

BIG MOUTH
"Body Image"

written by
Kevin Lawson

Season 1 Episode 6.5

Kalawson53@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

INT. BIRCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

NICK and ANDREW play *Madden*. Nick's running back has the ball and plows through Andrew's defender.

ANDREW

How'd you get through me? Tackle is the blue button, right?

NICK

The 40! The 30! It's B.

ANDREW

Ahh, red. Geez, is my player knocked out?

NICK

Touchdown, Birch!

The Hormone Monster walks past wearing a collar, chains and a ball gag. He spots the TV and stops.

HORMONE MONSTER

Jesus Andrew, you're getting dominated. Pull it together.

ANDREW

I'm just not so good at these games. It's 35-nothing and I've had five injuries. By the way, when did football video games get so morbidly realistic? They're showing the ambulance driving onto the field.

NICK

Press Y to park near him.

ANDREW

This part is playable? Which one is Y, green? Why are the buttons sorted by both color and letter? Oh my god, you can see my player who got a concussion earlier in the game trying to convince a Gatorade cooler he's ready to get back out there. Okay, I parked. Now the EMT is tending to my player. Did he hurt his wrist? Oh, she's checking for a pulse. That is sad.

NICK

Great attention to detail though.

ANDREW

My god, she's turning to her assistant and shaking her head as a tear runs down her cheeks. I feel bad for playing as the Titans now.

NICK

I will remember the Titans.

ANDREW

Who's that coming onto the field now, another assistant? Oh, it's a priest. A priest on the field to deliver a prayer.

PRIEST

Loving and merciful God, we entrust our brother to your mercy. You loved him greatly in this life.

ANDREW

Should I be pushing--

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Now that he is freed from all its cares, give him happiness and peace forever.

NICK

(hushing)
Andrew.

PRIEST (CONT'D)

Welcome him now into paradise, where there will be no more sorrow, no more weeping or pain, but only peace and joy with Jesus.

ANDREW

He was a good man.

NICK

Amen.

HORMONE MONSTER

(muffled by ball gag)
Amen.

PRIEST

And Lord, please assess a 10-yard penalty for murder so that the Chiefs may kick off from the 25 yard line to the Titans.

The crowd cheers.

ANDREW
I do not understand this game.

NICK
What, Madden?

ANDREW
Football.

END OF COLD OPEN

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing. The sign reads: CLUB FAIR TODAY. HATE GROUPS DISCOURAGED

INT. SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

Nick, Andrew, and JAY walk through the Club Fair. All over, students are soliciting email addresses for various clubs. Jay signs his name on every form he passes.

NICK

Wow, this club fair is cool. Look how many groups there are.

ANDREW

I think the school funds these clubs on the suspicion that without them I would do drugs after school, which is incorrect, but I appreciate the gesture.

JAY

I'll just do drugs after the clubs. Except when drugs club meets. Then I'll do drugs during the club.

ANDREW

There's a drugs club?

JAY

(signing D.A.R.E. club form in front of cop)
There's a D.A.R.E. club and many ironic douchebags. Isn't that right, Paul Blart?

COP

They make me do this 'cause I punched a suspect.

NICK

Thank you for your service?

ANDREW

I hope you find your way.

NICK

Jay, why are you signing up for every club?

JAY

I don't wanna go home. Don't get me wrong, my house is sweet. But it's also super toxic. Plus, clubs are how you meet girls and also both develop and express your identity.

NICK

Is that true?

JAY

I heard Oprah say it when I was watching your mom on my spy cameras while she was watching Oprah.

ANDREW

Has it been established yet that you do that?

JAY

Unclear.

NICK

Regardless, can you please stop spying on my family?

JAY

Ooh, butt touching club!

Jay runs off to sign up for a club across the gym.

ANDREW

That says "Consent Awareness Club."

JAY

(signing sheet)
Ironic! Douchebag!

Nick and Andrew go back to shopping for clubs. MISSY chimes in from behind a booth.

MISSY

Hello, gentlemen! Would you like to be in my club that relives the American 20th century? It's called American History XX, because XX is the Roman numeral for 20.

ANDREW

Missy, that sounds--

NICK

Forced.

ANDREW

Wonderful. We would love to celebrate the strongest era in any nation's history while also confronting head-on the--

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Profound struggles and ethical imperfections of that era.

MISSY

Profound struggles and ethical imperfections of that era.

MISSY (CONT'D)

BAH! You read my pamphlet.

Nick spots a few athletes, including DEVON, playing with a basketball nearby.

ANDREW

(signing)

Yes I did. I can't wait.

Andrew passes the pen to Nick for him to sign.

NICK

Right, hey, I was thinking, maybe clubs aren't what I'm into.

ANDREW

Huh?

NICK

Maybe I'll just, uhh, get into drugs after school. Pot, marijuana, ganja, reefer, all the big ones.

ANDREW

Why would you want to do that?

A basketball swishes through the hoop, which is positioned directly above Missy's booth. It bounces off her head and toward Nick, who smoothly catches it and behind-the-back passes it back to its shooter, DeVon.

The HORMONE MONSTER peeks out from behind Andrew's shoulder, hiding scared.

HORMONE MONSTER

Who's that?? Athletes? Don't hurt me, mighty alpha males!

DEVON

Sorry about that, Amelia Earhart. Good hands, Nick, damn. You should try out.

NICK
 (to DeVon)
 You already know I will...
 (seeing Andrew)
 Maybe look into that, but I'm
 mostly focused on drugs right now.

ANDREW
 Ahh, I see. You're not interested
 in drugs. You're interested in
 sports. That's fine, Nick. Sure, we
 might hang out a little less, but
 that's okay. It's not like we'll be
 permanently cast into different
 social groups.

Andrew's line is punctuated by the *BWOOOONG* sound from *Inception*. Turns out, the MOVIE CLUB's booth is right next to American History XX's, and they're watching that movie. COACH STEVE leans on the movie booth.

COACH STEVE
 You know, if you guys let me in the
 club, you'd be able to see R-rated
 movies. I got all the DVDs.

ANDREW
 Go ahead, Nick.

Nick trots off to sign up for sports teams.

On the other side of the gym, JESSI walks along a line of club booths and signs up her friends as a joke. First, fashion club.

JESSI
 (signing)
 Nick... Birch.

Then Bible Study Club.

JESSI (CONT'D)
 (signing)
 Andrew... Glouberman.

Then the cheerleading team. Behind the booth are THREE CHEERLEADERS, one of which being DEVIN, who stares at her fingernails.

JESSI (CONT'D)
 (signing)
 Jay...

CHEERLEADER 1

Oh, ummmm... no.

JESSI

What?

The HORMONE MONSTRESS appears, leaning on the end of the club's table with one hand. She puts too much weight on it, causing the table to tilt and her hand to slip.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

The fuck did she say?

CHEERLEADER 2

Ummmm?

(gesturing)

No no no.

The Hormone Monstress begins putting rings on one hand, brass knuckles on the other.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

I'ma kill this bitch.

JESSI

The hell does "ummm no no no" mean?

Devin chimes in.

DEVIN

In this sitch, "ummm" means "I apologize, but" and "no no no" means "you can't try out for the cheerleading team" and...

(gesturing)

Means "because of your physical figure."

JESSI

Ha! Well thanks for translating from bonobo to human, Devin, but I would never join the cheerleading team. I was signing up my friend Jay as a joke.

CHEERLEADER 1

Ummmm...

DEVIN

She says, "Jay is already on the team. He signed up, and his figure is great."

JESSI
Jay's on the cheerleading team?

LOLA shows up in an extremely tight cheerleading uniform.

LOLA
Wow, so Jay can join, but this
"should be illegal?"

The Hormone Monstress looks down at her own body with a newly gained hint of self consciousness.

DEVIN
Ya.

LOLA
Oh my god!

She runs away.

Cheerleader 2 grabs a piece of chalk, points at Jessi, and draws a symbol on the table.

CHEERLEADER 2
Ummm...

Cheerleader 1 reads the symbol and laughs.

DEVIN
Oh, oh, this is groundbreaking.
She's communicating with written
language.

Devin takes out a laminated piece of paper with many symbols on it. She finds the matching one with her finger.

DEVIN (CONT'D)
It's the symbol for "muffintop."
(tearing up)
What a profound creature.

JESSI
Gimme a fuckin' break.

HORMONE MONSTRESS
That's it. I'm asking the bowl cut
kid from math class for his
weaponry.

INT. SCHOOL - HISTORY CLASS - DAY

The TEACHER addresses the students.

TEACHER

And then Columbus committed a genocide, which, I'm obligated to say, can be viewed as a positive thing.

The bell rings and the students start packing up.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Remember, students, Missy's first American History XX club meeting is in this room after school today.

MISSY

Thanks, Mrs. Scullin.

NICK

Sorry, Missy, I can't make it. DeVon told me he's gonna show me the ropes in the weight room today.

JAY

I'm out too. I've got cheerleading practice.

ANDREW

You're on the cheerleading team?

JAY

Oh yeah. Every hot girl is on the cheerleading team.

JESSI

Well, not every hot girl.

JAY

Literally every one.

JESSI

Plenty of hot girls don't join because they're not braindead attention-seekers.

JAY

Jessi, have you never seen movies and/or TV? Every cheerleader is a hot babe, and every hot babe is a cheerleader. If that wasn't true, why would everything depict it that way?

ANDREW

He's got a point. They couldn't all be wrong, could they?

(MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)
 Just logically speaking? These are
 real writers we're talking about.

A tear escapes Jessi's eye, but before anyone can see it, the
 Hormone Monstress appears in a swirl.

HORMONE MONSTRESS
 Hide it, baby girl, hide it!

The Hormone Monstress swiftly wipes the tear from Jessi's
 eye, spinning her around by the cheek in the process. Jessi
 abruptly leaves.

ANDREW
 Oh gosh, did we upset her?

JAY
 No way. If a girl doesn't tell a
 guy in writing that something he's
 doing upsets her, that means she
 likes it.

ANDREW
 I don't usually agree with quotes
 from your dad's law commercials,
 but this one, just logically
 speaking?

Jay's phone alarm goes off.

JAY
 Gotta go to cheer practice. They're
 gonna teach me to tumble, and then
 I'm gonna see if I can teach them
 to use fire.

INT. SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Nick walks down the hallway toward the weight room. The
 sound of athletes lifting grows.

INT. SCHOOL - WEIGHT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He enters and finds a pen of aggressive guys lifting away.

DEVON
 Ay, Nick, you ready to start
 becoming a man?

NICK
 Are you kidding? I was born re--

DeVon interrupts by changing into a workout shirt. Nick is stopped in his tracks when he sees that DeVon somehow grows to three times his original size when shirtless.

NICK (CONT'D)

How did that just happen?

DEVON

I been in the gym, man.

NICK

(newfound nervousness)

Are you sure I'm ready for this?
I'm starting to feel a little out
of place.

DEVON

'Cause of your tiny dick?

NICK

Ha! Wh-- What? Who told you that?

DEVON

I'm just fucking with you. That's
kinda how it is with athletes. You
know how girls use backhanded
compliments to be mean? We use
fronthanded insults to be nice.

NICK

Oh, for sure, I know... biiiiitch.

DEVON

Don't worry if you feel small right
now. You'll grow.

NICK

Will I ever be as ripped as you?

DEVON

Well, I'm black, so no. But you can
be about 60% as ripped. I call it
the new three-fifths compromise.

NICK

That's fair.

DEVON

And you can still be an athlete.
Football quarterback or kicker,
basketball point guard or 3-point
specialist, lacrosse defensemen,
attacker, middie, goalie, coach,
trainer, or fan.

NICK
Wow, quarterback, huh? Dual threat?

DeVon looks flatly at Nick -- "don't push it."

NICK (CONT'D)
Pocket passer, cool, cool, still
cool.

DEVON
For sure. That is, unless your
little dick gets in the way.

NICK
It never does.

Nick and DeVon put in headphones. Nick pulls out Spotify on his phone, clicks into a workout playlist and hits play on a song called "I'm A Real Man" by Jay Bilzerian.

BEGIN WORKOUT MONTAGE:

MUSIC UP: Original rap song "I'm A Real Man" rapped by Jay.

Shots of Nick and DeVon working out (listed below) INTERCUT with a rap music video starring Jay as rapper and the cheerleaders as backup dancers. The Hormone Monster also dances and acts like Jay's hype man.

JAY
(VERSE 1)
I'm a real man, with a real dick
I make real money, and I'm real
strong
I get real women, that are real hot
When I bang 'em all, I take real
long
I'm a real man, so I'm real mean
If you're not cool, I'll put you
down
I've blocked out all emotion
No clue how I'm feeling now
I keep it real, and you know that's
real
This is the life I really have
If you want beef, then we got beef
And I eat beef, 'cause I'm not a
fag
I'm a real man, I'll steal your
bitch
You're a bitch and I'm not, bitch
I'm a real man, I'm a real man
Don't care if you say I'm toxic!
(MORE)

JAY (CONT'D)

(PRE-CHORUS)

Some people say that I am toxic
I tell 'em all to suck a long dick
If you don't like my masculinity
I don't care because your mom did

(CHORUS)

'Cause I'ma real man (yeah I'ma a
real man!)
I'ma real man (a 40-year-old man!)
I'ma I'ma real man (with lots of
women!)
I'ma real man

(VERSE 2)

Fast cars that cost a lot
Doin' donuts across the lot
I got money, an awful lot
That's why I get jerked off a lot
Lethal force in my waistband
I'm not talking 'bout a Magnum
20 condoms in my sweatpants
And I only got Magnums
All that matters is getting riches
It's not hard or controversial
Money lets you buy bitches

DEVIN

(speaking in rhythm)

Stop quoting your dad's law
commercials

JAY

Cross my heart and hope to die
This is all true 'cause I'm hot
shit

I just live like a manly guy
Don't try to tell me it's toxic

(PRE-CHORUS)

Some people say that I am toxic
I tell 'em all to suck a long dick
If you don't like my masculinity
I don't care because your mom did

(CHORUS)

'Cause I'ma real man (yeah I'ma a
real man!)
I'ma real man (a 40-year-old man!)
I'ma I'ma real man (with lots of
women!)
I'ma real man

- Nick does super shallow pushups.

- Nick practices his 3-step drop back and throwing footballs
to DeVon.

- Nick does heavily assisted pull-ups.
- Nick does very shallow dips.
- Nick and DeVon watch footage of Nick's drop backs and passes. DeVon points to the screen and makes coaching points.
- Nick benches a hefty amount with DeVon "spotting." DeVon is basically curling the whole thing.
- In the school cafeteria, DeVon holds up a metal tray with beef patties stuck to it. Nick boxes away at the patties.
- Nick does sit-ups holding a basketball above his head. In each upward movement, he launches the ball to DeVon, who alley oops it spectacularly.
- Nick flexes in the gym mirror. He hasn't actually changed physically, but his reflection looks ripped and more handsome.

END MUSIC AND MONTAGE.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

It's the first meeting of the American History XX club. Missy, wearing a corset, walks around a classroom decorated like the early 20th century.

She speaks to the group while holding an armful of 1900s-style outfits on hangers and doling one out to each student. There are Andrew, Jessi, Lola, CALEB, and LARS.

MISSY

Thank you everyone for coming to the first meeting of the American History XX club. As you might know, the point of this group is to experience life in American history, to feel its glory AND its many injustices.

Missy drops a corset on Jessi's desk. Jessi holds it up and eyes it.

JESSI

This is a joke.

The Hormone Monstress hisses at the dress like a threatened cat.

MISSY

Today we are in the oughts of the 20th century. A new leaf, a time of westward and industrial expansion, when opportunity brought hoards of immigrants into our country and then racism and pitiful wages drove many of them back home.

JESSI

How am I supposed to put this on?

LARS

(with a suit draped over
him)

I have the same question.

Missy takes away Lars's suit and replaces it with just a top hat.

MISSY

I know these corsets are uncomfortable and constrictive, and that's the point. They reflect female subservience in a time when a woman's main expectation was that she be thin enough for a dignified husband to provide for her.

HORMONE MONSTER

I bet you'd like to *provide* for Missy in that corset, huh Andrew?

ANDREW

Stop.

MISSY

(lowers tone slightly)
But if you really need a bigger one, I can get you one, Jessi. The drama department has plenty.

LOLA

(practically bursting out
of the corset she's
wearing over her
cheerleading uniform)
Wow, Jessi needs a bigger corset?

JESSI

No! No, no, this actually looks perfect now that I think about it.

MATTHEW struts into the room wearing a full three-piece suit, top hat, and cane.

MATTHEW

Allow me to demonstrate how to enter a room. It's happening right now, are you taking notes? Wait, what's going on here? Why do I feel like I fit in?

MISSY

The American History XX Club is having a dinner party in the Edwardian era.

JESSI

We're simulating olden times so we can experience *more* sexism.

MATTHEW

Sexism, huh? Jessi, would you put your damn dress on? We're in public.

MISSY

Ooh, great job, Matthew.

INT. SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

Jessi tries to force herself into her corset. Next to her, the Hormone Monstress tries to squeeze into one of her own.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

This is some bullshit. First the cheerleaders act like a bodacious bosom is a bad thing. Now I gotta make myself fit into a corset shaped like an S. I was doing perfectly fine as an uppercase cursive F, thank you very much.

JESSI

I bet Devin could squeeze into this. Her body doesn't have any personality taking up space.

The Hormone Monstress laughs, causing her breasts to fly out of her dress and hit her in the face, shutting her up.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

God, I'm so proud of my tits.

JESSI

Yeah, well good for you, cause I don't know if I can fit in this. How is this even possible? I'm, like, skinny.

The Hormone Monstress helps Jessi lace up her dress. There's a RIIIIIP. Jessi's rattled.

JESSI (CONT'D)

I'm... I'm skinny... right?

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Don't go down this road, honey. I have, and I ended up looking like that badly taxidermied fox on Imgur... You know which one I'm talking about?

The Hormone Monstress takes out her phone and begins pulling up the image.

JESSI

I've seen it.

The Hormone Monstress finds the image, shows it to Jessi and then the camera.

JESSI (CONT'D)

Yup, seen it. Am I not skinny?

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Who said you need to be skinny? Curves are the best. They're the difference between Nascar and Formula Uno.

JESSI

I didn't say I need to be skinny, but you're saying I'm not.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

You don't, and I'm not.

JESSI

(bursting)
Well Devin did!

HORMONE MONSTRESS

I thought Devin had no personality?

JESSI

Yeah, well she's got a boyfriend,
and she's a cheerleader, and Jay
said only cheerleaders are hot,
and, and-- and I can't breath in
this thing!

Jessi's reflection in the mirror begins distorting wildly
like it's a funhouse mirror.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Oh no. It's happening.

JESSI

What's happening?

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Run!

The Hormone Monstress tries to pull Jessi away, but Jessi
resists. When the mirror finishes distorting, Jessi's
reflection is overweight.

HORMONE MONSTRESS (CONT'D)

Ah!! Look at you!

JESSI

What just happened?!

HORMONE MONSTRESS

You went from pear to gourd! Fix
it, fix it!

JESSI

I thought curves were the best?!

HORMONE MONSTRESS

That was then, fatty!

The Hormone Monstress punches and shatters the mirror, then
grabs the strings on Jessi's corset and bellows in a DEMONIC
VOICE.

HORMONE MONSTRESS (CONT'D)

(demonic)

Suck in! More!

The Hormone Monstress forcefully ties Jessi's corset and
rushes her out of the bathroom.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

The Hormone Monstress shoves Jessi through the door. Everyone is now fully wardrobed, seated around a makeshift dining table made from pushed-together desks.

All eyes on her, Jessi maneuvers awkwardly to her seat.

NOTE: While the club is in session, all dialogue, except Caleb's and the Hormone Monstress's, is spoken in an OLD-TIMEY ACCENT unless noted otherwise.

ANDREW

Are you alright, Jessi? That looks painful.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Damn right it is. Pain is beauty.

JESSI

I'm quite fine. Why don't we just discuss horses or muskets or whatever the fuck.

MISSY

How about politics? For whom will you all be voting in the upcoming election? I like Roosevelt.

CALEB

Teddy Roosevelt won 336 electoral votes in 1904. He was a Republican.

MISSY

He *is* a Republican.

ANDREW

Remind me, Missy. Now in 1904, are the Democrats still the bad people or have the parties already switched?

The Hormone Monstress grabs Jessi's corset strings and pulls. Jessi grimaces notably, drawing eyes.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Keep it together.

MISSY

Roosevelt is a progressive, if that's what you're inquiring.

ANDREW

Ah, for the win. Then I'll be voting for him.

The Hormone Monstress tightens Jessi's corset again, drawing another grimace.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're alright, Jessi?

JESSI

Huh? Oh, certainly. I too am voting for Roosevelt.

MATTHEW

You shan't be voting for anyone. You're a woman. Women don't vote.

JESSI

Women still can't vote?! Haven't black people been voting for like 40 years by now?

(realizing her tone was wrong)

I mean, that's fine. That's good. Just... surprising.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Fat and racist, great. Any other hidden talents?

JESSI

(normal accent)

Why are you being so mean to me?

HORMONE MONSTRESS

I'm protecting you. From them. See how they're looking at you?

From Jessi's POV, the group looks critical and disgusted.

HORMONE MONSTRESS (CONT'D)

Now sit up straight and know your place, or no one's gonna like you.

MATTHEW

Are you saying women should be able to vote?

Jessi shoots a glance at the Hormone Monstress.

JESSI

Well... not necessarily. Some women do desire the right to vote, and to work, and to autonomy over their bodies, and to equal social footing...

She looks at the Monstress again.

JESSI (CONT'D)

... But our traditional roles treat us quite well. We are protected and provided for. It could very well be worse.

Jay barges in wearing his cheerleading outfit.

JAY

(normal accent)

Why are you all letting a woman talk this much? In this day and age? Anyway, what is this club again, what are we doin'?

MISSY

Welcome to 1905, Jay. I think you'll very much like it here.

CALEB

My parents want me to have a lobotomy.

The group stares at Caleb, unsure if his comment was meant to be in character or not.

INT. BIRCH HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

DIANE, ELLIOT, JUDD, and LEAH are all seated at the table.

Nick walks in with his arms particularly wide, as if his lats were huge.

DIANE

Hey, honey. You're late, is everything alright?

Nick forces a deeper voice than his usual.

NICK

Sorry, I was at the gym.

ELLIOT

The gym, huh? Did you have fun?

NICK

Oh yeah. You should see the guys there. Really strong and powerful. Real manly guys.

ELLIOT

What a hunk my son is.

DIANE

What about Andrew, did he work out with you?

NICK

(snickers)

No. He's not really the athletic type. Do we have anything other than salad? I need my calories.

ELLIOT

I think we have sausages in the freezer. Big, meaty sausages for my strong, big little guy.

Nick pushes his plate away.

INT. GLASER HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jessi pushes her plate away. She sits at the dinner table with her PARENTS.

SHANNON

Are you okay, Jessi? You didn't touch your food at all.

JESSI

(old-timey accent)

I'm grand, mother.

(normal accent)

I mean, yeah, I'm fine. I'm just not hungry.

GREG

You know, I have something that could help your appetite. Wink wink wink, if you know what I mean.

SHANNON

Are you really offering what I think you're offering?

GREG
 It's clinically proven. In my
 studies, 100% of the time it makes
 me feel...

Greg does a little flying motion with his hand.

SHANNON
 Greg, she's a child.

GREG
 Sorry, amigita, rules are rules.
 You must be this tall to be this
 high. Ha ha. Jokes are great.

JESSI
 I'm gonna go do my homework. Thanks
 for dinner.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing. The sign reads: YOU STILL MADE HATE GROUPS?

INT. SCHOOL - GYM - DAY

COACH STEVE
 WHISTLE! Alright, kids, it's
 dodgeball day. I know what
 everyone's thinking: this is going
 to be a traumatic experience that
 makes me opt for Planet Fitness as
 my go-to gym down the road. But
 don't worry, I've taken precautions
 to make sure we all have fun. First
 of all, I went into my own pockets
 to buy *soft* balls for the game.

He holds up a softball.

COACH STEVE (CONT'D)
 The dodgeballs were so hard. Also,
 I've coated the gym floor in a waxy
 lubricant so no one can build up
 enough speed to lose control.
 You're welcome. Now everyone pick
 teams of five, and remember, I'm
 available and I'm really good. When
 you get stuff thrown at you as much
 as I do, you get pretty good at
 dodging.

A shoe flies at Coach Steve's head and he ducks it swiftly.

COACH STEVE (CONT'D)

See? I learned that maneuver from George W.

Jessi, Jay, Andrew, Nick, and Missy stand in a cluster.

MISSY

We've got the perfect number for a team.

ANDREW

Since it sounds like I'm probably going to die during this period, I'd like you all to know it's been a pleasure knowing you.

JAY

We should do a haka to strike fear in the hearts of our enemies.

Jay starts doing a haka (a traditional Māori war dance), stamping his feet and grunting. Jessi joins in halfheartedly, too tired to be fierce.

The Hormone Monstress appears.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

What is that little half-assed shuffle you're doing?

JESSI

I haven't eaten anything substantial in days, I'm so tired I can barely move.

A WHISTLE blows. All of a sudden the Hormone Monstress is wearing a referee outfit.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Good. Energy is fat. Fat is energy. No energy means no fat.

Andrew notices Nick drifting away from their group and toward a group of four athletes, including DeVon.

ANDREW

Nick, where are you going?

NICK

I was thinking I could play with DeVon's team.

HORMONE MONSTER

DeVon?!

The Hormone Monster dives under the bleachers.

ANDREW

But we had exactly five players.
Who's gonna play with us?

Coach Steve slides across the screen on the slippery floor.

COACH STEVE

Coach Steve getting called up to
the big leagues, baby!

BEGIN DODGEBALL TOURNAMENT MONTAGE:

NOTE: Scenes marked "BRACKET" are animations of team names progressing on a tournament bracket.

Nick's team is ATHLETES. Jay, Jessi, Andrew, Missy, and Coach Steve's team is PRIMARY CHARACTERS.

Other teams we see scattered around the bracket include DRUGGIES, GAMERS, BLACK GAMERS, FOREIGNERS, DRAMA KIDS, HONORS STUDENTS, MISCELLANEOUS, GOTHS, and SECONDARY CHARACTERS.

- **GAME 1:** Nick's team easily dodges balls, then retaliates with a broadside that hits every player on the opposing team. Nick hurts an opponent with a hard throw. Andrew frowns on the sideline. The team celebrates arrogantly.

- **BRACKET:** ATHLETES advances past GAMERS and into a second-round matchup against DRAMA KIDS. On the other side of the bracket, PRIMARY CHARACTERS match up against GOTHS.

- **GAME 2:** Andrew, Missy, and Jessi stand helplessly. A slew of softballs flies through the air, looking on track to hit them, but Coach Steve slides through at the last moment, blocking all the balls with his body. The balls fly into the air. Jay catches them all and begins juggling them all at once.

JAY

You're out, goths. Why don't you go cry about it?

The goths slink away as the Primary Characters celebrate.

JESSI

Yay.

- **BRACKET:** PRIMARY CHARACTERS advance to the semifinals.

- **GAME 3:** A DRAMA STUDENT recites:

DRAMA STUDENT

Once more unto the breach, dear
 friends, once more, or close the
 wall up with our English dead! In
 peace there's nothing so becomes a
 man as modest stillness and
 humility, but when the blast of war
 blows in our ears--

He's railed in the ear with a softball.

STUDENT

FIE!

- **BRACKET:** ATHLETES move past DRAMA KIDS and into the finals.

On the other side of the bracket, the semifinals matchup is
 between PRIMARY CHARACTERS and FOREIGNERS.

- **GAME 4:** The Foreigners line up, preparing their shots. Four
 kick softballs like soccer balls, and the last takes a
 running start and unleashes a cricket-style windmill pitch.

Once again, Coach Steve, now bruised up from the previous
 game, slides through. Every ball hits him and flies into the
 air. Jay catches them all in a magician's hat, which he then
 turns upside-down to reveal it magically empty.

JAY

(bowing)

Muchas gracias.

BRACKET: PRIMARY CHARACTERS move into the finals against
 ATHLETES.

- **GAME 5:** The gym has taken on the aura of an NBA arena.

Matthew wears a broadcasting headset and speaks to camera
 from a courtside table.

MATTHEW

Welcome to the final matchup
 between the Athletes and the
 Primary Characters. You're gonna
 love this, if you're the type of
 person who's into being sweaty at
 lunch.

A group of cheerleaders stands on each other's shoulders in
 pyramid formation with the top space available. A cheerleader
 scales the pyramid like a primate and positions herself on
 top.

Matthew provides a player-by-player breakdown as the players warm up.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Leading the Primary Characters is Coach Steve, who's so jazzed about being considered a primary character that he's willing to die for his team.

Coach Steve ices his crotch.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Supporting him we've got Andrew and Missy, whose knowledge of projectiles comes mostly from Galileo.

Andrew and Missy drop a softball and a dodgeball from the same height and record with stopwatches.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Jay, who has made every out for his team, is doing a great job fighting the stereotype that people who are good at sports are cool.

Jay turns two softballs into one.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Jessi may be dying. Unclear.

Jessi can barely stand upright.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And on the other end, we've got the athletes, led by DeVon, for obvious reasons.

DeVon lifts his shirt to wipe his brow, revealing enormous, gleaming abs labeled 1-8.

The cheerleader atop the pyramid faints and falls to the ground.

The Hormone Monster peeks out from behind Andrew.

HORMONE MONSTER

Jesus, Andrew, he's gonna pummel you.

Andrew gulps.

ANDREW

I'm not ready to be pummeled.

HORMONE MONSTER

I know, that's years away.

ANDREW

So one day I will be ready to be pummeled?

HORMONE MONSTER

Look at him. I bet he can masturbate forever without finishing. He might even be in the one minute club.

ANDREW

The one minute club, wow.

HORMONE MONSTER

And look at Nick over there, hanging out with him, soaking it up, choosing him over you like he's some sort of big shot athlete.

ANDREW

Yeah, what gives?

MATTHEW

Supporting DeVon are Brett, Chet, and Johnny, who are set to peak in life...

(looking at watch)

Now.

Brett, Chet, and Johnny go around in a circle giving each other daps. When they're done, they start over and do it again.

MATTHEW (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Lastly and most littly, there's Nick, who just started working out and now thinks his muscles are as big as his huge, burly, enormous mouth.

We push into the blackness inside Nick's mouth as he says:

NICK

Let's play some dodgeball...
biiiiiitch.

A WHISTLE marks the start of the game. The two teams sprint (except for Jessi, who walks lethargically), toward the dodgeballs lined up at center court, slipping and sliding all the way.

Nick and Andrew slide directly toward each other and come to a stop inches apart.

ANDREW
Hello, Nick.

NICK
Andrew.

They each grab a ball and shuffle awkwardly backwards.

Chet, Brett, and Johnny all run with a ball in hand towards the center line, taking aim at Jay.

JAY
Wanna hit me? You're gonna have to find me first.

Jay drops three smoke bombs, creating three pillars of smoke. Unsure which cloud he's inside, Chet, Brett, and Johnny throw at all three at once.

JAY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(still invisible)
OW, YOU FUCKERS, NO FAIR!

Chet runs up and throws a ball at Jessi, who does nothing to dodge it and gets hit in the stomach.

JESSI
Ow, my stomach.

HORMONE MONSTRESS
(theatrically)
Oh no! Your stomach has been hit so hard you might vomit and then eat 3 Milano cookies!

The cheerleaders do a cheer, with fallen one still in a heap on the ground.

CHEERLEADERS
BE. AGGRESSIVE.

One cheerleader looks at her hand, which has "B-E" written on it.

CHEERLEADERS (CONT'D)
B-E AGGRESSIVE.

DeVon gears up for a throw at Andrew.

HORMONE MONSTER
 ANDREW, HE'S COMING. GET BIG AND
 YELL. NO, CLIMB A TREE. GET ON THE
 GROUND AND HOPE HE DOESN'T SMELL
 OUR FEAR.

The Hormone Monster curls up in the fetal position and screams.

DeVon lets the ball fly and it travels in slo-mo toward Andrew's face.

ANDREW
 (in head)
 A dodgeball in motion.

MISSY
 (in head)
 Will stay in motion.

ANDREW
 (in head)
 Unless acted upon by my face.

MISSY
 Andrew, watch out!

Coach Steve slides in slo-mo across the floor like a newborn giraffe to block the throw, eventually taking it directly in the balls.

COACH STEVE
 Ow, my primary character!

MATTHEW
 Conservative viewers will be happy
 to know Coach Steve is now probably
 sterile.

Andrew picks up the ball from next to the downed Coach Steve.

COACH STEVE
 Go on, son.

In slo-mo, Andrew runs at Nick and dramatically throws the ball as hard as he can. As it flies, he says in normal speed:

ANDREW
 Is... How is that going so slow? Am
 I that weak?
 (checking notes from
 earlier experiments)
 (MORE)

ANDREW (CONT'D)
It's not even dropping, this
doesn't match any of our findings.

Nick catches it with ease, eliminating Andrew, then runs at Missy and pelts her in the leg.

MISSY
(hopping around)
Ow!

Andrew frowns at Nick for having thrown it so hard.

The Athletes celebrate and dap each other up while the injured primary characters nurse their injuries.

The cheerleader who fell from atop the pyramid still lies lifelessly. Lola tiptoes over and steals her pompoms.

INT. SCHOOL - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Andrew approaches Nick, who is with his athlete buddies. He passes DeVon.

DEVON
Hey, good game man. That was fun,
right?

The Hormone Monster jumps into a locker.

HORMONE MONSTER
Why is he being so aggressive?!

ANDREW
(to Nick)
What the hell, man? You threw that
ball at Missy really hard.

NICK
You think so? Thanks, I've been
working on my delts.

ANDREW
It's not a good thing. You could
have hurt her.

NICK
I didn't hurt her, Andrew, don't be
a puss.

ANDREW
A puss?

NICK

Yea, a puss. Like a pussy.

ANDREW

Well as long as we're using terms for genitalia to insult people by associating them with the stereotypes linked to that sex, you're being a dick.

DEVON

Hey, c'mon man.

HORMONE MONSTER (O.S.)

(from locker)

Andrew, listen to him.

NICK

I'm not being a dick. You're just threatened cause I have new friends now and they're athletes.

ANDREW

That's not true.

NICK

Yes it is. I saw how upset you were when I joined their team.

ANDREW

Fine, it is, but that's not the point. The point is you're just desperate to impress them, and that's why you're acting like a dick.

NICK

Oh yeah?

ANDREW

Yeah. A little, tiny, embarrassing, hairless, baby dick.

Everyone in the locker room freezes.

INT. BIRCH HOUSE - NICK'S ROOM - EVENING

Nick hammers out pushups, grunting loudly.

INT. BIRCH HOUSE - ATTIC/NICK'S ROOM - SAME

The GHOST OF DUKE ELLINGTON hears Nick's grunts and, mistaking them for something sexual, pokes his head through the ceiling.

DUKE ELLINGTON
(disappointed)
Oh.

NICK
Not now, Duke. I've got 9,987 more pushups to do.

Duke enters anyway.

DUKE ELLINGTON
Why the non-sex exercise, little man?

NICK
I'm not little. And I'm going to beat up Andrew tomorrow after school.

DUKE ELLINGTON
Beat up Andrew? But he's your best friend.

NICK
Was my best friend. Now I have new best friends, who Andrew said I have a baby dick in front of today.

DUKE ELLINGTON
Oh, man, that's disrespectful.

NICK
I know.

DUKE ELLINGTON
To babies!
(cracks up)

NICK
You're lucky you're an apparition, or I'd beat you up too.

DUKE ELLINGTON
(muttering)
Yeah, like I wouldn't fuck your ass up.

Nick pauses stops doing pushups for a moment.

NICK
What'd you say?

DUKE ELLINGTON
I said oh, lucky me!

NICK
Good.

DUKE ELLINGTON
You know, I remember acting like you when I was younger. I was so insecure that if another man challenged me, I would freak out. It was like my manliness was being tested. But that was in 1912, back when having a penis meant you were a man, and having a vagina meant you were an object. The more time passes, the less a man has to associate with a gorilla to be respected.

Nick stands up and looks at Duke.

NICK
You know what, Duke? You're right. In this day and age, I shouldn't beat up my friend.

DUKE ELLINGTON
Exactly.

NICK
I should do it in *your* day and age.

DUKE ELLINGTON
Ah, got me with the classic misdirection!

Duke starts to exit through the wall. As he goes, he telekinetically hurls a framed picture off a shelf and into Nick's head.

DUKE ELLINGTON (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Now don't ever fucking threaten me again, you hear me?
(cracks up)

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Establishing. The sign reads: IF YOU'RE STILL READING THANK YOU

INT. SCHOOL - BATHROOM - DAY

Jessi struts proudly yet sluggishly in her corset in front of a non-shattered mirror.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Yes! Not eating has been worth it.
You look like a perfect S shape,
and all the boys are going to want
to turn you into a dollar sign. Now
go in there and doo doo all over
those basic bimbos.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

Jessi struts into the classroom but is stopped in her tracks when she finds the room filled with not just the crew from the previous week, but also the athletes, including Nick, and cheerleaders too. The room nearly overflows with kids in suits and corsets.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Keep it together baby girl, you got
this.

Jessi's proud strut has turned into a tense waddle as she makes her way to an open chair.

NOTE: All dialogue is once again delivered in an OLD-TIMEY ACCENT.

JESSI

Good evening, everyone. A pleasure
as always.

NICK

(flirty)
Oh, hello.

CHET

Good day, madame.

BRETT

Cheers, m'lady.

JOHNNY

Bonjour.

MISSY

(whispering to Andrew)
This is better than I could have
ever imagined. Even the athletes
are interested!

ANDREW

(Watching athletes ogle
Jessi)
Oh, they're interested.

MISSY

(to whole group)
Thank you everyone for your
attendance! I'm thrilled to have
such a great showing in the second
meeting of this period piece of a
club.

CHET

(normal accent)
Ew, she said period piece, like a
tampon.

JOHNNY

(normal accent)
Gross, what's a tampon?

MISSY

Today's party will be full of
discussion, timely party games, and
learning about an era--

NICK

Oh, I have an idea for a party
game. Why don't Andrew and I duel?

Andrew gulps.

ANDREW

I think we mustn't duel. For it's
illegal. Right?

MISSY

That didn't stop Aaron Burr and
Alexander Hamilton.

ANDREW

(normal accent)
Ugh, that was such a good show.

NICK

Sure, dueling may be illegal with
bullets. But not with... balls.

Nick produces two softballs.

ANDREW
Forget it, Nicholas. We can't duel.

NICK
Andrew, you can't just say no. Your honor depends on it.

ANDREW
You misunderstood me. We can't duel because dueling is for two gentlemen.

The crowd gasps. The room fills with whispers.

Caleb makes whispering sounds to nobody in particular.

NICK
Clever, clever.

Nick extends a softball out to Andrew, whose eyes narrow.

ANDREW
Fine.

INT. SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Andrew and Nick stand on opposite sides of the classroom. The rest of the students watch from the sides of the room, except Missy, who stands on a chair at the front of the room with a book in hand, acting as the Master of Arms.

MISSY
Gentlemen, I have here The Code of Honor; Or The Thirty-Nine Articles; With An Appendix, Showing the Whole Manner in Which the Duel Is To Be Conducted.

ANDREW
(to self)
Well that's a ridiculous title.

MISSY
(reading aloud)
First, the Seconds are to present the weapons to the Principals. Be sure to receive your weapon from the hand of your trusted Second only.

Chet walks up to Nick, who is stretching out his throwing arm with confidence and smugness, and hands him a softball.

On the other end of the room, Jessi hands a softball to Andrew.

JESSI

(normal accent)

Are you sure you want to do this?
You're not going to win.

The Hormone Monster appears next to Andrew. He's in the military garb of that era, smoking a cigarette. He speaks like he's nobly heading into a suicide mission.

HORMONE MONSTER

It's not about winning anymore,
sweet tits, don't you see?

ANDREW

(normal accent)

Oh, I know, Jessi. I'm gonna get creamed out there, but that's the point. If Nick wants to be a macho bully, I'm gonna make him feel what it's like to hurt his own best friend.

HORMONE MONSTER

(crying, saluting)

You're a hero, Andrew.

MISSY

(reading aloud)

After taking your places, you will salute your antagonist with a distant but not discourteous inclination of the head.

Nick and Andrew dramatically nod to each other.

MISSY (CONT'D)

(reading aloud)

After the duel, apply no recriminating or disparaging language toward your late antagonist. If you cannot speak respectfully of him, speak not of him at all. Now, on the count of three, discharge your weapons. One. Two. Three.

Andrew lets his softball fall from his hand to the floor. Nick sees this but doesn't stop. He throws his ball and hits Andrew in the neck. Andrew falls to the ground.

HORMONE MONSTER
NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO. He's too virgin
to die.

Nick is in the middle of receiving daps from the athletes when WHAM! He's hit in the jaw with a softball. We cut to the thrower to see it was not Andrew but Jessi. Jessi's corset is ripped from the throw.

JESSI
I am sick of you. Why are you such a jerk all of a sudden? Being a man doesn't mean being an asshole. And being a woman doesn't mean fitting in this corset. If you want a woman shaped like an S, go watch anime.

She walks out.

MISSY
(smitten)
She's a flapper ahead of her time.
Go Jessi!

INT. SCHOOL - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Jessi is back in her normal clothes, a ripped corset on the floor next to her. The Hormone Monstress appears.

JESSI
Close your eyes!

The Hormone Monstress does as told.

JESSI (CONT'D)
I don't wanna hear it, okay? I'm not doing that anymore. If that's being skinny, I'll just be fat.

HORMONE MONSTRESS
(eyes still covered)
Okay. Do you wanna be ashamed fat or proud fat? 'Cause I have to calibrate.

JESSI

Neither. Of course I want to be thin, I just don't want to be a crazy person. You can uncover your eyes.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Do I have to?

JESSI

Uncover them now!

The Hormone Monstress does. She sees Jessi in the mirror, winces reflexively, then settles down.

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Oh. Is that what you look like?

JESSI

Yeah...

HORMONE MONSTRESS

Really? I honestly had no idea for a while there. You're actually pretty hot now that I remember correctly.

JESSI

I guess so.

They exit, passing the shattered mirror on their way out.

INT. SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Jessi and Andrew sit together with their lunches. Andrew is wearing a neck brace.

Nick approaches, his jaw wrapped up and wired shut. Unable to open his mouth wide, he speaks through gritted teeth.

NICK

Can I sit here?

ANDREW

Of course.

JESSI

Yeah.

NICK

Sorry I acted like a jerk. I don't know why I was like that. I just wanted to feel like a man.

ANDREW

It's okay. I'm sorry I... I actually don't have anything to apologize for, but I still feel apologetic.

JESSI

Sorry I hit you so hard, Nick, I was really angry about other stuff. Is your jaw okay?

NICK

Well, I can only eat soft foods for a couple weeks, which is a good excuse to drink a lot of milkshakes.

JESSI

(motioning to Nick's tray)
So you're not gonna eat that?

NICK

You can have it.

Nick pulls a banana from his backpack.

NICK (CONT'D)

I brought this mushy banana.

In the background, a table of cheerleaders and Jay immediately notices the banana. The cheerleaders hop around in a frenzy like primates.

A BIBLE STUDY CLUB STUDENT approaches Andrew.

BIBLE STUDY CLUB STUDENT

Andrew Glouberman? You haven't been to one Bible Study Club meeting, so we are officially kicking you out of the club.

ANDREW

That's fine, I don't believe in the Bible. I mean, how can you not believe in evolution when the missing link is clearly right there.

He motions at Jay, who is on the table, shrieking and pounding the table trying to get the cheerleaders in line.

The Bible Study Club Student walks away.

NICK

Hey, since Andrew and I can't do any physical activity for a while, you guys wanna come over after school and play video games? Judd felt bad for me so he bought me NFL San Andreas.

Coach Steve overhears.

COACH STEVE

I'd love to, fellow *primary characters*! Say, Nick, your chin looks swollen, you could use some ice.

He reaches into his pants, pulls out a handful of loose ice cubes and puts them in front of Nick. Then he pulls his waistband and assesses what's going on in his pants.

COACH STEVE (CONT'D)

Wow, I've never seen my thingy so small, or my right testicle so large. The whole situation looks like a penny farthing. You guys wanna see it?

The children all pull away.

COACH STEVE (CONT'D)

No?

(to camera)

What about you guys? Come on, I bet you're curious. Get in here.

The camera pushes into Coach Steve's pants, but before we see anything the darkness turns into the

END CREDITS

COACH STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Aw, so close. Next episode, probably next episode. I mean, I'm not actually sure. This one isn't, like, a real episode or anything. It's mostly for fun. Look, I can say anything I want and it's not canon. I'm sexually attracted to most cereal mascots. I've never had sex but I've had every STD. I'm an undercover ISIS fighter scoping out Westchester for a terror attack.

(MORE)

COACH STEVE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Sounds like an interesting
storyline, doesn't it? Well you'll
never hear it again. Unless...