

We're Out Here Snapping Polaroids, Just To Shake Things Up

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by [EntropicThyme](#)

Summary

And then, Scott turned over one final photo. Standing in front of some cliché prom photo backdrop were Tango and Jimmy. Jimmy was in a black suit with a canary yellow tie, blushing furiously into his bouquet of flowers. Tango, on the other hand? Wow. He was wearing a vibrant red dress, grinning unabashedly at the camera. Around his head, the black sharpie had drawn love hearts.

Or, Scott, Jimmy and Tango are all together, and about to move in with each other, when Scott finds Jimmy's old polaroid collection. A series of Moments(tm) ensue.

Scott and Jimmy were in the process of packing up to move in with Tango. The three had agreed that they wanted to be around each other more, and, after some negotiations, decided that Scott and Jimmy would be moving in with Tango. Although the commute to Scott and Jimmy's workplace would be slightly longer from Tango's house, it had room for everyone, where Scott and Jimmy's apartment was already feeling cramped with just two people.

Scott and Jimmy weren't quite sure how Tango had managed to score a moderate-sized house in the suburbs in his mid 20s, to be fair. Apparently it was something about the proximity to Hermiton Labs. Or was it that the house next door was haunted? Either way, apparently property

value in the area was really low for no discernible reason. As it was, if there was a problem, Scott and Jimmy figured they'd find out soon enough.

It was while Scott was moving boxes out of the shelf in Jimmy's closet that he accidentally knocked the shoebox down. He let out a yelp as it tumbled past his grasp, falling open and spilling its contents all over the bedroom floor. Inside were a bunch of... polaroids? Huh. Well, a little curiosity didn't hurt, Scott supposed, looking at a few of them.

The first was a picture of Jimmy as a young child, being pushed on a tire swing by Lizzie. He was grinning ear-to-ear, a few of his teeth missing. There was also a picture of Jimmy on the beach, slightly older, half-buried in the sand, a proud Joel leaning on a shovel. Joel was labelled in thick black sharpie as 'Lizzie's boyfriend >:('. The next picture, on the other hand, showed Jimmy and Tango, probably teenage, drinking milkshakes together at Big B's Bakeria (although it was probably called something else back then). This one had a caption, in that same black sharpie: 'Lunch with the ~~bestie~~ ~~erush~~ boyfriend!'

And then, Scott turned over one final photo. Standing in front of some cliché prom photo backdrop were Tango and Jimmy. Jimmy was in a black suit with a canary yellow tie, blushing furiously into his bouquet of flowers. Tango, on the other hand? Wow. He was wearing a vibrant red dress, grinning unabashedly at the camera. Around his head, the black sharpie had drawn love hearts.

"Scott?" Jimmy poked his head into the room, causing Scott to snap back to the present with a start. "What's taking you so—" Jimmy cut himself off with a gasp, seeing the photos in Scott's hands. "My polaroids! I was wondering where I'd left those!"

"Yeah, I knocked them down, sorry," Scott went to actually start putting the photos away, as Jimmy picked up the last photo Scott had been looking at.

"I forgot how handsome he was in that dress," Jimmy mused, a blush rising to his cheeks to mirror that of his younger self. "You know, there's a bit of a funny story behind it."

"Go on?" Scott asked, pausing in his cleaning of the mess.

"Well..." Jimmy scratched the back of his neck, nervous. "See, it was prom, right? And we wanted a pretty couple photo, you know, for the memories and stuff, and... our school was... trying? Is that the word? Trying to be more inclusive, you know? But, uh, missing the mark a little. Because there were rules for the couple photos. And in previous years, it'd been 'one guy, one girl'. But for *our* year, it was 'one suit, one dress'. Like I said. They were trying. As things were, uh, Tango ended up being the dress, and... he looked *really good*," Jimmy explained, his blush coming on even more furiously now.

"I can tell."

"Yeah."

The two stood there for a moment, both with no thoughts other than how handsome their boyfriend was. A couple seconds later, Jimmy's phone pinged. They both jumped a little at the sudden sound.

"Tango's here with the u-haul," Jimmy pulled his phone out of his pocket and read off the notification. "Shall, we, uh," he picked up one of the boxes, "Get going?"

"Sure!" Scott put the lid on the box of polaroids, tucked it into another box he had lying open, and, scooping that box up, followed Jimmy out of the room.

It was as Scott was pulling out the boxes and lost socks and other detritus out from under the bed that he noticed he'd left one of Jimmy's polaroids behind.

This one was... *different*, though. It was taken from an odd angle, a dark shadow blocking the upper left corner, and thin, spidery cracks tracing the bottom right. It was taken in part of Jimmy and Tango's old school, from what Scott could tell. The focus, though, was what disturbed Scott the most. A ring of students stood around a crumpled figure, of whom Scott could just barely make out a mess of blond hair, the exact same shade as Jimmy's. Just outside the ring, two more students were holding back a screaming Tango.

"Oh." Tango's voice came from behind Scott, suddenly. He sounded haunted, if Scott was being honest. He looked up and, seeing Tango's outstretched hand, gently gave the photo to him. Tango stared at it, hands trembling ever-so-slightly, before letting out a yelp and scrambling away as it suddenly ignited, burning away to nothing before it could even hit the ground.

"What... was that?" Scott gasped. Tango looked away.

"I... It's Jimmy's story to tell as much as mine," Tango explained sheepishly. "If he's okay with it, I'll explain once the move is over."

"That's... That's fair." Scott nodded. An awkward silence permeated the room.

"So, uh..." Tango quickly changed the subject, "What's the plan for all those socks?"

"I'm not Tango, I'm Strongman McStrongFace, the strongest man alive, and I—nng—don't need help carrying all these boxes!"

"Sure."

"Wha—hey! Jimmy! Put me down!"

"Put a couple boxes down, then!"

"Never!"

Scott chuckled at Jimmy and Tango's shenanigans in the background as he pored over the ODEA instructions, trying to put his desk chair back together.

"I can't show you the surprise I got if you hurt yourself, Tango."

There was a sequence of gentle thuds.

"A surprise?"

"Go get Scott."

Scott sighed, and resigned himself to his fate. His chair could wait, his boyfriends came first. Sure enough, moments later, he found himself being scooped up and half-carried to the kitchen by a Tango. Scott tried to look grumpy about it, but really, Tango's grin was too infectious for any of that.

The moment they stepped into the kitchen, there was a bright flash of light. Blinking the afterimage out of his eyes, Scott turned to look and...

Jimmy was holding a polaroid camera, grinning ear to ear as the photo he'd just taken printed out.

"I figured," he explained, "Since you found my old polaroid collection, why not add a few newer photos into the mix?"

"Oh you beautiful, wonderful man," Scott whispered, smiling. Jimmy moved around behind them, and held up the camera.

"Say 'Moving day!'"

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