

# New Girl

EP #114: "Control"

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**FINAL COLLATED DRAFT**

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Ep.114 "Control"

FINAL COLLATED DRAFT

## CAST LIST

JESS ..... Zoey Deschanel  
NICK ..... Jake Johnson  
SCHMIDT ..... Max Greenfield  
WINSTON ..... Lamorne Morris  
CECE ..... Hannah Simone  
TOBY ..... Marcus Scribner  
DIRTY HIPPIE GIRL ..... Guerrin Gardner  
GARY THE CHECKER ..... Nate Shelkey

**ACT ONE**

1 INT. LOFT. DAY. (D1)

1

Jess wipes off an antique hutch. Schmidt enters from his room.

SCHMIDT

Ohhh. Jess. Look at that. That goes with... *nothing*.

JESS

Can you believe I found this on the street this morning? Who could have thrown this away?

SCHMIDT

I don't know, Jess. A blind man who suddenly recovered his sight?

(suddenly serious)

Get rid of it. Pine has no place in this loft. It's the wood of poor people and outhouses.

JESS

I'm going to fix it up! I need a place to show off all the amazing artwork Toby makes me.

2 INT. JESS' CLASSROOM. FLASHBACK.

2

Jess sits at her desk, covered in odd art projects. TOBY, an off-kilter student, offers her a large painted branch.

JESS

Toby... another painted tree branch. This is your best yet.

She puts the branch in a large pile of painted branches and logs on the floor, about the equivalent of a small tree.

TOBY

I have a lifetime of branches for you if you accept my offer.

3 BACK TO PRESENT: (D1)

3

SCHMIDT

Absolutely not. It makes me sad, Jess. It makes me wish we still had acid rain.

JESS

Then where am I gonna put my painted sticks?

SCHMIDT

In a safe? Behind some UV-resistant glass? In a room protected by a web of lasers?

JESS

No, Schmidt. It's going in the living room. I've lived here long enough. I let you veto my framed poster of Laura Ingalls Wilder.

SCHMIDT

Oh good lord.

JESS

I pay rent. That gives me the right to add a few things to this--

SCHMIDT

Wrong! I clean, I cook-- I make the big decisions. I decide the color palette, the play of light and dark, the irony barometer. Which devices are and are not allowed on "Charger Island." So, no. My answer is no.

A tense moment passes between them, then Jess takes a stand:

JESS

Okay. Well. I'm not getting rid of this hutch, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Then put it in your room.

JESS

What if I--

SCHMIDT

In your room! Don't push me, Jess. I'm about to tell you what I really think of your clothes. Do you want me to re-instate my ban on high-waisted shorts?

JESS

All right, all right...

She begins wheeling off her hutch, sneering at Schmidt.

4 INT. BATHROOM. SHORT TIME LATER. (D1)

4

A hung over NICK splashes water on his face as a groggy WINSTON enters, swigging from a beer bottle.

NICK

Are you still drinking? It's ten in the morning.

WINSTON

I know what it'll feel like when I stop. So I'm just gonna stay a *little* drunk forever.

NICK

Why is there no girl version of you?  
(then)  
You need to know that was the first time I ever thought of that.

WINSTON

So. Last night's poker. Got pretty intense. We never settled up.

NICK

Mm-hmm.

WINSTON

That's how you want to play this?

NICK

What happened? I was hammered.

5 INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. FLASHBACK. 5

Our guys have A FEW FRIENDS over for a poker party.

NICK

I could not be more sober! I'll never forget this moment for the rest of my life! All in! Uno!

He shoves his stack of chips into the center of the table:

6 BACK TO PRESENT: (D1) 6

WINSTON

You tried to tell me the jack was gay and that made him a queen.

NICK

(taking off his shirt)  
Okay, what do I owe you, like 20?

Winston points at Nick's bare chest. Written in pen: "YOU OWE ME \$487," signed and dated by Winston and Nick. Nick reacts.

WINSTON

487 dollars. Gonna pay it?

NICK

Sure, sure, relax.

Winston is annoyed. Jess enters.

JESS

Schmidt pisses me off so much!

WINSTON

Oh, did he call you Spurtles to your face?

JESS

What? No. No. I'm just sick of him walking around like he's head cock of the cock house--

NICK

Cock of the Walk.

WINSTON

Cock of the Walk.

JESS (CONT'D)

I want to put one thing of mine in the living room, and he won't let me. I'm not gonna put up with this--

NICK

Yes, you are. We live in a fragile ecosystem. It's a delicate balance--

JESS

It's a broken ecosystem dominated by an apex predator--

WINSTON

Look, we let him run the place, he cooks and cleans. Happily. He begged to clean up our poker party. It was like Christmas morning for him.

NICK

He probably couldn't sleep last night, he was so excited.

WINSTON

Leave it alone. Schmidt's an odd bird. He can't handle it when things aren't clean and orderly. Been like that since the day he moved in.

A7 INT. LOFT. FLASHBACK. (SIX YEARS AGO)

A7

FAT SCHMIDT stands with his luggage, ready to move in. The loft is empty except a few broken chairs and a table made out of pizza boxes. Winston is there holding a head of lettuce.

WINSTON

Welcome to your new home, Schmidt!

NICK (O.S.)

Let's go! Play ball!

REVEAL NICK, holding a bat. Winston pitches the lettuce to Nick, who swings and smashes it. Winston fields what's left:

WINSTON

Coming home!

Winston fires the lettuce to Fat Schmidt, who catches it, then promptly throws up.

8 BACK TO PRESENT.

8

JESS

Well, it's not okay. I'm putting my foot down. He needs to learn to relax. And Nick, why do you have a bunch of cannons drawn on your back?

WINSTON

Those aren't cannons, Jess.

JESS

Long stemmed mushrooms.

WINSTON

Nope.

JESS

Oh. Got it. So that's not a cave.

**SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.**

A8 EXT. STREET. (D1)

A8

Cece's car pulls to the curb in a rough-looking neighborhood. A rough-looking GUY is hanging out on the street just outside the car.

SCHMIDT

Here? You're dropping me off here? Right in front of this obvious pickpocket? That man looks like a bandit. He'll just use me as bait to catch a bigger man to assault. Look at his muscle definition, he's clearly new-homeless.

CECE

You're getting out here, Schmidt, I don't want to get caught!

SCHMIDT

We're a mile from the loft- in the *worst* neighborhood. If I killed somebody in another part of town, I'd be to afraid to dump the body in *this* part of town. And in this scenario, I'm a *murderer*. I'll have to run all the way home and I'm wearing my slippiest loafers.

CECE

Wanna borrow my gun?

She starts to reach under her seat.

SCHMIDT

What? No! You have a gun?! We've been ridin' dirty this whole time and you haven't said anything?!

CECE

Fine. I offered. Go. Just start walking if you want to make it home by dawn.

Schmidt lets out a long, tired sigh.

SCHMIDT

Listen, I guess I'm fine not telling people about us, but you can't just call me up at any hour of the day or night and summon me for intercourse. I have no control. I'm so stressed out all the time. You are ripping out the side block in my mental Jenga.

CECE

We're being spontaneous.

SCHMIDT

Words that have never been used to describe me- spontaneous, flexible, easygoing- I'm like a Marine.

CECE

You're nothing like a Marine.



SCHMIDT

Cece, the only thing that gets me more aroused than you is my finely-crafted daily routine. I refuse to go on with this a minute more until we coordinate our calendars.

CECE

No. Get out.

SCHMIDT

Yes, fine.  
(taking off his loafers,  
giving them to Cece)  
Take care of these for me. I can get a tetanus shot, but there's no cure for damaged suede.

Upset, Schmidt gets out of the car without his shoes on. He tiptoe-runs past the homeless Guy, terrified.

A9 INT. LOFT. LATER. (D1)

A9

Schmidt enters. The hutch is back. The apartment has been filled with various pieces of antique bric-a-brac: A giant birdcage with a stuffed bird, four old typewriters, an old dressmaker dummy, etc. Schmidt looks around, stunned.

SCHMIDT

Wha... Okay, what happened here? Do we live in a pawn shop?

Jess enters.

JESS

Oh, hey, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Where did all this come from?

JESS

Well, that afghan was in a supermarket parking lot.  
(pointing to art)  
Found *that* in a dumpster next to the animal shelter.  
(then)  
And that lamp was under the afghan.

Schmidt notices the kitchen for the first time. Not happy.

SCHMIDT

We have limited counter space.  
There's no room for your quesadilla  
maker. Or your- what is this?

JESS

It's a curly fry cutter.

SCHMIDT

And I'm guessing these are *your*  
spices jammed in with mine. I don't  
want your non-Tahitian vanilla  
touching my Tahitian vanilla.

JESS

They're doing more than touching:  
(picks up two bottles)  
"Stroke my label. Yeah, right on the  
tiny drawing of Tahiti." "Careful. My  
lid is very sensitive."

SCHMIDT

Where's my burr coffee grinder?

JESS

You'll have to find a permanent  
home for it, but for now...

Jess gestures to the hutch. Horrified, Schmidt spots the  
grinder and looks like he's about to get physically ill.

SCHMIDT

That hutch has been on the street.  
What's wrong with you?

JESS

It's a coffee grinder. It'll be okay.

SCHMIDT

It's a top of the line conical burr  
coffee grinder! It doesn't smash  
the beans to bits like a blade  
grinder! It actually grinds them  
for a deeper, richer, more  
satisfying flavor profile!

JESS

I've used it repeatedly to make  
homemade crayons. Can you taste  
THAT in your coffee, Schmidt?

Schmidt goes to open the hutch, can't bring himself to touch  
it. Heads to the kitchen and digs through a drawer.

JESS (CONT'D)

If you're looking for your oven mitts, they're now in the top drawer of the hutch.

Schmidt tries to open the hutch with his elbows. No dice. He signals for Jess to help. Jess rolls her eyes and opens the drawer. Schmidt puts the mitts on, removes the coffee grinder, then starts to push the hutch toward the door.

SCHMIDT

Say goodbye to your hutch.

JESS

My hutch isn't going anywhere.

Jess starts pushing back the hutch from the other side. They struggle for a few beats. It's a stalemate.

SCHMIDT

Fine. It can stay.

JESS

Thank you.

Schmidt walks away, apparently giving. He turns and with fury, charges the hutch. He grunts as he gives the hutch a huge push. It starts to tip. Jess moves away just in time, as the hutch topples. They take in what happened for a beat.

JESS (CONT'D)

Schmidt. I think you have a problem.

OFF Schmidt's face.

**END OF ACT ONE.**

ACT TWO

A10 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK. A LITTLE LATER. (D1)

A10

A happy Jess and an overdressed, queasy Schmidt walk the boardwalk, which bustles with colorful VENICE DENIZENS.

JESS

I love the beach. Isn't it better than fighting over a hutch? It's a great place to talk out your problems.

SCHMIDT

Yeah, if you like hanging out on the rim of a giant fish toilet.

(then)

I can't believe you brought me here.

JESS

My mom used to take us to the shore whenever we got crabby. 'Til one time, we were sitting in the sand, talking out our problems and a *real* crab crawled up and pinched her on her privates. Weird day.

An over-joyous DANCING SKATER circles Schmidt then skates off.

SCHMIDT

(reacting frantically)

I'm in a bubble! I'm in a no-skating bubble.

(then, after skater exits)

Okay. This sucks.

JESS

What? That's crazy. You got the birds in the sky...

SCHMIDT'S POV: A cat licks a dead bird laying in the sand.

JESS (CONT'D)

...the sea and the sand...

SCHMIDT'S POV: A hypodermic needle juts out of the sand.

JESS (CONT'D)

...and the wind in our hair.

A kite dive-bombs INTO FRAME and clocks Schmidt in the head. Panicked, he fights the kite off as if it was a giant bat.

SCHMIDT  
(yelling off)  
You lost your kite! Have fun flying  
your string!

He breaks the string on the kite and tucks it under his arm.

JESS  
(calling off)  
I'm sorry. He hates being hit in  
the face with a kite.  
(then)  
Schmidt, you're so uptight. C'mon,  
let's go have some fun.

She grabs his hand and pulls him OUT OF FRAME.

B10 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK. BIKE PATH. DAY. (D1) B10

Jess rides INTO FRAME steering a tandem bike. REVEAL Schmidt on the back with napkins between his hands and the handlebars, plastic bags on his feet. He's not enjoying this.

C10 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK. SHORT TIME LATER. (D1) C10

Schmidt and Jess eat ice cream. REVEAL a kid eating a melting chocolate cone. It runs down his arm. The kid licks it off his arm. Disgusted, Schmidt chucks his cone in the trash.

D10 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK. SHORT TIME LATER. (D1) D10

A HUMAN STATUE. Jess urges Schmidt to tip him. Schmidt does. The statue moves, scaring Schmidt, who reacts instinctively, punching the Human Statue, knocking him off of his box.

E10 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK. SHORT TIME LATER. (D1) E10

A frustrated Jess sits with Schmidt as he tries to take off a pair of rented skates only using his feet.

JESS  
Wow. I don't know how I missed  
this: You're completely nuts.

SCHMIDT  
We're all a little nuts, Jess.

JESS  
No, I mean, you are coo-coo,  
bonkers, bat-poop crazy.

Schmidt peels off his socks, revealing he's wearing a second pair of socks.

SCHMIDT

It's my mother's fault. She used to make me wipe down all my toys with rubbing alcohol before I went to bed. And my feet. Every morning, she'd make me throw out the underwear I slept in and get a fresh pair from a new pack.

JESS

My mom made all our underwear. Out of old bedsheets. Nothing in our house was ever wasted. My sister and I shared a retainer. She had day, I had night.

SCHMIDT

The only thing I controlled was the food I ate. That's why I got fat.

JESS

I got fat 'cause I ate Concord grape jelly right out of the jar. Using a candy bar as a fork.  
(then)  
It's lonely in Oregon.

SCHMIDT

No. It's because you didn't have any structure. That's what happens when you don't have any rules.

JESS

What about these people...

Jess motions to the beach-full of joyful, free-living masses.

JESS (CONT'D)

That lady is the color of a leather bag and look how happy she is. These people don't seem to have any rules. Especially that guy. He could actually use a few rules. Those are lady's bikini bottoms.

SCHMIDT

I'm not like these people. I stopped wearing headbands three years ago with the rest of the civilized world. How do they relax? Just tell themselves to relax? It's not that easy.

JESS

You sure about that?

She picks up the skates and EXITS to return them. Beat, as Schmidt considers this. WE HEAR the sounds of a DRUM CIRCLE. He turns to see where the sound is coming from.

SCHMIDT'S POV: A large gathering of drummers gathered on the beach wail away on drums. Within the circle, several GORGEOUS, FREE-SPIRITED WOMEN dance and drum. One makes eye contact with Schmidt, smiles and beckons him to join them.

ON SCHMIDT: Who, me? This is more his speed. Tantalized, he stands and crosses to the women, grooving to the beat.

13 EXT. PARK. SHORT TIME LATER. (D1)

13

Nick and Winston are eating sandwiches at a table.

NICK

Thanks for getting the sandwiches.  
Can't believe I forgot my wallet.

WINSTON

I said, "don't forget your wallet."

NICK

I know and I *still* forgot it! We're  
gettin' older, huh?

WINSTON

Okay. This is a good segue.

Winston takes out a sheet of paper and reads from it.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

The subject of this talk is the  
debt of money between us. I feel  
that I have communicated to you--

NICK

Wait, this is just about the poker  
money? I was worried this was about  
something important. Relax, I'm  
going to pay you back--

WINSTON

(then, reading)

If I am reading this section, then  
I can only assume you have told me  
to relax. Let me assure you, I am  
very relaxed, though I have good  
reason not to be, as you owe me a  
very large sum.

NICK

Dude, I will pay you. I just--

WINSTON

(reading)

I am aware that we're both super broke. I have recently tumbled down the socio-economic ladder and hit rock bottom. Where you've been waiting, patiently, for the past 15 years. However, I find comfort in knowing that as bad as I am at poker, you will always be worse.

NICK

Are you done?

WINSTON

But I am not without pity. I am willing to just call it an even \$200.

NICK

Wow. Really?

(re: paper, poking at him)

Look at that. We have a printer?

(a beat, then:)

Two hundred. Two hundy. The big deuce. Well, minus \$10 for gas last week. And twenty-five bucks when we ordered the fight. Oh, and I got the beer for that, that's another twenty. And then there was \$2.45 for gum- what are we down to? \$150 or so?

OFF Winston's pissed off face...

A14 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK. SHORT TIME LATER. (D1)

A14

Jess returns to the bench where she left Schmidt.

SCHMIDT (O.S.)

Jess!

Jess turns and spots Schmidt dancing shirtless in the drum circle. He bangs on a drum, wipes his hands, then drums again.

JESS

Schmidt, what are you doing?

SCHMIDT

Call the Beats Asylum, Jess! 'Cause I'm so funkaaaay, it's crazy!



Schmidt beckons Jess to join him. She smiles and steps into the circle. Schmidt and Jess drum and dance together wildly.

A15 INT. LOFT. LATER. (D1)

A15

Nick lounges on the couch. Winston enters.

WINSTON

Nick, if you could stop working hard and making money for one second, I have a few accounts of my own I'd like to settle.

With flourish, Winston drops a pile of items on the table:

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Receipt, \$10. One costume pith helmet for our Safari Party '08: The Lion Drinks Tonight. Item two. Canceled \$35 check for registration of domain name "It's Nick Miller Time.com."

(imitating Nick)

"I'm gonna start a blog, Winston! I'm gonna be a big time blogger!"

NICK

Alright, I have to get ready for work. At the bar. Where you drink for free. So what does four hundred cognac and colas add up to, Winston?

WINSTON

Oh, we're going there? What about all the time I spent listening to how Caroline broke your heart? I'm going to "Charlie Brown" it and charge, say, 25 cents an hour for therapy? Let's call that an even five grand.

NICK

In eighth grade. You "accidentally" saw my mom naked- before she stopped exercising- what about that Winston? I'm still not over that... How much money can you--

WINSTON

Ooo, I'd put a lot on that. A lot.

Jess enters followed by Schmidt, kicking a hacky sack.

SCHMIDT

Look what I can do. I just bought this.

(kicks it once, misses)

Wait. Wait. No. Wait. Okay. Wait.

NICK

Perfect. Schmidt will tell us. Hey Schmidt, Winston saw my mom naked. How much does he--

SCHMIDT

Nick, I waded into the ocean without aqua socks!

JESS

He let go! He relaxed!

SCHMIDT

I let a stray dog cross my path! I stood downwind of a vagrant!

JESS

He washed his hands in a public restroom-

SCHMIDT

And there was a guy in there, using the toilet, full sit. No door. And I totally stood there watching. Didn't break eye contact.

WINSTON

That's not letting go. That's cruising.

SCHMIDT

Also, I joined a drum circle--

Schmidt is putting a coaster under Nick's drink. Jess stops him.

JESS

No, Schmidt. Do what we practiced.

Schmidt closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

SCHMIDT

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10.

Schmidt breathes out. Puts the coaster away.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I feel great. I'm gonna go shower  
with Nick's bar soap! Like a common  
ranch hand!

Schmidt triumphantly exits into his bedroom. Jess gloats.

WINSTON

No. No. You messed with the  
ecosystem.

NICK

Who the hell are you to play God?

JESS

Oh. I'm Jess Day. I change lives.

**END OF ACT TWO.**

**ACT THREE**

A16 INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. FIVE DAYS LATER. (D2)

A16

The loft is a disaster. Dishes, dirty clothes, trash, etc. The sound of DRUMMING from Schmidt's room. Nick opens the microwave, takes out a burrito. He sits, ready to eat... Suddenly, Winston appears and snatches the burrito.

WINSTON

Until you give me my money,  
everything that's yours is mine.

NICK

It's the last burrito, Winston.  
There is no more food in the house.

WINSTON

I'm not going out to get more- I'm  
going to eat this burrito, Nick.

NICK

Don't do it, Winston!... That  
is my burrito... Put. The  
Burrito. Down.

WINSTON

What are you going to do?  
What are you going to do?

Nick charges toward Winston, who opens the patio door and hurls the burrito over the balcony. Nick glares at Winston.

NICK

(calling off to Schmidt's)  
STOP DRUMMING, SCHMIDT! I'M GOING  
TO KILL YOU.

Schmidt comes out of his room quietly. He wears flip flops that flop loudly and Nick's clothes. He carries a bongo drum.

SCHMIDT

You don't like my drumming, Nick?

NICK

No, Schmidt, it's killing the last  
spark of life that I have left  
inside me.

SCHMIDT

(nodding thoughtfully)  
I hear ya.

NICK

Why aren't you fighting back,  
Schmidt? I don't know what to do  
when you don't fight back, it makes  
me feel weird.

SCHMIDT

Sorry, man. I lost the anger. I just... let go. And found this music inside me. Music you can't hear, Nick.

NICK

Oh, I hear it. Been hearing it for five days. Non-stop.

Schmidt peacefully goes to the living room and drums.

NICK (CONT'D)

Is that my sweatshirt?

SCHMIDT

Yeah, I've been eating a lot at the beach, and I don't fit into any of my clothes anymore--

NICK

(sincere)

Good. That's right. Make fun of me for being fat--

SCHMIDT

(patting Nick's stomach)

No. That's not fat. That's untapped potential.

Schmidt accents this with bongo hit, as Jess enters.

JESS

Please no bongo in the living room.

SCHMIDT

But it's a room.

(bongo)

For living.

JESS

I know. And I'm proud of you.

NICK

You did this. You did this.

JESS

But it can get loud in the morning, and I'm just asking you--

SCHMIDT

Yes. Yes. Of course.

(hugs Jess)

Hmmmm. Hmmmmmm.

Schmidt lightly blows on Jess' hair. Jess looks weirded out.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

How does that feel? Like childhoods gone by? You can cry. It's safe here.

JESS

Just before 11am. No bongo.

SCHMIDT

Uh-oh. No rules anymore.

JESS

Please Schmidt--

SCHMIDT

No rules.

Schmidt bongos his way back to his bedroom. Before he gets there, he points at something on the wall: a box with different samples of insects Jess has brought from school.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

What is that?

JESS

Real bugs pinned to a board.

SCHMIDT

I love it.

(closing his eyes)

1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10.

(then)

One day, someone's going to pin us to a board. Think about that.

He bangs his bongo, then exits to his room shutting the door behind him. Jess makes her way over to the INCREDIBLY MESSY KITCHEN.

WINSTON

(to Jess)

This is your fault.

JESS

No. No. This is good for Schmidt-- You've been using him for years to clean up after you guys, and it's not fair, and--

She pours herself a cup of coffee, but when she tips the pot, a hard black puck falls from the pot and careens off her mug.

JESS (CONT'D)

Okay. Who's going to clean?

WINSTON

I cleaned this morning. What?

Jess looks around the kitchen.

JESS

Okay, I'll clean. You guys go to the grocery store.

NICK

With Winston? No way.

WINSTON

Where's my money? Where's my money?

Nick and Winston scrap like little kids. Schmidt enters from his bedroom with a poncho and his bongos.

SCHMIDT

I made everyone necklaces... You're my hermos.

Quickly and silently Nick and Winston head to the door.

JESS

Schmidt. Aren't you going to work?

SCHMIDT

Later, maybe. Like you told me. Right now, I'm going to the beach.

OFF Jess' face, a little worried.

17 INT. SUPERMARKET. A LITTLE WHILE LATER. (D2)

17

Nick and Winston are waiting to checkout. The line next to them is zipping along. Their line is barely moving.

WINSTON

Wow, Nick, thanks for picking this line. I was just thinking that life moves too fast...

NICK

Right. Well, I've never been a part-time nanny, so I can only imagine the stress and pressure you're under... Oh, I'm sorry, would you prefer I call you a babysitter?

Winston, ignoring him, opens an envelope with money in it. He counts it, worried.

WINSTON

So there's only a hundred bucks here. How does Schmidt buy all our groceries for a hundred bucks?

They look at their cart. It's overflowing with groceries.

NICK (CONT'D)

Lose some stuff, Winnie.

WINSTON

Get your stuff out, Nick.

They hide items in the gum and magazine racks. Winston stuffs a shrimp cocktail platter in the soda cooler. Nick puts a ham on the ground and gently kicks it under the counter.

CHECKER (O.S.)

Next, please.

They look up. GARY, THE CHECKER, stares at them blankly.

NICK

Sir, we only have \$100. Would it be possible for you to stop ringing us up when we hit a hundred?

WINSTON

That's gotta include tax. So cut us off at like 93. Is that cool?

The conveyor belt whirs to life.

NICK

I'm just going to put my stuff down first, if that's cool--

WINSTON

Get out of my way.

Nick and Winston feverishly try to get their items on the belt. Winston intercepts Nick's pudding in a tube.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Nick, why are you in such a hurry to get diabetes? Just enjoy the ride.

NICK

Don't tell me how to live!

Nick grabs one of Winston's items off the conveyor belt.

NICK (CONT'D)

Epsom salt? You're too good for regular salt?



WINSTON

You know I've got to soak my trick foot!

NICK

Awww, Winnie...

WINSTON

Don't call me Winnie.

A beat. They're right in each other's faces, super-heated.

NICK

And I said... Awww, Winnie.

Winston breathes deep. Maybe there won't be a fight.

WINSTON

No. You know what? We're cool. You don't owe me anything.

NICK

Really? Are you serious--

WINSTON

Because, in my mind, your mom will always be the winner of Best White Lady Boobs: Masters Division- and that's priceless--

Nick rushes Winston. Winston throws Nick against the counter. Nick grabs a grocery divider and swings wildly. Winston gets Nick in a headlock and holds his face to the conveyor belt.

NICK

Aghhhhhhhh my faceeeeeeee!!! No, stop, stop, there's something wet on here. I don't know what it is--  
(as items hit his face)  
Ow. Ow. What was that? We're not getting that? Are those for corns? What is wrong with your feet, Winston? Ice bag, ice bag--

A giant bag of ice is coming down the conveyor belt right at Nick's face. He closes his eyes, bracing for impact.

18 EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK. EVENING. (N2)

18

Jess approaches Schmidt, who sits alone with his drum, waiting for the drum circle to gather, eating a bacon-wrapped hot dog.

JESS

Schmidt!

SCHMIDT

Jess! Hello. What are you doing here?

JESS

Hi. I just wanted to see how you're doing- Wow. You're eating street meat wrapped in street meat, cooked on what looks like a trash can lid.

SCHMIDT

That's my man, Gordon.  
(toasting with hot dog)  
You've outdone yourself, Gordon!

ANGLE ON GORDON: A large man standing with a shopping cart full of hot dogs and bacon with a hot plate on top. He nobly salutes Schmidt.

JESS

Wow. I can't get over how different you look. Your hair is so naturally puffy--

SCHMIDT

Sure. The untamed Jewish curl.

JESS

And you didn't go to work today?

SCHMIDT

No, I haven't gone in a while.

JESS

What's "a while"?

SCHMIDT

I don't know... three days?  
(happily)  
I'm letting it go.

A18 EXT. ASSOCIATED STRATEGIES. FLASHBACK.

A18

Schmidt walks into frame, takes a long look at the building.

SCHMIDT

1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10.

He walks away.

B18 BACK TO PRESENT. (N2)

B18

JESS

Schmidt, I think you're abusing our counting exercise--

SCHMIDT

No, Jess. This is the best thing that ever happened to me. You woke me up- We're gathering, Jess.

Slowly, drummers begin to gather around Schmidt.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I don't think I'm coming home tonight. Sandcastle is going to take me to a place where people make love with their souls all night long--

JESS

Sandcastle? Is that a person? Schmidt, I made a huge mistake. I should've kept my mouth shut. Come home--

SCHMIDT

Why, Jess? So I can cook and clean for you? So I can tell you where the vacuum is?

As Jess speaks, the gathering drummers slowly start forming a circle around Jess, drumming and dancing.

JESS

It's true, I can't find the vacuum. Nick and Winston are fighting, I think some of Toby's branches might have had fleas on them- I don't know what to do- Schmidt? Schmidt? Can you listen to me? This isn't letting go, this is running away--

The sounds of the drums are overwhelming her. Schmidt starts drumming and dancing in the middle of the circle.

SCHMIDT

Say it in drums, Jess!

Jess tries to say it in drums, then:

JESS

No! I'm not going to- no!

A DIRTY HIPPIE GIRL dances particularly close to Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

Excuse me, ma'am, ma'am?

DIRTY HIPPIE GIRL

Leave Clean Hands alone.

JESS

Clean Hands?

SCHMIDT

That's my drumming name. These are my new friends.

JESS

No! Schmidt. Your name is Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

Jess, you don't belong here.

JESS

Neither do you.

As Jess speaks, the drum circle grows more silent as everyone stops drumming:

JESS (CONT'D)

What are you doing, Schmidt? Come on. You know every word to "Moves Like Jagger," by Maroon 5--

SCHMIDT

(nervously looking around)  
It's not true. Is that a song?

JESS

You told me once you pleased yourself while watching *An Inconvenient Truth*.

All the hippies stare at Schmidt. Schmidt takes off running down the beach. Jess runs after him.

JESS (CONT'D)

Schmidt! Schmidt! Come home!

**END OF ACT THREE.**

**ACT FOUR**

A19 INT. LOFT. LATER. (N2)

A19

Nick sits on the ground, holding a frozen waffle against his elbow. Winston enters, heads to the freezer, opens it.

NICK

I got the last frozen thing.

WINSTON

I was going to ice my wrist, but--

NICK

Here.

Nick breaks his waffle in half, hands a piece to Winston, who joins him on the floor. They sit silently for a beat.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm so hungry.

WINSTON

Me too.

(nostalgic)

Remember when we used to have food?

NICK

What are those little cakes Schmidt used to buy for us?

WINSTON

Petit Fours.

NICK

Yes! He'd leave it on the pillow. Make me feel like a fancy prostitute.

WINSTON

He did a lot of things that made us feel like fancy prostitutes. We took it for granted.

Lost in reverie, they each take a bite of their frozen waffle, then reapply what's left to their bodies. They hear the front door open.

NICK

Hey, Schmidt?! Is that you, buddy?!

Jess appears.

JESS

Nope. It's me.

She throws her coat onto the couch.

JESS (CONT'D)

You guys were right. I messed up the ecosystem. I went down to the beach to get Schmidt back, but he just ignored me and started twirling a fire baton. He is not good. He burned a lot of people.

(then)

I think I lost him. He won't come home.

She sits on the stool.

JESS (CONT'D)

This isn't what I wanted. I just wanted to put my hutch here. I mean, I just wanted to feel like the place is mine. And be a part of the family.

NICK

What family? With these clowns?

JESS

Yeah. You clowns.

NICK

Well, look, you want in. You're in. Congratulations. Welcome to the family, Jess.

JESS

Aww.

NICK

Yeah, we don't "aww" in this family.

A20 INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. LATER. (N2)

A20

Schmidt enters. REVEAL Jess, Nick, and Winston waiting for him.

JESS

Schmidt? Can we talk to you?

OFF Schmidt's skeptical face...

A21 INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER. (N2)

A21

The gang sits before Schmidt. It's an intervention of sorts.

JESS

Hey. We miss you.

SCHMIDT

You guys just want me to clean.

JESS

That's not true--

NICK

That's a little bit true--

WINSTON

That's kind of true.

JESS (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you. Proud that you've let go and relaxed- but Schmidt, you can't run away from your life just because you have a problem. I mean, you can, but eventually you'll have a different problem. Like hepatitis A or C. You don't want to be on the beach with those people. I think you want to be here.

Schmidt shrugs.

JESS (CONT'D)

Nick and Winston wanted to say how much they miss you... the old you.

Jess looks at Nick and Winston pointedly.

NICK

You're freaking me out, man. Why do you have crystals on your neck--

SCHMIDT

It's about energy and--

NICK

Please don't explain it- it's gonna make me choke you out, and that's not a good place for me to be right now. Listen, I need you. I need you to tell me what pants not to wear and to tell me to exercise and make fun of my body. I don't know why. On paper, it'd seem like that wouldn't be something I'd need, but I need it.

WINSTON

You're my family. And you know I have your back no matter what- because I've had your back in some pretty stupid situations- but I don't think this is you, man. I don't recognize you without stuff in your hair. Without you, the three of us are just three idiots who live together. You make us a family.

SCHMIDT

I'm the cool rebel brother--

WINSTON

You're the mom.

NICK

The mom.

NICK

We need you. And if you come back to us, I'm... um...

(looking at Jess)

I'm going to let you clean my room. And my closet.

Schmidt breathes a little quicker, excited.

SCHMIDT

I've been wanting to clean that room for six years--

NICK

I know. Just think about it. Can you imagine what's in the back of that closet? So many secrets. And I need you to clean them up.

Jess produces a pair of heather gray trousers.

JESS

I bought you these Calvin Klein pants because I messed up. They're brand new... never been tried on... Do you want to give it a whirl?

Schmidt looks at the pants and back at them.

NICK

We'll just leave them here.

Nick, Winston, Jess get up and head towards the bathroom and leave Schmidt with the pants. Schmidt stares at them, unsure.



SCHMIDT

Oh, double blind stitching. You  
tease me with your strength and  
beauty.

A22 INT. LOFT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN. LATER. (N2)

A22

There's a CLANK from the kitchen. Jess, Nick, and Winston poke their heads out and cross to the kitchen: REVEAL SCHMIDT in the Calvin Klein pants at the sink, washing. The three of them silently rejoice. Suddenly, Schmidt turns around and smiles.

SCHMIDT

Nick, your hair's doing that thing I  
hate. Jess, why don't you ask Winston  
to help carry your furniture out, he  
could use the exercise--

And with that, they remember how bad the first Schmidt is.

A23 EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT. (N2)

A23

Schmidt stands between Nick and Winston.

SCHMIDT

Okay. Let's recap. Nick will pay  
you back the money in material  
goods over a one year period.

Agreed.

WINSTON

Agreed.

NICK

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

His first payment will include \$80  
in cash. And \$37 dollars in change.

He produces a cut-off plastic milk gallon filled with change.

WINSTON

What about the t-shirt?

NICK

I love that shirt--

SCHMIDT

Show me the shirt.

Nick reluctantly hands it over: Jimmy Carter as a peanut.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Right. No one's wearing this shirt.

He chucks the shirt over the edge. Nick and Winston protest.

NICK  
(to Winston)  
So. Are we good?

WINSTON  
Yeah. Yeah... I don't want any of  
this crap. I want my \$487.

NICK  
Are you serious?

SCHMIDT  
What is wrong with you?

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Yeah! That's right! You can pay me  
a dollar a year for the next four  
hundred years! Go rob someone! I  
don't care! Get me my money!

As the three guys continue arguing...

B23 INT. LOFT. SCHMIDT'S BEDROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT. (N2)

B23

Schmidt is asleep. Suddenly, CECE appears above him. Schmidt awakes with a start.

SCHMIDT  
(coming out of a dream)  
Why did you wake me? I was having  
the most amazing dream. My floor  
routine was uneven, but I was going  
to redeem myself on the rings.

CECE  
Shh! You're gonna wake everyone up.

SCHMIDT  
What are you doing here?

CECE  
Oh, I'm a night time building  
inspector. Just making sure your  
windows are to code.  
(then)  
What do you think I'm here for?

She grabs him and starts making out with him. Schmidt surrenders for a beat, then:

SCHMIDT  
Wait. Cece. Stop.

Cece stops.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

I want you to know something before we continue. I've thought a lot about us and... I'm okay with this. Not having control. Inconvenience me. You're in the driver's seat. I'm just a piece of ocean trash. I'm a cut up six-pack ring. And you're the tide. Do with me as you will--

CECE

Good.

SCHMIDT

I'd just like to point out that you're the one who broke into my apartment at 3 AM, so who is really in control, Cecilia?

A beat passes between them, then Schmidt grabs her and pulls her under the covers with him. They get busy, then:

CECE

Shut up. Why are you sleeping in dress pants?

**END OF SHOW.**