

New Girl Spec Script

'Pitching'

by Ellen Waddell

ACT ONE

1 INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

SCHMIDT sits on the sofa focused on a standing NICK, who holds a stack of cue cards in his hand. As Nick talks, Schmidt mouths along.

NICK

(stiffly)

Webster's dictionary defines a novel as a long written story about imaginary characters and events. But soon it will define it as "The Pepperwood Chronicles."

(beat)

Really Schmidt? I mean doesn't Webster get to choose who he puts in his Dictionary?

SCHMIDT

Nick, I promise you this pitch will get you a book deal tomorrow. Now continue.

NICK

But we've been practicing for five hours!

Off Schmidt's stern look, Nick returns to his speech.

NICK (CONT'D)

And that is why, ladies and gentleman of the jury -

Schmidt shakes his head. Nick checks his cue card.

NICK (CONT'D)

Of this fine publishing company.

Schmidt nods his head.

NICK (CONT'D)

I think "The Pepperwood Chronicles" will be the next great Armenian -

Schmidt shakes his head. Nick checks his cue card again.

NICK (CONT'D)

American novel.

Schmidt nods his head.

NICK (CONT'D)

Which will stay with readers for years I've come.

Nick looks back at his cue card.

NICK (CONT'D)

To come.

(beat)

The End. And God bless Stephen King

Schmidt stands up and shakes Nick's hand.

SCHMIDT

Thank you Mr Miller, that was a very intriguing pitch.

Schmidt pulls away from the handshake.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Although we might have to work on your handshake some more.

NICK

I'm going to bed, my throat hurts and I have cramp in my right hand. And you know it's difficult for me to sleep unless I can use my right hand first.

SCHMIDT

Just one more run through of the role play section.

Nick heads to his bedroom. Schmidt follows him.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I'm the hard to please publisher with a secret heart of gold and you're the desperate author, looking to make your way in the big city.

Nick enters his bedroom, and turns to Schmidt, standing outside his door.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

And you'll do anything to convince me. Anything.

Nick shuts the door in Schmidt's face

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Too much?

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES:

2. INT. LOFT. THE NEXT MORNING.

CECE and WINSTON are sitting at the dining table drinking coffee. They have post it notes stuck to their head. Cece's says "Mrs Appleby," Winston's says 'Heidi Klum.'

CECE

Am I a woman?

WINSTON

I think lady or ma'am would be the correct term.

CECE

It's a yes or a no game Winston.

WINSTON

Then yes. But with caveats.

CECE

Am I Mrs Appleby?

WINSTON

Yes!

Cece takes the yellow post it note off her head.

CECE

Winston you can't keep putting down your 4th grade English teacher. No one knows who that is.

WINSTON

You take that back. The graduating class of St Mary's Middle School will always hold Mrs Appleby deep within their bosom. Hehe. Bosom.

(beat)

My turn. Would I put my finger in a open socket, if I knew it would stop a baby from crying?

Jess enters.

JESS

Guys. Nick has his big publishing meeting today but we don't want to spook him, okay? You know how weird he gets under pressure.

3 INT. LASER TAG VENUE. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Nick and Winston wait in a holding pen, holding guns and wearing full laser tag gear. They are surrounded by other LASER TAGGERS. Winston gestures to a red light.

WINSTON

As soon as that light changes to green we run in there, find a good sniper spot and destroy all these chumps. Are you with me?

NICK

Yeah! Destroy!

SCHMIDT

Who started the post it game with Winston?

CECE

Me.

SCHMIDT

I might as well call you Frankenstein then.

CECE

What?

SCHMIDT

Because you've created a monster.

(to Nick)

Kim just called, she wants me to look after her son today.

Apparently she's getting a facelift and asked for the Elle Fanning, so I might be there a while. I'm sorry man.

NICK

That's okay. I can go to the meeting on my own. All the best stuff happens to me when I'm on my own. Well, almost alone.

Nick looks at his right hand affectionately, and strokes it.

4 INT. NICK'S ROOM. NIGHT. FLASHBACK:

Nick is tucked up in bed, his arms underneath the covers. He pulls out his right hand. He has drawn a mouth on it, and uses it like a ventriloquist's dummy.

NICK'S HAND

Hello Nick, ready for a bedtime story.

NICK

As long as it's not too scary this time.

BACK TO PRESENT:

SCHMIDT

I know I said I would be your loco parentis.

NICK

I don't need a crazy Spaniard to sell my book Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

That's not what that means. You could take Reagan?

NICK

She's at a conference in Sacramento all week.

JESS

I can go with Nick. The school is being fumigated for cockroaches today. I was going to use it as a fun learning exercise about the cycle of life, and decorate little boxes for the kids to bury them in tomorrow. But they can just learn about death the hard way.

NICK

Thanks, but no thanks.

JESS

Why not?

NICK

Because you will just freak me out. You will start singing a song from some Disney movie I haven't seen about conquering the day by disguising yourself as a man in order to pass for a soldier in the Chinese military.

JESS

That's Mulan. You're talking about Mulan.

NICK

I'm going alone, okay? I don't need a loco parachute.

Schmidt puts his hands on Nick's shoulders.

SCHMIDT

When you talk to them you look them right in the eye, like your eyes are heat seeking missiles seeking their eyes, which you hope are enemy headquarters and not hospitals filled with orphans.

NICK

Little intense, but thanks. See you later.

Nick heads to the door. Jess follows.

JESS

I just wanted to say good luck out there.

He shakes his plastic bag.

NICK

I have all the good luck I need in here. One lucky rabbit head, one lucky 5 leaf clover, and this -

He gets a small bottle of a pale yellow liquid out of his pocket. Jess opens it and sniffs it. Her nose wrinkles.

NICK (CONT'D)

My lucky bat's urine. Mother nature's chosen luck bearer. I bought it off the dark web. As long as I have this, I will be fine.

He shoves it in his pocket.

JESS

What do you think the dark web is?

NICK

Websites that sell everyday items for reasonable prices. I appreciate your support but I don't need baby-sitting.

(beat)

Now can you wind me before I leave, because I had a soda an hour ago and I can not burp.

Jess pats his back, the force of which causes his bat's urine to fall out of his pocket and onto the floor. He lets out a belch.

NICK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

JESS

Anytime.

Nick leaves, his bat urine lying unnoticed on the floor.

END OF ACT ONE.

5 INT. LOFT. SCHMIDT AND CECE'S BEDROOM. MINUTES LATER.

Schmidt digs through his wardrobe. Cece enters, stepping around the mountain of clothes already on the floor.

CECE

What's going on?

SCHMIDT

I'm trying to find some appropriate clothes for spending time with a young boy.

(beat)

Now where is my smash-mouth t-shirt?

CECE

You never had a smash-mouth t-shirt.

SCHMIDT

I thought everyone had one in the 2000s.

CECE

Are you sure you can handle this babe? Kids are a lot of work.

SCHMIDT

Of course I can. I am a very maternal person. And this will be good practice for when we have our own Von Trapp family.

He puts his hands lovingly on Cece's stomach.

CECE

Slow down there buddy. My oven is free of buns.

SCHMIDT

I know. Aunt flow is coming to visit tomorrow.

CECE

How did you know that?

SCHMIDT

Your breasts have swelled from their usual 12cm circumference to a more sturdy 14cm bought on by pre-menstrual water weight.

CECE

I don't know whether to be impressed or freaked out.

SCHMIDT

It's better for my self esteem if you're impressed.

Winston enters. He still has the post it on his forehead.

WINSTON

What is the first thing I would put on my plate at a Las Vegas buffet?

CECE

Just let me tell you who it is.

WINSTON

Cece. I come from a long line of stubborn people. My uncle Mike had his shoelace undone for 10 weeks, and when anyone told him about it, he said he was waiting for the shoelace to do itself up. It never did. He fell over constantly.

(beat)

Now answer my damn question.

CECE

Some romaine lettuce leaves.

He leaves. A second later he re-enters.

WINSTON

It's definitely not Ferguson?

CECE

How would he use the salad tongs at the buffet?

WINSTON

Oh, he'd find a way.

6 INT. LOFT. LATER.

Cece and Jess are at the dining table.

Cece types on her laptop, whilst Jess delicately draws a tiny glitter cross onto a very small box. There are 100 more small boxes on the table in front of her.

JESS

I think I might have overstretched myself. Maybe some of the cockroaches would like to be buried in pairs. Or even threes? Who are we to judge the relationships logistics of cockroaches.

CECE

(distracted)

Uh-huh.

JESS

Do you think Nick got to his meeting okay?

CECE

I'm sure he's fine.

JESS

Hmmmmmm

Jess stops glittering. She stares off into the distance, a scheming look on her face. Cece notices.

CECE

No Jess.

JESS

What?

CECE

I know that face. It's your 'I'm about to interfere,' face. I've seen it before.

7 INT. HIGH SCHOOL. DAY. FLASHBACK. (1998)

Young Cece and Jess stand by their lockers and gaze dreamily at JOSH, who is talking to his other JOCK FRIENDS.

CECE (CONT'D)

We'll never be together Jess. He doesn't even know I exist.

Jess smiles, a scheming look on her face.

JESS

Oh he will.

CECE

What did you do?

Josh opens his locker and is hit by a stream of paper hearts. They are all pictures of Cece.

He picks one up, and turns to look at a horrified Cece. Jess though, is beaming.

BACK TO PRESENT:

On Jess's beaming face.

CECE (CONT'D)

You have to respect Nick's decision. He wants to do this alone.

JESS

But what if I happened to be at the publishers as well. Well, wouldn't that just be a old rinky dink coincidence?

CECE

Uh huh. And why are you there?

JESS

They probably have some magazines in their waiting room I haven't read. Like this month's Guns and Babes. I like both those things separately, but when they are together. Jamboree.

(off her look)

Okay. Okay. I'll stay out of it.

CECE

It's for the best. How about I make you a nice cup of fruit tea?

JESS

Sure.

Cece heads to the kitchen. She spots the bottle of bat's urine on the floor, and picks it up.

CECE

What's this?

Cece opens it up and sniffs it.

CECE (CONT'D)

Oh my god! It smells like the lost and found box at my gym.

Jess rushes over and grabs it off Cece.

JESS

Nick forgot his bat's urine! I have to go and give it to him.

CECE

I don't want this ever explained to me.

8 INT. KIM'S KITCHEN. SAME TIME.

Schmidt leans against the kitchen counter, whilst his chic 55 year-old boss, KIM, puts on her jacket and grabs her designer handbag. His white T-shirt has 'smash-mouth' written on it in marker pen.

KIM

I've left the neighbors number on the fridge, and the number for the FBI if Bradley tries to hack the pentagon again and change the president's relationship status to it's complicated.

REVEAL: BRADLEY, a miniature Mark Zuckerberg, staring coolly at Schmidt.

KIM (CONT'D)

(to Schmidt)

Thanks for this. It's so hard to want to spend time with your children once they have ruined your vagina forever.

(to Bradley)

Bye Bradley. Don't be weird!

Kim goes to hug him, but changes her mind and settles for a handshake. She exits.

SCHMIDT

So, how's it going?

Bradley gets his smart phone out of his pocket, and starts using it.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Technology fan. Yeah. I love technology too. I remember when I first got a Game Boy, I spent hours trying to convince Mario to eat those mushrooms.

Schmidt's phone beeps. He gets it out of his pocket.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

What? I didn't post that I love the relaxing vibes of sweet jazz!

Bradley smiles.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Did you just hack into my Facebook account?

Bradley nods.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Well, aren't you just a Mr Smarty pants. He's cousins with Mr Poopy pants.

Bradley doesn't react. Schmidt picks the board game Battleship up off the kitchen counter.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

How about some good old fashioned non-technology based fun?

Bradley gets out his phone again, and leaves the room. Schmidt's phone beeps. He gets it out his pocket.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Will you look at that. Now I'm friends with a meth dealer.

9 INT. BOOK PUBLISHER WAITING ROOM. LATER.

Jess enters the waiting room. She is in disguise wearing a head scarf and sunglasses. Nick is at reception, signing in.

Jess sneaks the bottle of urine back into his plastic bag without him noticing. She is about to walk off, when she hears:

NICK

Jess?

Jess turns around. A beat then:

JESS

(southern accent)

Jess? I don't know no Jess. My name is Mess...ica May. A plucky children's author who is here to try and sell her book "The Adventures of..."

Jess looks around the waiting room desperately. She zones in on a MAN IN GLASSES.

JESS (CONT'D)

"The Visually Impaired..."

Then a fruit bowl filled with apples.

JESS (CONT'D)

Apple...

And finally a BUSTY LADY reading a magazine.

JESS (CONT'D)

Twins."

Nick looks at her suspiciously. A beat then a smile breaks out across his face and he puts out his hand.

NICK

Lovely to meet you Messica. I'm Nick.

10 INT. KIM'S LIVING ROOM. LATER.

Schmidt, dripping in sweat, sits opposite a composed Bradley. The board game Battleship sits between them.

BRADLEY

Not only have I sunk your battleship, but I have encouraged a coup on board which has led to your other battleships sinking themselves.

SCHMIDT

But Liam Neeson was the captain of that submarine, and he had a family Bradley! You can't do that!

Bradley gets out his smart phone.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

You win. Please don't post any more divisive political sentiments on my behalf, or that I love doing big poops.

The doorbell rings.

11 INT. KIM'S HALLWAY. MOMENTS LATER.

Schmidt opens the door to reveal Cece.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

CECE

Donovan had a shoot nearby, I thought I would drop in and see how it's going. Is everything okay? Your eyeballs are sweating.

SCHMIDT

Yes! Everything is great. Kids are so much fun! Come and meet the little guy!

12 INT. KIM'S LIVING ROOM. MINUTES LATER.

Cece and Schmidt enter the living room.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Cece, meet Bradley. Bradley this is my wife. Please be nice.

BRADLEY

Hello.

CECE

Hey. You guys having a nice time?

BRADLEY

(to Schmidt)

I can see why your email password is Cece's underscore boobies underscore are underscore the underscore best exclamation mark.

CECE

What?

SCHMIDT

Oh. Turns out Bradley is a real Edward Snowden. He hacked my e-mail and all my social media accounts.

CECE

I wondered why you were being so honest about your toilet habits.

BRADLEY

What do you do Cece?

CECE

I manage male models.

BRADLEY

I guess God does not give with both hands.

He laughs, gets out his smart phone and walks off.

SCHMIDT

What an angel. I can't wait to have our own.

Cece's smart phone beeps.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

You might not want to look at that.

13 INT. BOOK PUBLISHERS WAITING ROOM. LATER.

JESS

And then "The Visually Impaired Apple Twins" find the evil pirates cursed lemons, and no one in the town dies of scurvy ever again!

NICK

And the dog, is the dog okay?

JESS

Yes. The dog was the one who noticed they were all suffering from vitamin C deficiency in the first place. He was awarded the medal of honour by the townsfolk.

NICK

Wow. That's amazing. You are one talented old lady.

JESS

Old?! I mean, yes. I am old. I use to ride to school on a horse. But I am not quite as talented as you Nicholas. Those Pepperwoods, they have quite a chronicle going.

NICK

I don't know. I'm a little nervous about this meeting to be honest. I have a lot of people rooting for me, and I really don't want to let them down.

JESS

I don't think that's possible. Just be yourself and you will do great.

A suited PUBLISHING ASSISTANT enters the waiting room.

PUBLISHING ASSISTANT

Nick Miller?

Nick nods, and stands up.

NICK

Thanks for everything, Messica. Meeting you has really calmed me down. I have a feeling this is going to go very well.

JESS

Well, as they say in Alabama, half the journey is taken by donkey.

He heads through the door. Jess breathes out. Then realises he has left his urine on the table. Again.

JESS (CONT'D)

Nicholas, wait, you forgot your urine!

14 INT. BOOK PUBLISHER HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS.

Nick is about to enter the meeting room, as Jess pelts down the hall to catch up with him.

JESS (CONT'D)

Nicholas!

He turns around abruptly, and she runs bang into him, spilling the bottle of urine all down his crotch. Nick and Jess both look at his wet crotch in horror.

The publishing assistant sticks her head out of the meeting room.

PUBLISHING ASSISTANT

Is someone coming in for this meeting?

She looks at Nick's crotch and starts to laugh.

An embarrassed Nick runs off back towards the exit, flailing his arms like a child.

PUBLISHING ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Same thing happened with Philip Roth.

(beat)

I heard you talking about the Apple Twins in the waiting room. Sounded fun. How about you come in and tell us more?

She gestures for Jess to go into the meeting room.

END OF ACT TWO

15 INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. THAT EVENING.

Jess sits on the couch with a glass of wine, whilst Winston drinks a beer. He still has his post it sticker on.

JESS

And then I ended up pitching them seven books, a spin off and a cook book! It's like I became Messica. And she is one ambitious lady. She really knows how to nail a meeting.

(MORE)

Pitching

JESS (CONT'D)

In fact she has another one tomorrow with the head of the company.

WINSTON

But the dog, what happens to the dog?

JESS

Winston, that's not the point. How do I tell Nick I ruined his chances *and* stole his dream?

WINSTON

Well, he's been in his bedroom listening to melancholy Irish folk music for four hours so I would recommend, gently.

(beat)

Now, if you excuse me I'm going to disinfect my sticker, caught a couple of ants crawling up in there today. Hungry little fellas.

16 INT. LOFT. BATHROOM. MINUTES LATER.

Cece is washing her face. She looks in the mirror as she pats it dry. Then hears:

WINSTON (CONT'D)

If I could go to any one of America's landmark attractions, which one would I go to?

Cece jumps in shock, and turns around.

REVEAL: Winston is in the corner of the room.

CECE

Don't sneak up on me like that!

WINSTON

Sorry. I was trying to avoid the mirror. Spoilers! You know how it goes. So?

CECE

(agitated)

You would go to sea world, Because you like seals. You really like seal....s.

Winston starts backing out of the room.

WINSTON

Of course! It's all making sense.

CECE

Is it?

17 INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

Jess is now vertical on the couch, her bottle of wine empty, watching TV. Cece enters, takes one look at Jess, and joins her on the couch.

CECE (CONT'D)

I told you not to interfere.

JESS

How did you -

CECE

You're making your "I interfered and it blew up in my face," face. Plus you're watching the last season of "Dawson's Creek." You only watch that when you really want to punish yourself.

JESS

Dawson gets a phone call from Steven Spielberg?! I mean, come on.

(beat)

It all blew up in my face. I'm such an idiot.

CECE

You're not. You just care about your friends. But sometimes you have to let go a little.

JESS

I know.

(beat)

So how was being a mom for the day? Did the child speak directly to your lady parts?

CECE

No. My ovaries have sucked themselves so far back into my body that they might as well be in my lungs.

JESS

Wow. That's one crazy inaccurate anatomical picture you've painted right there.

CECE

I just don't think I like children.

JESS

I know some can be more difficult than others, but maybe this kid was just having a bad day.

CECE

He hacked into my Twitter account and called Tom Hanks a stinky butt face with limited range.

JESS

Okay, he sounds like a real jerk.

CECE

I am so not ready for kids. But how can I tell Schmidt that?

In strolls Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Tell Schmidt what?

CECE

How much I love kids and I can't wait to have lot of them!

SCHMIDT

Me too! In fact I love them so much I'm going back to look after little Bradley again tomorrow. Apparently Kim's surgery made her look more Dakota than Elle Fanning. You should come!

CECE

Yes I should. Because I love children. My body is sad that it's so empty of them.

SCHMIDT

Well lets go make a baby now! Before Aunt Flow shows up to ruin the party with her unwanted gift.

CECE

Yes! That's a great idea.

JESS

I hate to interfere in your plans for some horizontal fandango fun-time but -

CECE

Then don't!

Cece jumps up, and awkwardly takes Schmidt's hand and they head towards their bedroom.

18 INT. LOFT. NICK'S ROOM. LATER.

Nick lies on his bed, murmuring along to the Irish folk music blasting out of his stereo.

Jess enters.

JESS

Nick -

NICK

Before you ask, yes it went terribly, and no I don't want to talk about it.

JESS

About that -

Jess puts on her scarf and sunglasses.

JESS (CONT'D)

(in Messica's voice)

Hello Nick

NICK

Messica! How did you get in here?

JESS

Really Nick?

She lifts up the sunglasses.

JESS (CONT'D)

It's me Jess.

NICK

Oh my god. You have Tyler Durden syndrome!

JESS

For the last time, "Fight Club" was not a documentary.

NICK

I've never seen Brad Pitt and Edward Norton in the same room.

JESS

I'm Messica, and Messica is me. You forgot your lucky urine this morning, so I came to your pitch to give it to you. But I got carried away. I'm sorry I was just trying to help.

NICK

By making it look like I can't control my bladder? How does that help?

JESS

I can fix it. They will see you for a meeting again tomorrow, and I promise I will stay out of the way.

NICK

I can't go back there. You humiliated me. You know what it's like to pee yourself in public?

19 INT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Nick treads water, looking shiftily side to side.

BACK TO PRESENT:

NICK (CONT'D)

I told you to leave it, but you had to get involved. I'm not going. I'm going to stay here and think about a girl whose eyes are the color of a shamrock.

JESS

Please Nick -

NICK

Go away.

JESS

(in Messica's voice)

I'm sorry Nick, I'm just a simple old lady -

NICK

No, don't you do that. Messica is a better person than you, and you have no right to steal her face.

20 INT. LOFT. SCHMIDT & CECE'S ROOM. LATER.

Schmidt and Cece are under the covers and semi-naked, pre-coital.

SCHMIDT

I'm going to put some sperm in your tummy.

CECE

Yay!

Schmidt goes to kiss her, but then shudders and stops.

CECE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

SCHMIDT

I'm sorry, I can't do this. Your body, it reminds me of what comes out of it.

CECE

Poop?

SCHMIDT

No. Children! I don't think I want children. Not now anyway.

CECE

Oh thank god.

SCHMIDT

What? You're not upset?

CECE

Are you kidding me? They are the worst. I don't think we are ready for that at all.

SCHMIDT

Maybe we could just buy a large potato instead, draw a little face on it, and wrap it in a blanket.

CECE

That's one idea. But first, lets destroy Bradley.

He hi-fives her.

SCHMIDT

Yes! There's the woman I married whose body has not been ravaged by a child. Now, lets waste some of this sperm!

They start kissing.

21 INT. LOFT. JESS'S ROOM. MORNING.

Jess, dressed as Messica, adjusts her headscarf in the mirror.

Winston enters. His post it is taped down with scotch tape.

WINSTON

Sorry, have I come to the wrong... dimension?

JESS
Winston, it's me.

She takes off the sunglasses.

WINSTON
Oh my stars Jess! For a moment I
thought you had got herself caught
herself up in some "Stargate" style
shenanigans.
(beat)
How did Nick take it?

Irish folk music starts up again.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Oh.

Jess goes back to straightening her headscarf.

JESS
It's okay. Messica May is going to
walk into that publishing meeting
today and convince them to publish
"The Pepperwood Chronicles"
instead.

WINSTON
You mean "The Adventures of the
Visually Impaired Apple Twins,"
will never be told? But who will
speak for them?

JESS
They won't want to publish it after
I tell them what it's really a
metaphor for.

WINSTON
It's a metaphor for the human
condition isn't it? It's a metaphor
for anyone who has ever suffered
the injustices of the world. And
also its a metaphor for the dangers
of antibiotic farming methods.

JESS
No. It's actually a metaphor for -

Jess whispers into Winston's ear. His face drops.

WINSTON
Nooooooooooooo!

22 INT. KIM'S KITCHEN. AT THE SAME TIME.

Bradley enters the kitchen in his pyjamas. Cece and Schmidt
are sitting at the kitchen table with their smart phones out.

SCHMIDT
Morning Bradley.

BRADLEY
You came back. They never come
back.

SCHMIDT
Would you like some cereal?

CECE
Or maybe you want some of your
favorite.

Cece starts reading off her phone.

CECE (CONT'D)
Waffles with a smiley face drawn on
in maple syrup.

BRADLEY
What? I don't like smiles.

CECE
Not according to your last Facebook
status.

BRADLEY
I don't have a Facebook. I don't
need attention from my peers to
justify my existence.

SCHMIDT
Are you sure about that?

Schmidt starts reading off his phone.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Because according to this you
really loved the B-side off Justin
Bieber's last single.

BRADLEY
Give me that...

He grabs Schmidt's phone.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Hobbies include Pokemon and chill-
axing!

SCHMIDT
And hey, you're friends with your
mom!

Bradley starts wailing.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Calm down Bradley.

Bradley throws himself on the floor, screaming and kicking.

CECE
We'll delete the Facebook.

SCHMIDT
(to Cece)
How do we turn him off?

Kim enters, her face wrapped in bandages.

KIM
What the hell is going on here?
What did you do to my son?!

23 INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. LATER.

Nick is at the dining table re-arranging cut up toast like it is a puzzle.

NICK
What are you meant to be?

Winston enters. He is wearing his police uniform. He has more scotch tape holding his post it note in place.

NICK (CONT'D)
Aren't you meant to be at work?

WINSTON
They gave me a "mental health day,"
on account of being worried about
my mental health.
(beat)
Now, would I like Downtown Abbey or
would find its depiction of the
English gentry tedious?

NICK
Will you take that stupid sticker
off already.

WINSTON
I can't. I don't want to give up.
Like "The Visually Impaired Apple
Twins" never gave up on their dream
of having their eyes lazered so
they could perform contact juggling
in the Cirque du Soleil.

NICK
How do you know about the Apple
Twins?

WINSTON

What don't I know about Rudy and Carl? That Messica May sure can spin a yarn. But now their story is going to be lost in the winds of time.

NICK

What are you talking about?

WINSTON

Messica has a meeting with Walrus publishing today, they heard her telling you about the book, and they loved it. But she's going to bomb the meeting, because she doesn't want to upset you.

NICK

She can't do that. It's this generations "Land Before Time!"

WINSTON

They won't want to publish it after she tells them the whole thing is actually a metaphor for...

Winston leans in whispers to Nick.

NICK

What?

WINSTON

And the dog is actually a...

He leans in again to whisper.

NICK

Even his tail?

WINSTON

Especially his tail...

NICK

Messica can't say those words in front of people! I have to stop her.

Nick heads for the door. Winston looks at his plate of toast, and starts re-arranging it.

WINSTON

He didn't finish his puzzle.

24 INT. BOOK PUBLISHER WAITING ROOM. LATER.

Jess, dressed as Messica, is anxiously waiting in the living room. The publishing assistant enters.

PUBLISHING ASSISTANT
Messica, we're ready for you.

JESS
Thank you.

She starts to follow the assistant, when Nick rushes in.

NICK
Messica, don't blow your pitch.

JESS
What?

NICK
Winston told me what you are going to say about The Apple Twins. You can't do that to them.

JESS
But then you can go in and pitch "The Pepperwood Chronicles."

NICK
Jess, this is a children's book publishers. They were never going to publish "The Pepperwood Chronicles." It has a forty page orgy scene set in a petting zoo. Please don't deprive the world of Messica May's words.

JESS
You told me not to interfere, and I didn't listen, and look what happened.

NICK
If you aren't going to listen to Nick, maybe you will listen to... me.
(puts on Southern accent)
Dick Diller...

JESS
Nick, come on.

NICK
Who is Nick. I am Dick. And I am a big fan of your work Messica.

PUBLISHING ASSISTANT
Mrs May we're waiting.

NICK

Its Ms actually, she never married.
(beat)
Messica, your heart is true and
your words are honey in the ears of
the bee gods. Don't sully that.
This is your chance, not Nick's.

MESSICA

But Nick is so talented, I don't
want him to doubt that. I was just
trying to help him.

NICK

He knows. And he wanted you to know
that he appreciates your support.
I, Dick Diller don't care
personally, I'm just a simple old
civil war re-enactor. But he does.
Now, go get 'em.

Jess smiles and heads to the door. Just as they get to it:

Nick watches her receding back, his smile dropping. Jess
turns around, and catches his forlorn expression.

She grabs a bottle of water from the receptionist desk, and
empties it's contents onto her crotch.

NICK (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JESS

(as Messica)
It ain't worth it.

PUBLISHING ASSISTANT

Oh my god, this little old lady
just had an accident. Are you okay.

Nick grabs some water and throws it at his crotch.

NICK

I am Spartacus.

JESS

No, you didn't have to do that.

An OLD MAN in the waiting room stands up and wets himself.

OLD MAN

I am Spartacus.

They stare at him.

END OF ACT THREE

25 INT. LOFT. LATER.

Winston, Schmidt and Cece are all sitting around the table and eating dinner.

SCHMIDT

Turns out crying was actually really good for Bradley. It made his mum realise he wasn't a robot.

CECE

Yeah. And look, he kept his Facebook account.

Pitching

Cece shows her phone to Winston. Bradley's profile picture is of him and Kim.

WINSTON

That's kind of sweet actually.

SCHMIDT

I guess being a parent isn't as simple as we thought. It takes a lot of hard work, and a lot of love. But maybe one day we can do that.

CECE

Yeah. One day. But not yet.

SCHMIDT

Dear God no!

They laugh. Nick and Jess enter the loft, both with wet crotches and talking in Southern accents.

JESS

And I said, well butter my butt and call it a biscuit, because I'm not riding the hootenanny train for no man!

NICK

Yes-sir-ee bob, you have to tell those catawampers what for, otherwise they'll be shucking the sweet tea all day - and we both know there ain't no moon in their moon shine!

Schmidt and Cece stare at them incredulously.

SCHMIDT

How did the meeting go?

NICK

Oh, those cattle callers they sure -
(off Schmidt's face)
They weren't for me. I am going to go find a publishers that's a better match for "The Pepperwood Chronicles." I would love some help though.

(beat)

Jess? Want to help me research?

JESS

You sure?

NICK

Yes. And you too Schmidt. I need my locomotive parenthesis.

SCHMIDT
Say it with me. Loco

NICK
Luchow.

SCHMIDT
Parentis.

NICK
Penis.

Winston suddenly stands up.

WINSTON
Seals. Seals! Of course! Seals
backwards is slews, which is an
acronym for the Sri Lanka Education
Administrative Service, and Sri
Lanka is famous for producing tea
and British people love tea and
they're flag has a cross on it and
a cross is the symbol of the
church, so I must be... Lassie the
dog! Did I get it?

The whole gang exchange looks.

CECE
Yep, yep you got it.

JESS
Way to go.

Nick rips the sticker off his head. Winston grabs his
forehead.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Ahhhhh!

NICK
You don't need this anymore.

Nick gets out a lighter and sets the post it on fire. It goes
up fast in his hands.

NICK (CONT'D)
This was meant to be symbolic, but
now I'm worried I'm going to kill
you all.

Everyone scrambles to help. As Schmidt grabs a fire
extinguisher we cut to:

THE END.