breath)

Tiger, I just don't know what to do these days. Nobody seems to take golf as serious as us.

Mr. Kampper doesn't speak for a moment, as if he is listening to the cut-out give him "advice," but continues to go up the hill.

MR. KAMPPER

(to Tiger cut out)

Yeah, I agree, Tiger. You truly have a way with words.

EXT. UPPER TURCO

Cut back to the archery students contemplating what to do.

ANTHONY

(panicking)

Ok, what if he does come up here!? He had to have heard Mr. Geary's cries! He'd literally kill us!

All of the students nervous look at each other.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

And, last time I got punished by Mr. Kampper, I thought I saw heaven! Treading in water for hours does something to you..

Will, reminded of Mr. Kampper's cruel punishments, looks more serious, and worried.

ANTHONY

Look. Will. We HAVE to hide Mr. Geary somewhere..at least until gym class is over so Mr. Kampper can't punish us.

WILL

(sarcastically)

HIDE him? What, do you think we can just shove him in a target and call it a day?

Will pauses to glance at a target. His face lights up as he thinks of an idea.

WILL (CONT'D)

Or can we..

Will smirks at the target, while Anthony stands horrified.

In the distance, we can hear Mr. Kampper's voice suddenly getting louder. The students all look at each other in panic as they realize Mr. Kampper is approaching. Panic intensifies.

WILL (CONT'D)

Go! Go! Go! Kampper's coming!
Open the target!

Will drags Mr. Geary by the legs to a nearby target. Mr. Geary's head bounces off the grass while he gets dragged.

Panic swarms over the kids. They pace hectically. A group of kids frantically rip open a target using arrows, with pure fear on their faces.

ANTHONY

(crying)

We're screwed! He definitely heard Mr. Geary's scream! He's gonna punish us!! And then frame us for murder!

EXT. GRASS HILL

Cut to Mr. Kampper still aggressively trudging up the hill toward upper turco. He is closer than he was before.

EXT. UPPER TURCO

A student runs frantically toward the rest of the class, his hands flailing the air. He has just seen Mr. Kampper getting closer to upper turco.

ARCHERY STUDENT

(desperately)

Guys!! He's almost here!! And he looks REALLY mad!

The students stop their efforts to stuff Mr. Geary inside the target and instead wildly run to the sideline in fear.

Will stays back at the target, struggling to jam Mr. Geary's floppy arm inside the target.

WILL

Guys! Wait! His arm!! Help me get his arm!!

He dramatically throws himself against the target as a last resort to get Mr. Geary's arm inside with a loud thud.

Will gets up off of the target, stands it upright, and runs to the sideline where the rest of the class waits anxiously.

Mr. Kampper reaches the top of the hill seconds later, out of breath and grinning like a war hero.

He takes off his golf gloves to wipe the sweat off of his forehead, and puts them in his pocket. He approaches the archery class.

MR. KAMPPER

You guys didn't happen to see a golf ball come whipping up here, did you?

The students look at each other confused, but still nervous, realizing Mr. Kampper is just looking for his ball.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

Hit it so hard I probably killed a guy!

The students stiffen, exchanging nervous glances.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)
Something feels... off.

He scans the scene, his eyes locking onto the oddly-shaped target with a bulge. A few students squeeze their eyes shut. Others pray. Anthony starts heavy breathing.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)
This target looks weird.. It's so... empty! You been slacking off up here? And, where's Mr. Geary?

Anthony, sweating, stammers as the other students silently urge him to stay quiet. Will elbows him.

ANTHONY
He, uh... he's... around?

MR. KAMPPER
(shrugging)
Whatever. More importantly, why don't you show me your shot?

Anthony gulps. He reluctantly picks up the bow, trembling. He awkwardly loads the arrow and fires, purposely missing the target. Mr. Kampper throws his arms up in exasperation.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)
What was THAT? You've gotta be kidding me.. Give me this. Let me show you how it's done.

He shoves the Tiger Woods cut out in his pocket, puts on his white gloves, and grabs the bow from Anthony. He lines up the shot with precision, and FIRES. The arrow hits the target directly in the center.

Mr. Geary groans loudly from inside.

MR. GEARY (MUFFLED)
AHHHHHH!

WILL
(jumping in to cover up Mr. Geary)
Wow, Mr. Kampper! What a shot!
Dead center!

Mr. Kampper beams, clearly pleased with himself, oblivious to the muffled groans.

MR. KAMPPER

BAM! Bullseye!

He loads another arrow as the students cringe in horror.

ANTHONY

No, no, please, Mr. Kampper! I
think we all get it... you have
a..(voice breaks) killer shot..

Ignoring Anthony and energized by his precision, Mr. Kampper shoots again, and Mr. Geary lets out another pitiful groan from inside the target.

MR. GEARY (MUFFLED)

Aughhh...

Mr. Kampper cocks his head slightly.

MR. KAMPPER

(confused)

You guys hear that?

Will immediately jumps in, mimicking Mr. Geary's groan.

WILL

Ughhhh... that's just the sound
of your lethal accuracy, Mr.
Kampper. Go on, tell him,
Anthony.

Anthony wipes away a tear, trying to hold it together.

ANTHONY

(sniffling)

Yeah, beautiful shot, sir.

MR. KAMPPER

Well, I guess we'll leave it at
that. Let's head back inside.
Let those shots SINK in and
learn something from them!

Mr. Kampper walks away proudly as the students exchange wide-eyed, relieved, but horrified glances.

INT. GYM CLASS

Mr. Kampper sits alone at his table in front of the class.

Woods trembles in his spot. The archery kids stand huddled together in prayer for Mr. Geary. Will leads a prayer.

WILL

(to the group)

We lost a good one today. Rest
easy. Amen.

Anthony, with a face covered in tears, approaches Mr. Kampper with his sparkly ball in his hand.

ANTHONY

(sniffling)

Mr. Kampper, sir. I think
(sniff) this is yours.

Anthony's shaky hand gives Mr. Kampper his golf ball.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Um.. also. I think you left
something, or..someone..
outside. You might wanna go
check on them..

Anthony shuffles away, wiping his face with his sleeve, and joins his archery classmates in prayer.

Mr. Kampper looks down at his ball, and then out into space as he comprehends what Anthony just said.

MR. KAMPPER

(to himself)

Left someone outside?

Mr. Kampper thinks for a second, and then freezes. He whips his head to Mr. Geary's seat, where his empty clipboard sits.

MR. KAMPPER (CONT'D)

(loudly, panicked)

Oh no. Oh no. He's gone! What
have I done?!

Mr. Kampper spirals and jumps out of his chair. The archery students stiffen at the sight and jolt out of prayer.

ANTHONY

(to the group)

Guys... I think he knows..

Mr. Kampper frantically reaches in his vest pocket, and his face suddenly relaxes. He pulls out the Tiger Woods cut out and exhales in relief.

MR. KAMPPER

(relieved)

Ahh, thank GOD you're OK. I
thought I lost you there for a
second. Don't ever play games
like that again, Tiger.

The archery students exhale and lean on each other in relief.

The bell rings and the students hesitantly exit the gym holding their stomachs, traumatized by their gym class.

FADE OUT.