

**BIG MOUTH**

"The Hardest Part of Picture Day"

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Spec Script

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**INT. NICK'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

NICK lays in bed with a thermometer in his mouth, avoiding eye contact with his mother DIANE. She takes the thermometer out to check it.

DIANE

Hmm... well you do have a  
temperature... Looks like you  
scratched the thermometer some too.

CONNIE

You just better hope she has a  
separate one for your daddy's butt.

DIANE

Do you feel sick?

Nick nods his head very slightly.

DIANE

I hate to see my little Nicky sick  
on picture day.

Nick makes a pouty face.

DIANE

Do you feel strong enough to go?

Nick acts like he is trying to get up, but pretends the  
sickness makes him too weak.

He hits the bed with a *jingle* sound. Diane raises an eyebrow.

DIANE

And this has nothing to do with  
that photographer you're afraid of?

Nick tries to speak but his mouth is full: only *muffled words*  
and *change jingling* can be heard.

DIANE

I knew it! Open your mouth!

The two struggle in Nick's bed. She gets her arms around him and does the Heimlich maneuver. Nick coughs up a mouthful of saliva-covered pennies all over the floor.

Diane is shocked.

DIANE

You still have to go to school today, but we should figure out how bad that was for you.

NICK

Wait, does copper taste like blood, or is it the other way around?

**CUT TO** our **MAIN TITLES**.

**INT. CAR - LATER**

JESSI sits in the front seat in a lumpy dress, clutching her backpack. SHANNON drives.

SHANNON

God, I used to love picture day when I was your age!

JESSI

I guess photos were a bigger deal back then...

CONNIE appears in the backseat with her.

CONNIE

You're old bitch! Probably got dry plates for a pussy, and just cum flash powder.

SHANNON

Easy now... I'm allowed to be excited for you. Why are you choking your backpack like that?

JESSI

Because picture day sucks! I'm not excited to have some creepy dude with yellow teeth and coffee-flavored dog breath tell me to smile pretty.

SHANNON

Jessi, you never have to smile. We've talked about that.

JESSI

(Deflective) Yeah. Thanks, Mom.

SHANNON

That being said-

JESSI

Here we go.

SHANNON

I do send these out to your grandparents so if you chose to smile that would be lovely.

JESSI

If you are so worried about this picture, why don't you pose for it!

SHANNON

Next to your name in the yearbook?  
That wouldn't make sense, sweetie.

JESSI

I know how yearbooks work, Mom!

SHANNON

OK, Jessi.

**EXT. BRIDGETON MIDDLE SCHOOL - LATER**

The sign reads: "TODAY: STUDENT PORTRAITS  
TOMORROW: PHOTOGRAPHY EQUIPMENT AUCTION"

**THE GLOUBERMAN VEHICLE** pulls up.

**INT. GLOUBERMAN VEHICLE - SAME TIME**

In the back, ANDREW rubs his shirt with a Tide pen. MARTY is driving.

ANDREW

Could they make these tide pens any  
smaller? You can't even clean one  
full shirt!

MARTY

No one can tell. You're the only  
one calling attention to it.

ANDREW

We're both talking about it!

MARTY

Andrew, I don't see how you face  
the world any other day the way you  
look, so why is this one different?

**EXT. GLOUBERMAN VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS**

Andrew reluctantly steps out.

**Reveal:** He has **two large wet spots on his nipples**. Andrew looks around nervously, slouching to hide his shirt.

MAURICE appears next to him wearing Groucho Marx glasses but the nose is a penis.

ANDREW

Wasn't your nose already a penis?

MAURICE

It's phallic, merely suggestive of one. Just like those stains are only suggestive of boob milk...

ANDREW

Maybe it isn't as noticeable as I think.

They walk past CALEB in the parking lot.

CALEB

There's a wet spot on your shirt Andrew, and I can see your nipples. That seems unnatural for a boy.

Andrew and Maurice speed up to walk past him.

MAURICE

Your pop-up nips are about to be immortalized in your yearbook for generations to come. And when they see these, cum they shall.

Maurice presents Andrew with a yearbook and opens it.

Two pop-up style nipples come out to poke Andrew in the eyes under his glasses.

ANDREW

(Rubbing his eyes) Ow! How did you even angle that?

MAURICE

It's all practice. My dick is standing on the tips of a hundred smaller dicks before it.

They walk into the school.

**INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS**

Andrew approaches Nick as he slams his locker closed.

NICK

Are you ready for a new day Andrew?

ANDREW

I'm certainly sick of this one.

NICK

Been there already, but today is the day I stick it to that photographer who is out to get me. This year, I am going to make him look like a little bitch.

ANDREW

Feel free to do it before I ruin my photo.

JAY walks up to them.

JAY

I heard we're calling people bitches, and I want in.

CONNIE

(Chiming in) This masculinity is about to get all kinds of toxic.

NICK

Like his camera may have F stops, but once I start to F him up, I won't... stop?

CONNIE

So wait, are we fucking him?

NICK

(Noticing Andrew's wet spots)  
Andrew, are you lactating?

ANDREW

Shut up! I'm trying to down play this; could you not?

NICK

I don't know why you would. This is a huge day on your path to womanhood.

JAY

It looks like you pissed your tits.

ANDREW

Just leave me alone, Jay.

JAY

But Seriously, did you? Because it looks like someone else did.

Andrew walks off, covering his nipples with his hands.



JAY

(Calling after him) And I felt like  
it was very clear that if you were  
into that, I was available.

**INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

Jessi walks into the bathroom clutching her bag. She checks under every stall: no one else around.

At the other end of the bathroom, Connie is standing at attention. She is dressed like **Washington Crossing the Delaware**.

CONNIE

The time is upon us Jessi. We have  
to stand up for what is right, for  
what we deserve, for our choice to  
not wear another hideous, goddamn  
dress your mother picked out!

JESSI

I'm not going to look like the same-  
old, little kid in this photo.

CONNIE

The little, old people are the  
cutest. I like it when they kiss.

JESSI

I'm a woman now, and this year I am  
going to look like it.

CONNIE

Are you ready my sweet, little  
soldier?

JESSI

Let's do this.

Jessi retreats into the stall and closes the door. Connie dances in the bathroom as **percussive *Hamilton*-esque music fades in.**

CONNIE

CAN A DRESS FIT LIKE A GLOVE OR IS  
 THAT REDUNDANT / IF LOOKS COULD  
 KILL I WOULD SAY MY JESSI'S DONE  
 DONE-IT / DRESSED TO THE NINES WELL  
 I WOULD SAY YOU'RE OFF ONE / ANY  
 LITTLE BOYS WHO DISAGREE - PISS OFF  
 SON/ THIS FLOWER'S BECOMING A  
 BEAUTIFUL WOMAN / AND READY TO  
 DRESS HOW SHE'S BEEN LOOKING!

JESSI

SO IF YOU'RE LIKE ME / AND YOU LIKE  
 ME/ WE'VE GOT ACES UP OUR SLEEVE'S  
 / I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU THINK / I  
 DRESS THIS WAY FOR ME!

Jessi emerges from the stall wearing **a low cut white blouse and short shorts.**

CONNIE

Hot damn!

CONNIE & JESSI

THESE CLOTHES MAKE ME FEEL STRONGER  
 / SO WHEN MY LEGS START TO WANDER /  
 TAKE A PICTURE (IT'LL LAST LONGER)  
 / TAKE A PICTURE--

CONNIE & JESSI

--(IT'LL LAST LONGER) / TAKE A  
PICTURE (IT'LL LAST LONGER)

**INT. HALLWAY - SAME TIME**

A **musical interlude** underscores.

ANDREW

(Looking down as he walks) My God,  
nothing could be worse than this.

MAURICE

Andrew, buddy...

ANDREW

Seriously, I would rather anything  
before picture day than these  
freakish nipple stains!

MAURICE

Andrew, be careful before-

The door to the school flies open and ALI walks in wearing a **low-cut white top and shorts, the exact same outfit as Jessi.**

**IN SLOW MOTION:** Ali walks down the hall. She looks at Andrew and points to her shirt with a concerned look, trying to say: *Do you see those wet spots?*

Andrew just stares at her and gives a thumbs up.

Ali, realizing she is being stared at, shrugs and keeps walking.

As she passes Andrew he looks to see part of the waistband of her underwear hanging over her shorts.

**END SLOW MOTION.**

ALI

I KNOW THEY STARE (YEAH) /

ALI

AND I DON'T CARE (YEAH) / LET ME  
SPEAK THIS CLEARLY / CONTRARY, TO  
WHAT EVERYONE ELSE SWEARS I MUST  
DECLARE THIS FANFARE DOESN'T  
BENEFIT MY WELFARE / I'VE BEEN TOLD  
TO BE CARE-FUL ABOUT WHAT I WEAR,  
EVEN UNDERWEAR / UNAWARE OF THE  
SHARED BARE TANGLED UP IN EVERY  
GIRL'S HAIR IT'S NOT FAIR! / SO  
WHEN WE DRESS DEBONAIR, LIKE MY  
SHOES AND LOVE MY HAIR, YOU SHOULD  
MAKE YOURSELF SCARCE / BECAUSE THIS  
IS A PRIVATE LOVE AFFAIR.

**RUMBLE.** Andrew feels something shift around him.

ANDREW

Maury, what's happening?

MAURICE

Oh Andrew, you wished this upon us!

Andrew looks down and his jeans constrict around his legs, exposing their pudgy shape. **Andrew is getting an erection.**

He tries to push it down with his full body weight, but he is too weak - the erection is happening.

ANDREW

Why are my nipples still so wet?

**INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM**

CONNIE &amp; JESSI

THESE CLOTHES MAKE ME FEEL--

CONNIE & JESSI

--STRONGER/ SO WHEN MY LEGS START  
TO WANDER/ TAKE A PICTURE (IT'LL  
LAST LONGER)/ TAKE A PICTURE (IT'LL  
LAST LONGER)/ TAKE A PICTURE (IT'LL  
LAST LONGER)

**END MUSICAL SEQUENCE.**

Jessi walks up to the mirror.

JESSI

I know I shouldn't let corporations  
commodify my confidence like this,  
but damn I look good.

CONNIE

My girl, the world is your oyster.  
Now let's get out there and make us  
a whole damn colony.

JESSI

A what?

CONNIE

A colony of oysters. That's what  
you call a group.

JESSI

Oh OK, I thought you meant like,  
colonialism. And I'm trying to  
unpack that.

CONNIE

Do I look like some rapey-ass  
Christopher Columbus to you?

JESSI

I mean with that hat...

CONNIE

I am cross-dressing the Delaware.  
That's progressive as fuck!

**INT. HALLWAY BY BATHROOMS - MOMENTS LATER**

Jessi tries to act nonchalant as she approaches Nick and Jay.

NICK

Even you get to hold the  
skateboard?!

JAY

My parents don't pay for the  
extras, so he says it doesn't  
matter.

NICK

Jessi! That is quite the outfit.

JESSI

Oh, this? I just kind of threw it  
on. No big deal... definitely no  
part of my identity wrapped up in  
you guys thinking it looks OK.

NICK

Well, it's just that-

JAY

Sweet mid-drift Jessi! We look like  
such skanks!

JESSI

No I don't Jay! And why the hell is  
your shirt just the letter 'a'?

JAY

Good point, I am more interesting!  
This shirt will be the most  
important part of my schooling.

JESSI

Your first 'a'?

**ANNIMATION VOID - FLOATING PICTURE FRAMES**

As Jay speaks, a collection of photos of him over the years  
passes by.

Jay is wearing a different one letter shirt and arguing with  
the photographer in each photo.

JAY (V.O.)

I've worn one letter shirts on  
picture day since first grade to  
spell out a message. When you put  
all of my yearbook photos together-

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - SAME TIME**

NICK

That's not how yearbooks work! It's  
other kids' photos next to yours.

**ANNIMATION VOID**

JAY (V.O.)

But when you cut mine out, from  
first grade on, will spell out "Jay  
is great!" And you guys not  
noticing until now only proves it!

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

They all look at Jay.

JESSI

I am genuinely curious what shaped  
your understanding of yearbooks...

From down the hall, Andrew creeps to rejoin the group with a  
book covering his crotch.

NICK

(Seeing Andrew) Where'd you go bud-  
Whoa, Andrew, are you particularly  
excited for history class today?

ANDREW

What? That's crazy, you know what  
is a totally different topic  
though? Jessi's outfit!

JESSI

Why is that a topic for you to  
discuss? Is Jay's outfit?

ANDREW

Well I mean he did have that  
animation explainer.

(MORE)



ANDREW (CONT'D)

Which reminds me, Jay, I'm pretty positive you are wearing the wrong shirt.

JAY

Yea, if I had known we were having a milking contest, I would have changed.

ANDREW

No, I mean, it's the wrong shirt for your plan. The seventh letter in that phrase is 'r.'

JAY

Ah shit, you're right! Now I'm gonna have to start all over again!

ANDREW

What about you Jessi, was this also a plan?

JESSI

What are you talking about?

**Reveal:** Jessi looks around the school and sees **every girl has worn the exact same outfit to picture day.**

**INT. OTHER END OF THE HALL - SAME TIME**

Devin is fighting with Lola.

DEVIN

I cannot believe you would do this to me!

LOLA

Ohmygawd, Devin I am like SO sorry!  
It was just on sale and you know  
how strict my Mom is about my cost  
of living!!

DEVIN

This is the greatest betrayal I  
have ever known.

**BACK WITH THE GANG**

JESSI

How does that even happen?

JAY

Because girls don't think about  
what they're doing, they just want.

ANDREW

Quit quoting your dad's law  
commercials.

JAY

You quit looking at our shared  
animation visions, and judging MY  
LIFE!

Jay storms off.

ANDREW

Did anyone else realize his plan  
only counted out to 10th grade?

NICK

Gotta plan for the unexpected. Like this photographer; he expects me to just go along with his prop suggestion just because I did last year, and the year before last. But this year, I'm gonna look him right in the face and say "I'm gonna hold that God damn skateboard."

ANDREW

You don't skateboard, do you Nick?

NICK

No I don't skate, but I don't play tennis either and every year he thinks I would just look "more natural" holding the tennis racket.

ANDREW

It's no big if not though, right? Because we all agree these photos are stupid and there will be no reason to look back at them in the distant or even near future?

NICK

It's a big deal because I'm not gonna look like a bitch, and hold a tennis racket. They are both lies, so shouldn't I get the cooler one?

ANDREW

As long as we recognize this is all just a costume.

JESSI

(Snapping back in) And who are you to care?

ANDREW

I'm just saying, we all know these posed pictures are like fake memories, right?

JESSI

What's the problem if we want to pose for pictures? Is it a crime to feel good about how we look?

ANDREW

Jessi, I didn't mean that-

JESSI

Ever think that maybe Nick is just tired of everyone looking past him, and being totally left out of conversations about attractiveness?

ANDREW

I doubt he's totally left out...

NICK

Yea, I'm like a dark horse. Like not actually dark, but like a pale, dark horse.

JESSI

Maybe Nick wants to hold the skateboard, because he likes how it looks! Because Nick is a grown woman, and you need to deal with that!

NICK

Can I take a third side?

The doors of the auditorium fly open.

Lights flash behind MATTHEW as he slides across the floor.

MATTHEW

(Singing) It is a gift and a curse to look this good!

JESSI

You're done already?

MATTHEW

I always go first, I have a pretty extensive set up. Plus, you can't wait til the middle of the day when these guys are in the "m's" - they hate children by then.

ANDREW

Another reason none of us should look back on these photos.

MATTHEW

What's got you so stiff?

ANDREW

Stiff what are yo- Who told yo- I  
mean, I have to go check on  
something.

Andrew runs off. Matthew takes a moment to once-over Jessi.

MATTHEW

Are you matching with Lola?

JESSI

...why did you pick Lola?

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Andrew rushes down the hall with a book still covering his erection. Maury runs behind him.

ANDREW

Do you think they knew?

MAURICE

Are you kidding, have you seen that  
kid's reporting? He's gonna take  
your boner and nail you with it!

They round a corner and see MISSY at her locker. She is the only girl not matching, still wearing her classic overalls.

ANDREW

Oh no, there's Missy! Do you think  
she knows?

MAURICE

The whole school knows by now!

MISSY

Hi Andrew!

ANDREW

(Stopping) Hey Missy, just trying to keep my heart rate up, and my... sweat rate up too. You know, gotta have that red face for picture day.

MISSY

OK, I guess. I'm pretty excited for it as well, it's one of my favorite days, and we get a souvenir to remember it by!

ANDREW

(Distracted) Oh yea, it's great. A little wall of shame for each of us to keep for the rest of our lives.

MISSY

Are you OK? You sound like you're having a hard time...

Andrew grunts in pain as he leans into the book.

MAURICE

Hard time? She's on to us, we have to move now Andrew!

ANDREW

I gotta go, but I hope when you get the photos back you don't look at them and think of this interaction.

Andrew runs off.

MISSY

(Calling out) I'll try not to!

**HALLWAY NEAR THE GYM - SAME TIME**

Jessi and Nick wait in a line.

JESSI

It just seems impossible to me that every single girl in our grade would all go to the same store, during the same sale, find the same outfit, and all wear it on the same day. The odds on that would be like-

NICK

Jessi, I'm not good at math-

JESSI

Yeah, no shit. I saw you doing Algebra around the letters.

NICK

But if everyone looks good in it, maybe we are all just lucky?

He smiles, unsure of what he has just said.

The gym door opens: MR. CUNNINGTHORPE, (50's) a New York fashion photographer who never made it, stands waiting.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

(Looking at his clipboard) Gina Alvarez?

Jessi watches Nick follow her with his eyes.



JESSI

You're the worst Nick.

Mr. Cunningthorpe turns around when he hears that name.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Oh, well hello there Mr. Birch.

That's a lovely t-shirt your  
wearing.

NICK

Hi.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

I saw something beautiful this  
morning Mr. Birch, and it made me  
think of you. Can I show you?

Nick looks at him incredulously, but he takes Nick's hand.

From his pocket, the photographer places a **soaking wet tennis ball** in Nick's hand. He immediately drops it.

NICK

Why is it so wet?!

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

It belongs to my dog. Very  
photogenic. You could learn a thing  
or two.

Mr. Cunningthorpe walks into the gym, laughing to himself.

JESSI

Well that explains the dog breath.

CONNIE

His pockets must be nasty!

**FURTHER DOWN THE HALL - SAME TIME**

Andrew continues to look for a place to hide.

ANDREW

I think all of the adrenaline is  
somehow making it worse.

MAURICE

Holy cow kid, you're about to rip  
right through that book. Is that a  
hard back?

ANDREW

(Grunting) World History toooooo!

MAURICE

My God, we have to get you off your  
balls! We need to hide somewhere.

On the wall they see two signs: **"Equipment Room This Way"** &  
**"Sign Design Department That Way"**

Andrew and Maurice run into-

**INT. EQUIPMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The room is pitch black except for the whites of their eyes.

ANDREW

Where are we?

MAURICE

Do the hard-working students of  
sign-Ec not deserve your respect?

ANDREW

Well maybe you could find a sign  
for the lights?

MAURICE

As always, I'll do you one better.

Maurice turns on the lights. **REVEAL:** COACH STEVE has been there all along.

ANDREW

OHMYGOD!

COACH STEVE

Andrew, my dude, what brings you into my office?

MAURICE

Were your eyes closed during that whole last bit, or what?

ANDREW

Is this really your office?

COACH STEVE

No, I'm just kidding. Principal Barren says I haven't shown I'm responsible enough for an office yet, and the janitor yells at me anytime I try to make one.

ANDREW

So then why are you here?

COACH STEVE

With the gym being used for picture day and what not, I was told to stay in here. And I am crushing it!

ANDREW

Well I'll stay out of your way.

COACH STEVE

What's with that book your holding?

Is that a genuine, school-authorized textbook? Man, I would kill for one of those.

ANDREW

Oh, it's nothing.

COACH STEVE

I want one pretty bad. It's an uncontrollable lust really. Can I see yours?

ANDREW

Umm... no?

A tense moment. Until-

COACH STEVE

Okie-dokie.

Andrew breathes a sigh of relief.

COACH STEVE

But since you're here, would you mind giving me a hand with inventory?

ANDREW

I think I can manage.

COACH STEVE

That's wonderful! I'm more of an assistant anyway.

Coach Steve lifts two basketballs up to his chest; they look like crude breasts, but it is too close for Andrew right now.

ANDREW

I never noticed how big and soft  
our basketballs are.

COACH STEVE

Do you have any kind of utensil  
over there Andrew? Maybe a pencil  
or a pen? Actually, pen is (*Clears*  
*throat*) a pen is definitely better.

ANDREW

Maybe we can count something else  
first?

COACH STEVE

Well, I mean we could try the dodge  
balls, but first, be honest with  
me: do they look saggy?

Coach holds these balls up to his chest as well.

Andrew doubles over in pain.

MAURICE

Stay tough. I know this is hard-

ANDREW

That's precisely the problem.

MAURICE

At least he hasn't busted out the  
volleyballs yet.

ANDREW

Don't mention volleyball players -  
I can't think about that right now.  
I gotta get out of here!

COACH STEVE

(Calling out to him) Boss, you have  
our only pen!

**HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Andrew runs down the empty hall looking for a place to hide.

ANDREW

Is there nowhere in this school to  
hide my genitals?

MAURICE

How were there not drills for this?

Andrew ducks into another door.

**INT. TEACHER'S LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Smooth Jazz underscores the serene beige of this adult safe haven. Andrew looks around; only him.

ANDREW

The teacher's lounge.

MAURICE

No one would expect to see a kid  
with a boner in here. Now if this  
were a Catholic school...

ANDREW

Maybe I ride out the period in  
here, say I missed my turn...  
reschedule when I'm more prepared-

From the hall, **they hear voices coming toward them.**

Andrew hides as the door opens and PRINCIPAL BARREN walks in with MISS BENITEZ.

PRINCIPAL BARREN

It's gotta be something in the  
water. These girls today are just  
stronger.

Miss Benitez is clearly shell shocked, with speckles of blood on her face.

MISS BENITEZ

I've never seen children go after  
each other like that...

PRINCIPAL BARREN

She sure beat the hell out of that  
girl for dressing like her.

MISS BENITEZ

That was the third fight today. Are  
we going to do-

PRINCIPAL BARREN

Benitez, you seem great. You held  
your own back there pulling those  
kids apart, I appreciate a scrappy,  
young teacher, but I'm in the home  
stretch.

(MORE)

## PRINCIPAL BARREN (CONT'D)

If the kids aren't distracted during class, then they're on their own in the halls.

MAURICE

Andrew, I don't think we've talked enough about the possibility of a principal fetish...

ANDREW

We're not safe here, we have to keep moving.

**INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

The JANSSEN SISTERS are having a passive-aggressive argument.

MILA JANSSEN

I just think it's odd that you said you were going to wear something different when I asked.

LOTTE JANSSEN

I was, but once you were down in the car something in my minds\* just changed me.

Andrew runs out of the teacher's lounge, directly across the hall, through another door into-

**INT. ART ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Andrew walks in on Jay sitting at a crafts table with his back to him.

ANDREW

Oh, Jay, what are you doing here?



Jay turns around. **Reveal:** he has put red paint on his shirt to reshape the "a" into an "R." The paint looks like blood.

JAY

Just fixing my shirt so I don't look like some idiot who fucks gates. My dick couldn't feel that!

MAURICE

Well I mean if you slam the gate...

ANDREW

Are you really going to take your photo like that Jay?

JAY

Fuck yea! This plan is as great as I am. I wish I could repeat grade school just to spell that out for you. Plus, what do I care? My parents don't buy these.

ANDREW

But I signed your yearbook last year.

JAY

That was Kurt's; we all share his from fifth grade.

ANDREW

Didn't he go to a different school?

JAY

What's your boner for this yearbook photo?

ANDREW

I'm just worried about how my photo  
will look! I don't have a boner!  
Who told you that?

Jay realizes Andrew is holding the same book from earlier.

JAY

Andrew, is your dick hard right  
now?

ANDREW

Whaaaaat on Earth would give you  
that idea?

The hardcover of the textbook flexes.

JAY

Dude, if you're hiding a boner from  
me right now, then that's a stone  
cold lie. That means I could stone  
you to death this winter.

ANDREW

What? Why would you need to wait?

JAY

I'll tell you what I'm done waiting  
for, you to tell me the truth.

Jay tears his shirt down the middle like superman.

JAY

Show me your boner, or I'm gonna  
take it away.

MAURICE

I don't want to learn what that means.

ANDREW

Yea, let's run!

**HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Andrew bursts into the hallway with Jay right behind him. He waddles as fast as he can with the book.

ANDREW

This is like three of my worst nightmares put together. At least I still have my pants and all of my teeth.

**HALLWAY NEAR THE GYM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jessi and Nick wait in a line.

JESSI

It sucks we have to wait all day for this, but it is an excuse out of class.

NICK

I don't mind. Just more time for me to plan how I'm gonna tell off this photographer when I see him.

JESSI

Boy, are you gonna choke or what?

Nick gives her a look, but their attention is stolen by a commotion down the hall.

Andrew rounds the corner and runs toward Nick and Jessi.

ANDREW

Jay wants to take away my penis!

He dives behind the two of them just as Jay appears

JAY

WHERE 'r' he?!

JESSI

I gotta be honest, the torn shirt  
and broken speech are not the best  
look Jay.

The gym door opens.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

(Looking at a clipboard) Jay  
Bilzarian?

JAY

I'm on a mission right now.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Mine is to make you beautiful. What  
do you say; 'r' we doing this?

Jay takes his hand and follows him into the gym, but looks around for Andrew as he does. Mr. Cunningthorpe stops at the doorway.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Mr. Birch, you'll be next. Are your  
arms feeling OK?

NICK

...why would you be worried-

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Tennis elbow can be a real problem  
with young athletes such as...  
yourself.

The door closes. Nick stands next to Jessi, furious.

JESSI

It does seem like he has it out for  
you.

NICK

It's like he has a tennis racket  
shoved up his ass, and a hard-on  
for making me hold it.

JESSI

Eww.

ANDREW

(Popping back up) Jeez Nick, you  
mean like the same racket? That's a  
pretty intense fetish.

MAURICE

(Popping up next to him) If you  
like that, then I have some wild  
recommendations for when we get  
home.

CONNIE

(Popping up next to them)  
Subscribe!

NICK

I would rather only watch that than have to deal with this douche.

JESSI

Relax, Nick. I mean, it's not like you are matching literally every other girl in the school today.

NICK

I would kill to hold the skateboard and match every other boy in school.

JESSI

You know that's not the same thing.

NICK

Yeah Jessi, you're right. It's not the same. You chose to dress like that, this is being forced on me!

ANDREW

Hey Nick, can I talk to you in private for a sec?

JESSI

Don't bother, I'm out of here!  
Besides, my last name starts with G, so this line doesn't make any goddamn sense anyway!

Jessi storms off by herself.

CONNIE

Get back gere\* my gorgeous girl!

Connie runs after her.

ANDREW

Do you feel like that was a little dismissive? Jessi's just worried about being judged for a photo she can't explain later.

NICK

I just need to stay focused, so this photographer doesn't catch me off guard like he did with the elbow comment.

ANDREW

I need to confide something in you.

NICK

Seriously Andrew, I don't have time for whatever tiff you had with Missy today-

ANDREW

It has nothing to do with Missy!

Just listen to me.

(he leans in, whispering,  
with tears in his eyes)

I am having the worst erection of my life.

**EXT. SCHOOL - SAME TIME**

Maury exits the main entrance; he rushes downstairs in a white dress shirt with black suspenders.

On the sidewalk, he kneels down to comfort a **whining penis dog** that can't walk.

MAURICE

There, there shh. He didn't mean that.

(shifting to look at the camera stoically)

But the truth is there are only two types of erections. The ones you get before you cum, and useless ones. And we have no time for useless ones.

**CRACK.** Out of frame **the penis dog is killed.**

MAURICE

(still looking at the camera, but smiling now)

Remember when we all thought the worst thing Kevin Spacey did was kill a dog on TV? Did Netflix screw the pooch on that or what?

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY**

NICK

So the whole day? Like even when you dove a minute ago?

ANDREW

It is a choice I painfully regret.



NICK

Well try not to think about it.

ANDREW

What do you think I'm trying to do?

NICK

You're talking about it now! So stop. Try to visualize me, holding that skateboard-

ANDREW

Jesus Christ, that's all you care about. Did you ever consider that maybe you're too short for the skateboard?

NICK

I am not!

ANDREW

If the skateboard is the same length as you, don't you think that would look weird in the picture?

NICK

Why would you say that?

The door opens, and Mr. Cunningthorpe walks out again.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Nick Birch, your serve love.

NICK

(To Andrew) Now all I can think about is your short boner!

ANDREW

No surprise that you are still only  
thinking about one thing...

Andrew and Nick stare off.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

(Hurrying him) This way please.

Nick enters, but alone at the door he turns back to Andrew.

NICK

I SURE HOPE NO ONE FINDS OUT ABOUT  
THE ERECTION YOU'RE HIDING ANDREW!!

ANDREW

Shhhh!

Children turn to look at Andrew who looks down at the floor.

Jay comes out of the gym wearing a NEW SHIRT.

ANDREW

Uhh, Jay! What happened to your  
shirt buddy?

JAY

Oh, they made me change. That guy's  
a real Doug Stamper when it comes  
to these pictures. They always  
realize I'm trying to spell  
something, so every year they make  
me wear a loaner shirt.

ANDREW

But what about the pictures we saw?

JAY

I have no idea how you saw that,  
but that's definitely a lie from my  
imagination. I mean, I was a 40  
year old magician in one photo.  
(to the camera)

Did you miss it? Go back and check  
it out, totally worth it. We got a  
great animation team. Funny dudes.

**INT. GIRL'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

Jessi rushes inside and goes straight up to the mirror.  
She looks at herself and tugs at the bottom of her shirt.

JESSI

(To Connie) I was dumb to think I  
could pull this off.

CONNIE

And I believed you! So what does  
that make me? I can't even figure  
that out for myself!

Jessi is about to cry.

MISSY (O.S.)

Be careful with mirrors...

Jessi is startled by Missy walking up behind her.

MISSY

They can be awfully mean.

JESSI

Maybe... but sometimes they're right.

MISSY

I don't think so. Mirrors just reflect light at a right angle. I mean, if you polish this sink enough you could see your face in it, but that wouldn't be you!

JESSI

I don't think I'm really in the mood for a science lesson Missy. I think I want to be alone.

MISSY

Oh, OK.

Missy hovers for a moment, but then leaves.

JESSI

(With tears in her eyes) I don't know why I ever liked this outfit. I look like I'm playing dress up!

*FLUSH.* Ali walks out of a stall, toward a sink to wash her hands.

ALI

Crying in the bathroom is a little cliché right?

JESSI

Well I guess I didn't want to stand out in anyway today.

ALI

(Smiling) I know you want to be left alone, so I'll just say, I think you look good in the outfit. I'm just surprised you wore it.

JESSI

What does that mean?

ALI

I mean the idea of Devin and Lola wearing the same outfit, I could believe that. Even me. But you seemed like you had a pretty genuine look of your own. Kind of disappointing you don't I guess.

JESSI

I don't know how much this is helping me right now.

ALI

I don't know if I'm supposed to help you with your problems.

Ali dries her hands and goes in for a hug.

ALI

But I'm sorry you're having a tough time girl. Hang in there.

JESSI

Thanks Ali. I-

Lola yells from one of the closed stalls.

LOLA (O.S.)

DOYOU MIND?! Like, you have no idea  
how hard it is to wipe with all  
this talking and swollen knuckles.

**INT. GYM - SAME TIME**

Nick walks through the photography materials to his position.  
Mr. Cunningthorpe is already waiting behind the camera.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

So Mr. Birch, I see it's the same  
as last year: three 5x7's, a 10x13,  
and another pair of personal wallet  
sheets. Your mom must be a big fan.

NICK

(With a smile) Of the signature  
prop photos right?

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Oh Nicky...

FLASH. Mr. Cunningthorpe takes the 'standard' yearbook photo  
with no concern.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

I only do the 10x13 for the  
signature package. So why don't you  
pick a prop off the table while I  
change your backdrop.

Mr. Cunningthorpe adjusts the backdrop: it goes from a solid  
shade to an amorphous textured version of the same color.

Nick walks up to a table covered in props: a tiara, a baton,  
goofy glasses, flower leis, tennis rackets, and **a skateboard.**

Nick picks up the skateboard and waits for a reaction.

NICK

I'm ready whenever-

FLASH. Mr. Cunningthorpe begins taking pictures with a handheld camera.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

No you're not!

NICK

I thought-

FLASH - FLASH.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Oh that's how you hold a skateboard? Just like "Hey I guess I'm here to skateboard or whatever?"

NICK

No, I can-

FLASH.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

You have to feel the energy! You're some punk skater: you just rode 8 miles to get here and you don't give a rat's ass how you smell!

NICK

Do you think I smell?

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

I need to smell your energy! I need to see a life on this board. A bad boy with only his board.

CONNIE

You're a model baby! Hit him with  
some of those bathroom mirror moves

NICK

OK, how's this?

FLASH - FLASH. Nick begins to flex and pose with the board.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Yes, right! Now that's it! Come on  
now, let me see you step right on  
that board.

Nick pretends to ride the board.

NICK

Do you like my sick moves?

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

I love 'em! Here, now do one  
holding this!

He throws the tennis racket at Nick. Nick catches it.

SNAP. From behind the actual camera, Mr. Cunningthorpe has  
taken Nick's photo with only the tennis racket.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

All right, we're done here.

CONNIE

What the fuck?

NICK

I wanted my photo with just the  
skateboard. Could you retake that?

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

No.



NICK

But I don't like that picture.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

You may not like it Mr. Birch, but I assure you it is a good picture.

NICK

It's my photo. What's that matter if I don't like it?

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

My job here, is to take good pictures. That's how I get hired back. I can't take a photo of you that I know won't look natural, no matter how badly you want me to.

NICK

(Holding back tears) But I wanted one with the skateboard...

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Now your eyes are too red. This is the one to go with.

Nick mutters to himself as Connie comforts and walks him out.

**INT. BOY'S BATHROOM - SAME TIME**

Andrew has stuck his text book into his jeans to make his crotch square shaped.

ANDREW

So what do you guys think? I feel good.

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Much less noticeable, and  
ultimately, I think it's a style  
that could catch on. How about you?

Jay and Maury look at each other for what to say.

JAY

I don't know man, it's a little  
weird.

MAURICE

(With his arm around Andrew) That's  
him saying that.

**INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF BATHROOMS - MOMENTS LATER**

Andrew walks out of the bathroom, with the book now out of  
his pants, but still covering his erection.

He sees Missy walking towards him.

MISSY

Hey Andrew!

ANDREW

Yeah, Missy?

MISSY

I hope I didn't make too much of  
picture day earlier. I didn't think  
about the pressure it might put on  
some people. When I see our  
pictures in the yearbook, I'll just  
look back on our friendship. On the  
little moments, like these chats we  
have in the hallways.

Andrew looks at her in pain.

**HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS**

Andrew scuttles towards the gym with Maury.

MAURICE

Andrew, I gotta be real with you;  
Missy may look at these yearbooks  
for friendship, but for most of  
these kids, this is a coloring book  
that makes them feel powerful.

ANDREW

You think I don't know that? As I  
see it, there's only one option.

MAURICE

Avoiding family shame by committing  
harakiri with your sheathed sword?

ANDREW

I don't think I can take this  
picture, so I gotta ditch.

MARTY (O.S.)

Not so fast mister!

An **ANGEL VERSION OF MARTY** appears on Andrew's shoulder.

ANGEL MARTY

I paid any amount of money for  
those pictures. You cannot  
disappoint me by ditching.

A **DEVIL MARTY** appears on the other shoulder.

DEVIL MARTY

Ah, ignore him! What do you care?  
You're already a disappointment!

ANDREW

I don't think that's my core truth.

DEVIL MARTY

The kid is all flight and no fight.  
We gotta let him fly.

ANGEL MARTY

Those pictures are easy gifts, we  
can't lose that.

DEVIL MARTY

Let's not even buy gifts this year!  
What did they get us?!

The angels argue as Andrew gets more frustrated.

ANDREW

None of this helps with my  
erection.

DEVIL/ANGEL MARTY

YOU HAVE AN ERECTION?!

ANDREW

I have to get out of this...

The gym door opens in front of him.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Andrew Gloubermen?

ANDREW

Here! I'll go anywhere!

**INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER**

Andrew stands at the photo position, still covering himself.

ANDREW

Well, that was a rash decision.

Mr. Cunningthorpe steps behind the camera.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

All right, we have to get the standard before I can take the signature, so if you could put the book down.

ANDREW

I'm actually in the, uh, history club, so I'm exempt?

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

I need you to put it down Mr. Glouberman.

ANDREW

Can't you just frame it out?

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Maybe, but a lot of taking children's photos for me is a control thing. It's all about the power dynamics.

ANDREW

I just can't put the book down.

Unseen by Andrew, Mr. Cunningthorpe reaches into **a bag stuffed with tennis rackets.**

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

I understand. Try holding this too.

He throws a tennis racket toward Andrew

**IN SLOW MOTION:**

Andrew drops the book to guard his face.

Mr. Cunningthorpe moves to take the photo.

At the prop table, a hand grabs the skateboard.

Nick throws the board on the ground and begins to skate.

He rides the skateboard full speed into a mat on the ground, trips over the board, and flies off of it.

Right as Mr. Cunningthorpe snaps the photo, Nick flies head first into Andrew's crotch - the racket misses him.

**PHOTO REVEAL:** Andrew is making a weird face, but there's no erection or nipple stains.

**END SLOW MOTION.**

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

See, I still don't think the  
skateboarding was natural.

Andrew and Nick slowly get up from the mess their crash made.

ANDREW

(Winded) That seems to have stopped  
my erection. Maybe forever...

NICK

(To Mr. Cunningthorpe) Now you have  
to take his photo again!

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

With a slight crop that's more than  
salvageable.

NICK

That's not fair!

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

There are a lot of other kids, and  
they each only get one try.

NICK

But you took so many of me!

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Those are just for me for later.

ANDREW

Nick, it's OK.

MAURICE

I really don't think that last part  
was...

ANDREW

This is just a yearbook photo, and  
I can live with that.

The two friends share a smile.

Mr. Cunningthorpe throws another tennis racket at Andrew,  
this one smacks him in the face.

**INT. HALLWAY - LATER**

Nick and Andrew walk out together, Andrew is limping.

ANDREW

Thanks for not leaving me hanging.  
You know Nick, you're not a great  
friend in the moment, but you  
always come through in the end.

NICK

It's kind of my signature move.

Mr. Cunningthorpe comes out with his clipboard.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Jessi Glazer?

**INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER**

Jessi, back in her original outfit, gets in position.

CONNIE

We'll have to find something else  
to fight with your mom about since  
you didn't change outfits.

JESSI

I am sure we can think of  
something. But for this, I want to  
be able to look back on my year  
book and see myself. Dumb dresses  
and all.

MR. CUNNINGTHORPE

Ms. Glaser, don't you look lovely.  
I bet you have a beautiful smile to  
match, let's see it! Everyone loves  
a pretty girl with a pretty smile!

Jessi turns visibly angry.

JESSI

Just take the damn picture.

*SNAP.*

**END OF SHOW**