

COMMUNITY

"The Human Portrait"

Written by

Brandon Lee Tenney & David Sigurani

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. BIOLOGY CLASSROOM - MORNING

ABED and TROY sit desks apart. Troy's sneaking glances. Abed's oblivious. It's pretty awkward. And very unlike their usual bromance.

ANNIE is taking notes. Class hasn't started yet.

PIERCE attempts to pass a folded piece of paper to SHIRLEY.

SHIRLEY

Mmmnoo. Not about to get fooled again.

BRITTA grabs the paper, opens it.

PIERCE

Finally, a real aestheticist.

ABED

That's not a word.

BRITTA

Pierce, this is your best drawing yet.  
Is this your dog?

PIERCE

It's my penis.

Britta drops the paper. Abed retrieves the penis from the floor, admires it.

ABED

Hm. Abstract.

Abed passes it to JEFF.

JEFF

Is this to scale?

Shirley, now curious, reaches for the note as the P.A. SYSTEM CRACKLES ON. The students don't react.

DEAN PELTON (O.S.)

Good morning, Green-dizzy-izzy-  
izzay... lizzle? One too far. Anywho--

Pierce grabs the sketch from Jeff. Annie leans over, sneaks a peek, blushes.

CHANG, the once ironical Asian profesor de Español, once vent-dwelling squatter, now one and only security guard, snatches the sketch and, without looking, crams it into his mouth.

TROY  
Dude just ate Pierce's--

PIERCE  
Penis.

Chang puts a finger to his mouth, then points to the P.A. speaker on the wall. He swallows hard.

DEAN PELTON (O.S.)  
--and that's why cats will now be euthanized off campus.

Shirley shakes her head in disgust.

DEAN PELTON (O.S.)  
And a reminder to all students, at two p.m., we will commence shooting the school.

Shirley and Annie gasp.

DEAN PELTON (O.S.)  
No, wait, the school shooting-- no, still not getting it. Some students will be framed--

Silent, stunned faces.

CHANG  
Now they take the suggestion box seriously.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. DEAN PELTON'S OFFICE - DAY

Dean Pelton releases the button on the P.A. microphone, sits at his desk, interlocking his fingers.

DEAN PELTON  
Oh boy. No, that was clear.  
(beat)  
Photographed. That's the word!

He acknowledges the group of ELITE PHOTOGRAPHERS dressed more like a Navy Seal unit than cameramen. They're wearing all black, holstered lenses, memory cards worn like ammo across their chests.

DEAN PELTON  
So, yes. Shots of schooly things for the brochure. Something that says, 'Now that's certainly a school that has students.'

Dean Pelton slides mugshot-esque school ID photos of Jeff and Britta to the photographers.

DEAN PELTON  
The ring leaders of our ridiculously diverse study group. Jeff Winger and Britta... something or other. She's a bit of a buzzkill. But he's the one who creates it... The buzz, I mean.

Dean Pelton whips out two more photos: Shirley and Pierce.

DEAN PELTON  
And his disciples: Shirley, a black mamba! Pierce, well, he's just seriously old.

More photos: Annie, Troy, and Abed. Abed's "photo" is a question mark.

DEAN PELTON  
Annie, our model student. Has it working upstairs and down, if you know what I mean. Troy's a doofus, but he works the reform angle. Don't worry about Abed. Weirdo! Also didn't sign his image release.  
(beat)  
Who even reads fine print? C'mon!

One of the photographers idly cleans his camera.

DEAN PELTON  
I want diversity. This group has it. Gotta catch 'em all. Like those Power Rangers.

A cough. A FLASH goes off.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Oh, sorry...

DEAN PELTON  
Well, don't mind if I do.

Dean Pelton, flattered, props his legs on top of his desk. He's wearing what could easily pass as girls' cheerleading shorts.

DEAN PELTON  
Garage sale only had children's  
mediums. Can't pass up a deal!

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

The group is settled around the table in their usual spots. Shirley picks her hair with her fingers.

SHIRLEY  
Barely have time to tame this bush.

PIERCE  
Come again?

SHIRLEY  
My hair. Dirty old man.

PIERCE  
Still not following.

BRITTA  
You do realize what these pictures  
will be used for?

TROY  
Psh, yeah.

ANNIE  
As the welcoming embrace of  
Human Being pride.

TROY  
(beat)  
Uh-huh, that's what I said.

JEFF  
Come on, Annie. This is stereotyping.  
As a Human Being. A Greendale Human  
Being. Forever a glossy representation  
of the coddled, frisbee-throwing, flip-  
flop wearing mediocre masses known as  
Generation Y. No offense.

TROY  
None taken, 'cause I don't know when  
or what that is.

BRITTA

It's just going to be big-boobed  
bimbos front and center. That's all  
these catalogs are: sexist propaganda.

Shirley pushes up her cleavage. Annie applies lip gloss.

TROY

I feel conflicting emotions.

BRITTA

Why can't the women's rugby team –  
state champions, mind you – be on the  
front cover, huh? Or the Men's  
Hairstyles for Women club?

PIERCE

I don't think we're quite that  
progressive. Though I like what they  
did with your hair.

ANNIE

People aren't coming to Greendale for  
rugby, Britta. Or lesbians rocking a  
Swayze--

TROY

Rest in peace.

ABED

Rest in peace.

Troy's and Abed's eyes meet for a split second, then glance  
away, like magnets repelling each other's poles.

ANNIE

--they're coming for the vast array of  
interdisciplinary studies.

JEFF

People aren't coming to Greendale.  
They're using us to sell the same  
misery and mediocrity to those that  
could just maybe go the rest of their  
miserable lives without ever even  
hearing about this place.

ABED

Statistically speaking, the  
probability that any of you will be  
photographed at all is about the same  
as Jack Bauer having a good day.

SHIRLEY

Oh, I'm gettin' shot. If there's  
anything I've learned from my babies,  
it's how to be an attention-grabbing  
whor--

BRITTA

Shirley!

SHIRLEY  
 (sweetly)  
 Sweet little angels...

Annie grabs two sets of glasses from her purse, tries each on.

ANNIE  
 Who's a more welcoming role model?  
 Sexy librarian or brainy girl-next-door?

JEFF  
 More likely, you'll just be a girl next to a door. A Greendale Community College door. May as well be the entrance to the dead euthanasia clinic.

SHIRLEY  
 Too soon, Jeff. Cats ain't even had time to climb up to Heaven.

ANNIE  
 Do you guys not understand the opportunities that come with being a student featured in the catalog?

JEFF  
 No one even knew there was a catalog until this morning.

Annie pouts. Shirley's all made up. Pierce's shirt is half tucked, half untucked.

Then, all at once:

BRITTA  
 They're not gonna get away with this.

SHIRLEY  
 This is my time.

TROY  
 I hate frisbee. I'm not a dog.

ANNIE  
 Brainy sexy girl... next to a library.

JEFF  
 Not even the useful kind of profiling.

PIERCE  
 I feel fifty again!

JEFF  
 Enough. Let's handle this like adults. Everyone who wants their picture taken, go to that side of the table.  
 (points to Shirley's side)  
 If you'd rather not help Greendale make us into bigger fools, pull up a chair over here.

No one moves. Everyone's already sitting where they stand.

Pierce slowly slides his chair, screeching, an inch closer to Shirley.

JEFF  
(realizing)  
That is-- Sorry to waste everyone's  
time.

Annie, Shirley, and Pierce stare down Jeff, Britta, and Troy.

ABED  
Ooh. Allegiances. Factions.  
Deceit.  
(bored)  
Seen it.

Abed stands up, walks out.

TROY  
(suddenly emotional)  
No, Abed, wait...

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - DAY

Jeff and Britta both have their sweatshirt hoods pulled over their faces.

BRITTA  
It's not a question of representation,  
it's misrepresentation.

JEFF  
Which is a form of representation...  
Beside, this isn't about sabotage or  
subterfuge, it's about avoidance.

ABED (O.S.)  
So now we're in an indie drama.

Britta squeals.

BRITTA  
Where did y--

ABED  
From the shadows.

Abed points to the tiny shadow of the water fountain amid what is otherwise a fully sunlit area.

BRITTA  
So, you're on our side, right?

JEFF  
Obviously.

BRITTA  
'Course! Not like there's any way to  
not choose a side.

ABED  
They can't take my picture. Didn't  
sign my image release. No alliances.

BRITTA  
What image release? How did I not  
catch that?

A woman walks by a bit too femininely. ~~It's Annie.~~ It's Troy  
dressed like Annie.

JEFF  
Troy?

TROY  
What up, y'all?

JEFF  
Do we really have to?

TROY  
Oh, yeah. Disguise. Won't expect this.

JEFF  
It's pretty safe to say that no, they  
won't.

ABED  
(nodding)  
Sydney Bristow.

TROY  
(curt)  
I hadn't come up with my name yet.

BRITTA  
Is there something... going on between  
you two?

TROY  
Yeah, is there Abed?

Abed's gone.

JEFF  
How the?

TROY  
There is, Jeff! What am I gonna do?  
Abed's steppin' out on me.

JEFF  
Uh...

TROY  
 (to Britta)  
 He's found someone else. You must know  
 how that is.

BRITTA  
 Like, another friend?

Troy bawls.

TROY  
 Why would you say that?!

Jeff puts his arm around Troy.

JEFF  
 It'll be okay, buddy.

TROY  
 Never okay, it'll be!

Troy runs across the quad, past Pierce doing what some may  
 call posing. Others, writhing.

FARTHER DOWN THE QUAD

Pierce continues to spaz out on the ground in front of a  
 bush.

PIERCE  
 Take the picture, damnit!

One of the photographers is holed up in the bush, National  
 Geographic-style.

PIERCE  
 I'm right here! What do you want, more  
 leg?

Annie strolls past Pierce wearing a short, Catholic-school-  
 girl skirt, a Mathletes midriff, pigtails, horned-rimmed  
 glasses, carrying heavy textbooks. She's in SLOW MOTION.

Annie flips her hair-- in normal speed. She's not in slow  
 motion at all. She's just walking in slow motion. Britta  
 catches up to her easily.

BRITTA  
 I guess I'll start with, why?

ANNIE  
 (through a clenched smile)  
 Are they taking pictures?

BRITTA  
 If you mean the perv with the camera-  
 phone, then yeah.

Britta motions toward STARBURNS, the dude with star-shaped sideburns, hot on Annie's tail.

ANNIE  
Ugh! You're just jealous.  
(motioning to all of her)  
Of all this.

Pierce, now off the ground, steps between them.

PIERCE  
Just pretend you're laughing.

Pierce puts his arms around Annie and Britta, jerks them violently to and fro, laughs heartily.

Annie then notices the photographer that Pierce had noticed and starts to laugh as well. Way too forced.

Shirley bounces into frame, laughing and flaunting her body.

Britta's trapped.

BRITTA  
What the hell is wrong with you people?!

Britta notices the photographer framing the shot.

BRITTA  
No, no, no!

Britta struggles to free herself while covering her face. But the photographer lowers his camera and walks away. Pierce, Annie, and Shirley stop laughing and scowl at Britta.

SHIRLEY  
Couldn't remove that stick for half-a-second, could you?

PIERCE  
In his defense, a picture of three people laughing at a homeless woman with a man-cut isn't a real morale booster.

BRITTA  
Hey!

ANNIE  
Thanks a lot, Britta.

Annie, Shirley, and Pierce all walk away.

BRITTA  
You guys! You're playing into the system! It's propaganda! Is anyone listening to me?!

Just then, LEONARD, Greendale's random old coot, walks by and hands Britta a dollar.

LEONARD  
I'm listening, angel thighs.

BRITTA  
Uck! Damnit, Leonard.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Jeff, donning a hood and bug-eyed sunglasses, and Troy, still dressed as Annie, walk down the hallway leading to the study room.

JEFF  
So Abed's missed a few movie nights.  
And Saturday Celebrity-Dress-Up  
Breakfast. And Taco Tuesday--

TROY  
Teen Wolf Taco Tuesday. Every time  
Scott shows the *characteristics* of a  
wolf, without turning *into* a wolf: hot  
sauce high-five.

JEFF  
Which is?

TROY  
(duh)  
Add some more hot sauce and high-five.

JEFF  
Was a lot cooler before the  
explanation.

Britta enters, stops them.

BRITTA  
They're crazy. All of them.

TROY  
(reading an index card)  
Usually the character who says  
'they're crazy' is actually the crazy  
one.

Troy puts the index card carefully back into his purse.

BRITTA  
Shut up... guy in a dress.

JEFF  
Did Abed make you a cheat sheet for  
conversation?

TROY  
 (choking back tears)  
 Yes!

Britta snaps in Jeff's face.

BRITTA  
 Will you talk some sense into them?

JEFF  
 Just let them get their pictures  
 taken, reap the results, and...

Annie, Shirley, and Pierce turn the corner at the other end of the hallway. Annie flips her hair. They're all actually walking in SLOW MOTION.

Annie's still wearing what can only be described as a librarian porn star super-villainess costume.

Shirley looks like she just walked out of a rap video.

Pierce is dressed like Jeff.

JEFF  
 Sweet, fancy contrivance.

From down the hallway:

PIERCE  
 Jealous, Winger? You're not the only one with a dancer's legs.

The two groups meet just outside the study room.

ANNIE  
 (to Troy)  
 Why are you dressed like me?

TROY  
 Why are you dressed like a librarian porn star super-villainess?

BRITTA  
 Shirley, what is this?

SHIRLEY  
 These are the clothes of a strong, independent woman. I buy my own drinks!

(suddenly sweet)  
 If I drank, of course.

TROY  
 (to Pierce)  
 You look pretty good.

PIERCE  
(taking Troy's hand, kissing  
it)  
Why, thank you. I don't think we've  
been introduced...

INT. STUDY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They enter the study room.

BRITTA  
You guys don't have to do this.

ANNIE  
Just because you're too afraid to be  
yourself doesn't mean you can force us  
to be.

Jeff scans the room. Something's... different.

JEFF  
Does it seem brighter in here?

SHIRLEY  
It's this bling, baby. I buy my own  
jewelry!

The room is brighter. And extremely evenly lit.

On the table are brand new textbooks, sharpened pencils, and  
healthy snacks. Troy's already chomping on a baby carrot.

JEFF  
Where'd you get that carrot?

TROY  
Found it.

It's almost as if the study room has been transformed into a  
photographer's studio--

JEFF  
It's a trap!

Jeff shields his face with his hood.

Troy shoulder-rolls onto the table and off camera.

Britta runs away as Annie and Shirley both pose.

Pierce is oblivious, unbuttoning his too-tight jeans.

FLASHBULBS EXPLODE.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. ANTHROPOLOGY CLASSROOM - DAY

The group whispers as the PROFESSOR professes or something. No one's paying attention.

Chang very obviously eavesdrops.

JEFF

A set-up? Really, guys?

SHIRLEY

That wasn't us.

ANNIE

We had no idea the room was rigged.

BRITTA

(bitterly)

Good attention-starved line of reasoning though: Get shot with a large group, helps your chances of getting featured.

JEFF

Looks like you need us.

TROY

Yeah, like in...

Troy looks to Abed for a pop culture tag-in. Abed's desk is empty.

TROY

(defeated)

That TV show. On that channel at night.

ANNIE

It's just so typical that you guys think we maliciously did something to ruin your perfect lives.

SHIRLEY

Ain't no room for you all anyway, when *this* is in the frame.

Shirley motions to all of her. Annie does the same.

PIERCE

(proudly to Chang)

Es una mujer grandisimo.

Chang nods approvingly.

CHANG

Bueno, Pierce.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Troy, now dressed as Shirley, flips through photos of Abed on his phone.

One table away, Annie and Shirley sit together, pouring over a campus map while Pierce idly peels the skin off a fried chicken breast.

ANNIE

I don't know if I feel comfortable with that.

SHIRLEY

We're two independent women, we can handle this.

Pierce slurps down a piece of fried chicken skin.

SHIRLEY

I hate that that's making me hungry.

PIERCE

(his mouth full)  
What if I were to say I have the green to back this camel.

SHIRLEY

I don't know what that means, but I think I like it.

Pierce puts a wad of cash on the table.

PIERCE

Bribes.

SHIRLEY

Sugar daddy!

ANNIE

Ew, the cash is all greasy.

PIERCE

Girls, this is how the real world works.

Annie glances out the window, spots Jeff palming a folded bill and shaking hands with one of the photographers.

ANNIE

(pointing)  
Oh my God!  
(suddenly serious)  
Smug bastard.

PIERCE

Well, apparently Jeff also resides in the real world.

SHIRLEY

White ass doesn't know who he's dealin' with. Greendale's about to hit 'im straight upside the head.

PIERCE

To make sure Annie understands, are we actually hitting him? Or just, you know, metaphorically?

Shirley and Annie pierce Pierce with diabolical looks.

Troy releases a loud sob. Annie gets up, concerned.

SHIRLEY

Can I have a piece of that chicken?

PIERCE

Say 'ahh.'

SHIRLEY

Just hand it t--

Pierce forces a chicken leg into her open mouth.

A FLASHBULB EXPLODES as a photo is taken of Pierce feeding Shirley fried chicken, grease glistening on her chin.

SHIRLEY

Oh, that beeping bleeper beeper.

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY (HOURS LATER)

Shirley's holding a

PHOTOGRAPH of her enjoying being fed fried chicken by Pierce.

Shirley's pissed.

SHIRLEY

Think that's funny? If you do, you're a racist. All y'all.

Jeff (covered in glitter), Britta, and Troy sit silently across from Annie, Shirley, and Pierce.

TROY

Y'all gonna feed your Benjamin Button babies fried chicken?

PIERCE

Can't. Vasectomy.

Pierce grabs the manila envelope from Shirley. He removes the other photos, spreads them across the table.

BRITTA

Oh no.

SHIRLEY

Oh yes. No one's safe.  
 (to Annie)  
 Sorry, pumpkin.

Shirley slides Annie a

PHOTO of Annie looking confused in front of the Tutoring Center.

EXT. TUTORING CENTER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Annie looks confused. Out of her pocket, she pulls a

NOTE written in forced-scraggly handwriting:

"Meet me at the tutoring center. New plan. I'm old. -Pierce"

Shirley runs by, her arms laden with Greendale banners, stickers, and magnets.

ANNIE

(calling after Shirley)  
 What's the new plan?

A FLASHBULB EXPLODES!

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Annie slams the note down on the table.

TROY

(laughing way too hard)  
 I wrote that! See how I wrote he's old? 'Cause he is old?! Oh, the truth!

ANNIE

How's this truth taste?

Annie flings a

PHOTO of Troy raising his hand studiously.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Troy's in class, his calculator turned upside down so the numbers form the word BOOBS.

Pierce sits behind him, a diabolical smile spread across his face.

Pierce glances outside the window and sees Jeff run by with the Human Being mascot.

PIERCE

If your name is Troy, raise your hand!

Troy halts his initial reflex.

TROY  
Wait a second. Is this a trick?

PIERCE  
(lying... poorly)  
No!

TROY  
Oh, all right.

Troy raises his hand proudly as a SKINNY PHOTOGRAPHER posing as a student whips out his camera and A FLASHBULB EXPLODES!

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Troy stares at the picture.

TROY  
It was a trick!

BRITTA  
At least it's a really good picture of you, Troy.

TROY  
(way too emotional)  
It's a lie!

JEFF  
Can we just stop this. We get it.

BRITTA  
I don't think anyone really needs to see any more...

SHIRLEY  
Ain't about 'need;' it's about want, now.

Shirley flips two pictures toward Jeff and Britta.

The first

PHOTO is of Jeff standing outside his car, which is fully bedazzled with Greendale stickers, magnets, and flags. His arms are raised in triumph.

The second

PHOTO is of Britta... as a cheerleader, uniform and all. She's in mid-air, pom poms outstretched in each hand.

EXT./INT. JEFF'S CAR - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Jeff sleeps in his car.

Outside, an afro moves quickly from the front of the car to the back passenger side window like a shark's fin.

Shirley puts a final magnet of Dean Pelton's face on the car's only empty surface: Jeff's fuel door.

In the background, Annie runs by with pom poms. She waves excitedly at Shirley.

Shirley holds up a single fist in solidarity, then sets off an air horn. Jeff starts, opens his door and exits groggily when

SHIRLEY

Now!

From behind a tree, Pierce pulls a string that pours a bucket of glitter all over Jeff, his arms raised attempting to block the glitter.

A FLASHBULB EXPLODES!

EXT. CAMPUS QUAD - CONTINUOUS (FLASHBACK)

Annie, still holding two pom poms, crouches behind a bench. She spots Britta yelling at one of the photographers, who continues to take pictures of the cheerleaders.

As Britta approaches, Annie charges from behind the bench and throws the pom poms at Britta.

ANNIE

Go go go!

The CHEERLEADING SQUAD springs into action. Britta drops her books out of reflex in order to catch the pom poms. One of the cheerleaders kneels behind her, Britta trips and begins to fall.

Two MALE CHEERLEADERS catch Britta and hold her horizontally while another cheerleader pulls a skirt on over her jeans.

Britta is then lifted and thrown into the air as A FLASHBULB EXPLODES!

The cheerleaders catch her, set her down, and cartwheel away.

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

Britta's face is red with embarrassment. Everyone else, including Jeff and Troy, are laughing.

JEFF

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. But that's impressive.

BRITTA

Shut up!

Troy reaches for the last photo in the center of the table.

The

PHOTO is of Pierce in a hot tub with the Human Being mascot.

PIERCE

No need for a flashback.

Pierce pockets the photo lovingly.

Abed dashes through the doorway, donning a trench coat and matching fedora, speaking in a rushed, hoarse voice.

ABED

Anyone even venture to think why you're all here, together, without a camera lens capturing your every shudder, every nervous bead of sweat? You've played right into their hands. They have what they need and you don't even know it.

BRITTA

What're you even saying?

SHIRLEY

And why in the hell are you dressed like a Turner Classic Movies marathon?

ABED

There's no time. But know this: you're not the only ones who've seen those pictures you're holding. And while you may just be using them to blackmail each other in some petty attempt to prove your own self worth, let's just say the man in charge won't be so discreet.

JEFF

(caught up in Abed's character)

You mean to say...

(beat)

He's willing to use them?

ABED

Willing to? Hah!

(deliberate pause)

He already has.

A collective gasp.

SHIRLEY

What're we going to do?! I can't be seen like this.

Jeff grabs Shirley's hand across the table.

JEFF

Whatever we're gonna do, we'll do it together.

TROY

Like Captain Planet.

ABED

(reflex, breaking character)  
He's our hero.

Troy straightens up, grins at Abed longingly.

JEFF

Sure... like Captain Planet. How exactly?

ABED

Elements combine. Captain Planet saves the day. Pretty much every episode's the same.

JEFF

Then, uh, Annie... you're Wind. Wise and, flowy or something. Troy, Abed--

ABED

Fire.

JEFF

(starting to feel it)  
You're fire. The group's fighting spirit. Britta--

TROY

Earth.

JEFF

You're Earth. Stubborn and unyielding. And Shirley, you're our Heart.

Shirley tightens her grip on Jeff's hand.

PIERCE

I guess that makes me Turquoise.

ANNIE

And when our powers combine, we can sabotage others, instead of *each* other... like a real family.

Abed, still in the doorway, back in his noir character:

ABED

That was beautiful.

JEFF

Now let's go make sure Pelton knows that we are more than this.

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

We're better, just as we are. Those are the photos he wants. And we're going to prove to him that together we're the Turquoise of Greendale.

Pierce attempts to start a slow-clap--

The P.A. system crackles on.

DEAN PELTON (O.S.)

Hideeho, students! Quick reminder, we've chosen our cover models for this year's enrollment catalog! All will be unveiled tomorrow morning at seven.

JEFF

Are you kidding me?!

DEAN PELTON (O.S.)

No kidding.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GREENDALE HALLWAY - NIGHT

It's quiet. Some might say, too quiet...

The group rounds the corner; strutting, confident. Shit's about to get real.

They're in slick, black spy outfits, except for Shirley and Annie who have kept their sexy on.

INT. OUTSIDE DEAN PELTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The group of elite photographers stand at guard, some cleaning their cameras as meticulously as a soldier cleans his sidearm.

INT. GREENDALE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Abed silently points to Shirley and Annie and makes an intricate hand gesture. Everyone looks confused except Troy.

JEFF

(whispers to Shirley, Annie)  
Woman up.

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The room is dark. A single library lamp is on, obscuring the group's faces in shadow.

PIERCE

Entrap him. I blackmail our photos away from his mini, manicured hands. A little cocaine goes a long way.

JEFF

Last time, Pierce, that is not the plan. We know what we want to switch the photos with, who's getting us in?

Abed unrolls a large floor plan and shines the light on it as everyone crowds around.

ABED

I have the schematics. I'm obviously the most qualified. Just clear the way.

TROY

(suddenly emotional)  
I never see you anymore...

JEFF

Your girlfriend's right, where have you been? And how'd you get ahold of this?

ABED

I joined the photography club weeks ago, before I knew our services would be used for evil. But I've been playing both sides. Figured you could use an inside man. And, um, sorry.

TROY

(recovering from tears)  
Twist!

SHIRLEY

Oh my.

JEFF

Well, that's... a plot hole. What counts is that you're here now.

Jeff shines the lamp on Abed.

JEFF

General, what's our entry point?

INT. OUTSIDE DEAN PELTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Shirley pats her hair and pushes up her breasts.

ABED (V.O.)

Those are our entry point.

SHIRLEY

Oh, boys!

The group of photographers lower their cameras, entranced, as Annie walks around the corner flipping her hair, wincing each time her hair slaps her across the face.

One of the photographers WHISTLES. They all abandon their posts as Jeff, Britta, Abed, and Troy flank the photographers from the other side of the hallway.

Pierce walks between Shirley and Annie, holding a brand new, high-end, telephoto digital camera with at least a foot-long lens. He lowers it to his waist, putting it on display.

The photographers ignore the girls and flock to Pierce.

PIERCE (PRELAP)

That's all I get to do?

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The group remains gathered around the table.

ABED

You already bribed the janitor for this key.

Abed lays a key on top of the floor plan.

PIERCE

Huh. I don't remember that at all.

Britta thumbs through a thick stack of paper, not paying attention.

BRITTA

There's a lot in the fine print in here--

JEFF

Hold that whine, Britta.

INT. DEAN PELTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Jeff, Britta, Troy, and Abed are rummaging through Dean Pelton's office.

JEFF (V.O.)

Once we're inside, you know where the photos are?

ABED

They're here somewhere. I know, because I put them there.

BRITTA

What?!

ABED

No. That'd be too many twists.

JEFF

This isn't helping--

DEAN PELTON (O.S.)

Why hello, Mr. Winger.

Dean Pelton emerges from his private bathroom wearing only a robe.

DEAN PELTON

(noticing the others)  
Oh... glad you all could join us.

Jeff, across the room, locks eyes with Dean

JEFF

Pelton.

INT. STUDY ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The room has been returned to its photo studio setup.

Jeff looks extra metro, Shirley looks cute and Annie's outfit tastefully reveals how pretty she is. Britta is wearing the same thing, happily getting rid of the fake props and adding to the table what's usually there: beat up textbooks, gum, crumpled paper, and doodles.

Troy is holding a football and Pierce takes off his glasses.  
 Abed adjusts the tripod, then goes to the door.

ABED

I invited someone who'll act as my  
 Jake Suuully. Since I can't legally  
 partake in the photo without my image  
 release.

WHITE ABED, a scarily-accurate white version of Abed, walks  
 in. (Played by the same actor.)

ABED

Take a seat next to Troy.

TROY

(to White Abed)  
 Your rightful place, by my side. I  
 missed you.

White Abed looks confused. Abed grins.

ABED

White Abed, tell Troy you're sorry you  
 were in the photography club and it  
 took time away from being together.

WHITE ABED

I'm sorry I was in the photo club and  
 I couldn't be with you.  
 (to Abed)  
 Are we a... couple?

Jeff gets up and fixes the drooping Greendale Community  
 College banner on the wall.

ABED

(to White Abed)  
 I don't know what to do when I can't  
 high-five someone after adding more  
 hot sauce.

Abed nods toward White Abed.

WHITE ABED

(to Troy)  
 Something about five dollar hot sauce.

Troy raises his hand and White Abed begrudgingly high-fives  
 it while Abed excitedly air-high-fives toward Troy.

JEFF

(smiling)  
 I think I finally get their bromance.

Abed finalizes the shot, presses the shutter release and the  
 FLASH BLEEDS WHITE into

INT. DEAN PELTON'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jeff, Britta, Troy, and Abed are lined up in front of Dean Pelton. They all look mortified. Dean Pelton looks fabulous.

JEFF

Give us the photos back and everyone here will forget we broke into your office and saw your robe 'slip' open.

DEAN PELTON

I don't mind at all that we had a moment of sharing.

Britta takes a folded document from her back pocket.

BRITTA

Your actions are in direct contradiction to Greendale policy. Our images are being used for profit. This catalog is meant to entice prospective students, ergo paying for all that wax you're clearly taking advantage of.

JEFF

Where'd you get that?

BRITTA

It's all in the fine print. Of all people, shouldn't you have caught this?

JEFF

Lawyers write fine print. We never read it.

DEAN PELTON

You neither?! See!

BRITTA

Regardless, you're in trouble.

DEAN PELTON

Seems likely you've got me there, Buzzy-Buzzkill-theBee. But it's a bit late for these shenanigans.

JEFF

We know it's past your bedtime, but we thought you should have this.

Jeff hands Dean Pelton an envelope, which the Dean can't seem to op-- hmm, wait... there-- nope... Okay, he got it.

DEAN PELTON

Ooh, what have we here?

JEFF

What you wanted. The perfect Greendale propaganda featuring us. I don't want any of those other photographs making it into the catalog. We're happy with this one.

Dean Pelton looks the photo over (the group photo taken in the previous scene), then hands it back to Jeff.

DEAN PELTON

Cute. Thanks but no thanks, Jeffrey Isaac Winger. (I know that because I'm in a place of power.) Anyway, I've already decided to swing another way.

EXT. SOUTH QUAD - 7 A.M. (THE NEXT MORNING)

Besides Jeff and the others, there's an embarrassingly sparse crowd of STUDENTS either with too much pride or with confused glances as they pass through on the way to class.

Dean Pelton stands atop a stool in front of a wall that has a suspended, rolled up banner attached to it.

DEAN PELTON

And now... Greendale  
(through gritted teeth)  
Community  
(back to a normal voice)  
College's Fall 2010 Catalog cover  
unveiled before your eyes.

He signals the JANITOR to drop the

GIANT BANNER depicting multiple Greendale HUMAN BEING mascots dressed as students. Like, eight of them. There's even a female version holding what seems to be a baby in a grey, facemask-included unitard.

Jeff, Britta, Annie, Shirley, Troy, Abed, and Pierce stand unified in awe, disgust, and a bit of disappointment that it isn't their "family" photo on the cover.

UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER, starting with Jeff, infects the whole group. Pierce adjusts his glasses, scans the banner. Focuses on the female Human Being.

PIERCE

Britta, when did you make a baby?

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Troy and Abed are in full safari gear, alligator boots planted in a newly blossomed rose garden.

Abed passes the binoculars to Troy.

ABED  
(his usual lack of emotion)  
Yeah. This is funny.

Troy grabs the binoculars, looks through them excitedly.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME - LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY

A pastel room with exquisite decorations.

The Human Being mascot takes clothes out of the dryer and folds them. Clothes he clearly has never worn.

His face stays in the same stenciled on smile he usually wears as he turns his grey, unitard-ed body creepily toward the window, looks right at Troy and Abed.

They run screaming into the street.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW