

ACT ONEINT. NICKS BAR - NIGHT

Schmidt and Coach sit at the bar while Nick works.

COACH

The best way to ride past a horse is to jump on a nearby Clydesdale.

NICK

What? No, I don't want a horse.

COACH

Yeah man, you just gotta ride it out.

NICK

What are you actually saying?

SCHMIDT

It's been proven that the best way to get over someone is to get under someone else. Preferably a lot of someones.

NICK

Proven? By who? Wilt Chamberlain?

COACH

Yes.

NICK

I'm fine guys.

SCHMIDT

You're not fine. You've been moping around for weeks.

NICK

That's what I do! Moping's my thing. Just drop it.

COACH

No you drop it.

NICK  
I don't have it!

COACH  
You never did Nick, you never did.

NICK  
Shut up. I'm not interested in dating  
right now. I just want to be alone.  
Girls are complicated.

SCHMIDT  
Amen to that brother!

NICK  
With their hair bows and frilly  
dresses...

SCHMIDT  
Their ruby red lips and long dark  
flowing hair, the faintest smell of  
Mediterranean spices...

COACH  
(eyeing the woman across the bar) Their  
big round breasts' and fancy eyes...I'll  
be right back. (neighs)

Coach walks over to the woman across the bar.

ANGLE ON:

Winston walks in towards the bar wearing an NYPD t-shirt,  
sunglasses and holding a donut.

WINSTON  
What's up civilians? Is everyone here  
of age?

SCHMIDT  
That's ridiculous Winston. You've known  
us for years.

WINSTON  
You can never really know anyone  
Schmidt...if that's your real name.

SCHMIDT

It is.

WINSTON

(suspicious) Mmmmm. Hmmm.

SCHMIDT

When do you expect to start dating  
someone new Nick?

NICK

I dunno, when it feels right.

SCHMIDT

Since when did dating involve feelings?

Coach, soaked in alcohol, walks back to the bar.

COACH

She don't like horses.

SCHMIDT

How about a dating site? You could meet  
plenty of desperate singles that  
wouldn't mind getting to know you.

NICK

No, no, no!

COACH

You could get a good grade horse on  
there.

SCHMIDT

Enough with the horses man.

WINSTON

(creepily) What's the harm in getting  
to know a nice young lady on the  
internet?

SCHMIDT

Nothing at all Officer Bishop.

WINSTON

Oooo I like that!

SCHMIDT  
Whaddya say Nick?

NICK  
(hesitantly) Fine. But only because  
having you barbarians as friend's isn't  
good for my blood pressure.  
(reflective) I guess it would be nice  
to have a lady friend around.

COACH  
(sexually) I bet it would.

NICK  
Just a friend. A completely platonic  
relationship. And I don't want Jess  
finding out about this.

SCHMIDT  
You got it. I'll set up your profile.

WINSTON  
Maybe we should all set up profiles. I  
mean we're all single, ready to mingle.

Coach feels a rap song beginning to surface and begins a  
rhythmical response to Winston in an old school 90's beat.

COACH  
We're all alone and ready to bone.

SCHMIDT  
(to the beat) And I hope she don't have  
shingles...

WINSTON  
'Cuz if she do, I'm going home.

ALL  
Hey!!! No Shingles! No Shingles! No  
Shingles!

An OLDER LADY walks by scratching. She looks at them.

NICK  
(to Old Lady) Sorry.

**CUT TO MAIN TITLES**

INT. LOFT APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – AFTERNOON

NICK, WINSTON, COACH, AND SCHMIDT fill out their online dating profiles on laptops.

NICK

Ok, how about this for a headline ...  
Please Leave Me Alone.

COACH

Oh that's good. It's like reverse psychology. Just add "biatch" at the end and you're good money. They're into it.

WINSTON

Also, if you're not looking for an ex-con, you gotta highlight you're highlights. Listen to this, Winston Bishop: police officer, cat owner, likes licorice - the black kind.

COACH

You're not a police officer yet Winston.

WINSTON

Yet! That's ambition. LL Cool A. Ladies love cool ambition.

SCHMIDT

C'mon Nick, this could really be good for you. Add some fun to your life

NICK

My life isn't fun Schmidt! I'm not ready for another relationship.

SCHMIDT

Who said anything about a relationship?

NICK

What are you suggesting? Meaningless sex with strangers?

SCHMIDT

No...yes. Let me see what else you've written.

Schmidt takes Nick's computer.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

(reads screen) An average bartender with three roommates, build: cuddly, favorite color: flannel, favorite book: Crime and Punishment. Wow. You've read Dostoyevsky?

NICK

No. But I'd like to one day. Right now I'm working on finishing Dubowski. (off the others looks) He writes the poetry in the bathroom stalls at the bar.

WINSTON

Ambition.

SCHMIDT

How about this: Well read mixologist who enjoys the finest foods and whose interests are as diverse as the colors of the rainbow.

COACH AND WINSTON

Oooooooooo.

COACH

That's smooth. Do me next. But add in that I got a big--

Cece enters. The boys close their laptops.

CECE

(to Schmidt) Hey, I was cooking yesterday and found your shirt in the oven.

She hands him a shirt, lightly charred.

SCHMIDT

That's bizarre, since when do you cook?

CECE  
Trying something new.

SCHMIDT  
Instead of microwaving you've decided  
on a top ramen casserole?

CECE  
I've since graduated, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT  
If only that were true.

CECE  
(beat) What are you guys up to?

WINSTON  
(nervous and loud) Oh nothing!

CECE  
(suspicious) Why do you guys all have  
your computers out?

WINSTON  
What computers?

NICK  
(mutters) Shut up Winston, shut up  
Winston, shut up Winston...

WINSTON  
Haha. Oh you mean these computers?

SCHMIDT  
(sotto) You better shut your mouth  
Winston.

WINSTON  
I mean whatever it is we're doing is  
definitely legal...in most countries,  
because some Middle Eastern countries,  
as you may very well know, don't allow  
dating especially not through something  
as elusive as the internet.

ALL GUYS  
Awww Winston!

CECE  
Online dating? Really?

Cece grabs Schmidt's computer.

CECE (CONT'D)  
This is desperation at it's finest.  
(reads from screen) Strikingly handsome  
and successful marketing executive  
seeks model type woman with long dark  
hair and olive skin. Must be sexy,  
smart and open to interesting sexual  
stuff. Girls only.

SCHMIDT  
It's a rough draft.

CECE  
Says published. And look you've already  
got a message.

Schmidt hurries to the computer.

SCHMIDT  
(excited) Really?

CECE  
Good luck. She sounds lovely. If I find  
any more of your memorabilia, I'll  
bring it over.

Cece exits.

WINSTON  
(teasingly) Oooooooo...

SCHMIDT  
What?

WINSTON  
Shame, shame I know your name.

SCHMIDT  
What?

WINSTON

Everything you own is meticulously placed in designated areas.

SCHMIDT

So?

COACH

So what was your t-shirt doing in Cece's oven? That's not where t-shirts go Schmidt.

Nick gasps.

NICK

You pulled a P.O.I! You are marking your territory! Leaving things around her apartment for later pickup!

SCHMIDT

I did not P.O.I!

COACH

Yes you did. You **P**issed **O**n **I**t you dirty dog! You pissed all over Cece's apartment didn't you?

SCHMIDT

(sneakily) Wait till you see what I left underneath the radiator.

INT. CECE'S APARTMENT – NIGHT – NEXT DAY

Jess and Cece drink wine on the couch.

JESS

Maybe I should move out.

CECE

Maybe.

JESS

Wait. You think I should move out?

CECE

You made the suggestion.

JESS

I said it so you could say "Move out?  
No Jess, everything will be fine."

CECE

Move out? No Jess, everything will be  
fine.

JESS

You don't believe that!

CECE

Fine! It's weird ok? Yeah, I said it.  
You can hardly sit next to the man!

INT. MOVIE THEATRE - FLASHBACK

Winston, Cece, Schmidt, Nick, Coach and Jess watch a movie.  
Jess and Nick sit next to each other.

Nick and Jess put their hand in the popcorn bucket at the  
same time. Their hands accidentally touch.

NICK  
Ahhhhh!

JESS  
Nooooo!

CUT BACK TO:

JESS

It was a scary movie!

CECE

The "Very Merry Muppet's Christmas  
Movie?"

JESS

I really thought he was gonna marry  
her. When will she ever be MRS. Piggy?  
It's a frightening thing. She's been  
with him for like 40 years!

CECE

So you don't think it's odd?

JESS

Of course I do! I mean how long does a  
pig have to wait?

CECE

I'm talking about Nick. What do you think will happen when you guys bring other people home?

JESS

Nick? Ha! It took him 2 years to get over his last girlfriend and she got nowhere near the magnitude of our relationship.

CECE

He's dating Jess.

JESS

What?!

CECE

Yeah, he and Schmidt joined a dating site.

JESS

What?!

CECE

I'm sorry.

JESS

Oh, don't be sorry.

Jess finishes her glass and then takes a long swig from the bottle of wine.

CECE

Oh, I'm definitely sorry.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Drunk Jess, wearing a short gold sequined dress, dances wildly by herself finishing another glass of wine. Cece stands by the bar watching.

SFX: DANCE MUSIC

CECE

You done?

JESS  
(shouts) What?

CECE  
The music's not that loud Jess.

JESS  
(shouts) Are you having a good time?  
This was such a good idea! You have  
such good ideas!

CECE  
This was your idea.

JESS  
Thank you for letting me borrow this  
dress! It's so sparkly.

CECE  
Yep. My Halloween drawer is your  
Halloween drawer.

JESS  
Haha! Where are the men?

She walks over to the bartender.

JESS  
Barkeep! One man please!

Cece pulls Jess away from the bar.

CECE  
Ok drunkie, I think it's time to go.

Jess spills wine on Cece's blouse. Cece turns to the bar  
for napkins. She turns back and Jess is gone.

EXT. SIDEWALK- CONTINUOUS

Jess, drunk and disheveled mumbles adlibs about Nick and  
walks home alone.

A SHADY MAN in an unmarked car pulls up besides her.

SHADY MAN  
You lost little girl?

JESS

Thank You.

SHADY MAN

How much do you charge?

JESS

I have ten dollars.

SHADY MAN

Why don't you get in.

ANGLE ON:

Cece steps out of the nightclub looking for Jess.

Jess reaches for the passenger door.

SFX: POLICE SIRENS

Police car pulls up. Lights up on Jess.

OFFICER

(On Cece's stunned reaction: audible  
over loud speaker) Step away from the  
car.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT ONE**

FADE IN:

ACT TWOINT. POLICE STATION — NIGHT

Jess dials the phone

INT. LOFT LIVING ROOM — CONTINUOUS

Nick lies on the couch.

SFX: HOME TELEPHONE

Nick sluggishly picks up the phone.

NICK

Meh.

JESS

Nick! How's it going? Well, it was good talking to you. Is Winston home?

NICK

What's going on?

JESS

It's a dream! You know the one where Winston gets on the phone and --

NICK

I have pants on. It's not that dream. Where are you?

JESS

I am in...the hospital.

NICK

Why?!

JESS

Lady reasons...I, broke my uterus.

NICK

Oh my God Jess! How?

JESS

Uhhhh, I'm on my menstrual cycle and I went swimming, then...

NICK

Enough! I'm on my way!

JESS

Wait No!

Nick hangs up, grabs his keys and calls for Winston and Coach.

NICK

Emergency!

Winston, in police academy pajama's opens his room door.  
Coach, in a silk robe, opens his room door.

WINSTON

What's up?

NICK

Jess is in the hospital. Her cervix exploded and her uterus is in a million pieces!

WINSTON

I knew one day this would happen.

COACH

I can't y'all. I'm expecting a late night guest. Met her online. It's about to get real in here.

WINSTON

Real nasty.

COACH

So nasty.

WINSTON

How nasty?

COACH

Sooooooooo nasty.

Winston squeals.

NICK

Let's go!

Winston and Nick rush out the door. Winston peaks his head back in and gives Coach a reassuring creep smile.

NICK

Winston!

He exits.

INT. LOFT HALLWAY - SCHMIDT'S APARTMENT DOOR - NIGHT

Cece knocks fervently on Schmidt's door. Schmidt answers, shirtless.

SCHMIDT

What's up? Are you ok?

CECE

Jess is in jail! Don't ask why. You've got to put a shirt on and let's go.

Cece attempts to enter the apartment. Schmidt abruptly closes the door.

INT. SCHMIDT'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Schmidt rushes in quietly. The PRETTY GIRL lies in bed watching Schmidt.

PRETTY GIRL

You ok?

SCHMIDT

Yes. I've run out of condoms and thought I'd get some from the store.

PRETTY GIRL

Oh I have some in my purse.

SCHMIDT

But not the kind I use. The cheap ones you probably have will give me a rash. I've very smooth sensitive skin and I refuse for it to be tainted with mediocre prophylactics.

Pretty Girl get's up and gathers her things.

SCHMIDT  
Where you going?

PRETTY GIRL  
Me and my cheap condoms have work.

SCHMIDT  
It's Saturday woman! What are you a  
savage?

PRETTY GIRL  
A doctor.

She nears the door.

SCHMIDT  
I don't remember reading that on your  
profile.

PRETTY GIRL  
What's my name?

SCHMIDT  
Easy. NightRyder75.

PRETTY GIRL  
My real name.

SCHMIDT  
Gemma-amanda-dara... What's in a name?

The Pretty Girl makes an exit attempt. Schmidt blocks the  
door.

PRETTY GIRL  
Are you gonna kill me?

SCHMIDT  
No! I just thought it would be nice if  
you stayed. When I get back, we could  
cuddle, talk about our aspirations.  
Maybe change my Facebook status to  
'it's complicated'. Whatever you want.

Schmidt leans in for a kiss. The Pretty Girl leans in, then  
sprays him with mace and runs out of the apartment.

INT. LOFT HALLWAY- SCHMIDT'S APARTMENT DOOR

PRETTY GIRL runs into Cece in the hallway.

PRETTY GIRL

That guy is a major creep. Be careful.

She exits. Schmidt opens the apartment door to find Cece upset.

SCHMIDT

You ready?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

FADE IN:

**ACT THREE**

INT. SCHMIDT'S CAR — LATE NIGHT/EARLY MORNING

CECE drives erratically.

SCHMIDT

Have you been drinking? You smell like Nick after hours.

CECE

Jess spilled on me.

SCHMIDT

What are you doing taking that girl out? You know she can't handle your kind of *good time*. You probably put some kind of voodoo on her.

CECE

I'm the voodoo priestess but you're the one with girls running out of your apartment and a radiator filled with --

SCHMIDT

Girl! It was one girl!

CECE

One girl tonight!

SCHMIDT

What do you care what my numbers look like!? I could have a whole baseball team if I wanted. Of women. A baseball team of women.

SFX: POLICE SIRENS

Cece pulls over.

CECE

Just shut up. I got this.

CECE cries hysterically.

SCHMIDT

That's your plan?! Pull out a teet or something!

A male officer arrives on Cece's side and shines a light into the car.

OFFICER

You're driving erratically. License and registration please.

Schmidt looks for the requested information.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(to Schmidt) What's wrong with your eye?

SCHMIDT

Just a little pepper spray officer.

The officer leans into the car. Cece stops crying and rolls her eyes.

OFFICER

Have you been drinking young lady?

CECE

No! I mean I had a drink much earlier today but--

OFFICER

That's what I thought. Please get out of the car.

INT. COP CAR – BACKSEAT

Cece and Schmidt sit silently in the back of the cop car.

INT. PRECINCT – HOLDING CELL – MOMENTS LATER

Jess chats with her cellmates. CELL MATE 1: a really cute, petite blonde. BERTHA: large, bald and covered with tattoos. CELL MATE 3: somewhere in between.

JESS

...and then he says to me *maybe we want different things.*

CELL MATE 1

What the hell does that mean?

JESS

Right? Like, am I wrong for wanting normal people things?

BERTHA

White picket fence, dog, and kids and all that.

JESS

Exactly Big Bertha!

CELL MATE 1

Boys just don't get us.

She places her hand on Jess's thigh and winks. Jess politely removes her hand.

JESS

(nervous)

Oh, they're alright.

CELL MATE 3

I think you guys should get back together. He sounds like a good guy. He's got a job, a place to live, he doesn't steal your drugs or sleep with your sister ... and mom.

JESS

I dunno, I think it's over.

CELL MATE 1

Is that what you want?

JESS

I think so.

CELL MATE 1

You don't need him. Look at you! Raven black hair, tiny toes, owl eyes. You've got it all. I say, stick a tampon in his muffler and start looking elsewhere.

She plays with the sequins on Jess's dress.

BERTHA

Talk to the man. Sometimes they say things they don't mean. Life is about perspective, walking a mile in someone else's shoes. It's about love and understanding.

JESS

That's good advice Bertha. How'd you get in here anyway?

BERTHA

Murder. (beat) Allegedly.

INT. HOSPITAL #1 – RECEPTION AREA – NIGHT

Winston and Nick rush to the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

(checking computer)

Nope, I don't have a Jessica Day.

NICK

What do you mean? Are you sure?

RECEPTIONIST

(reads screen) Is Day short for Dey Los Reyes?

NICK

No.

RECEPTIONIST

Then she's not--

WINSTON

Listen lady, we don't have time for the yada yada. We got an injured girl on our hands!

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me?

NICK

(apologetic) What he means is, our friend is in critical condition. Her fallopian tubes aren't feeling well.

She took a shower and I think the water was too hot...

RECEPTIONIST

Please leave.

INT. LOFT APARTMENT – LIVING ROOM – NIGHT

Coach puts on aftershave and rehearses.

He reads aloud some of the messages he's received from his date.

COACH

"Baby I can't wait to see you, my body yearns for your sweet touch. I can't wait to show you my special gifts" I can't wait to see them gifts girl!

SFX: DOORBELL

He puts on aftershave and rehearses his welcoming sentence.

COACH

*Welcome to my love nest. No. I've been waiting for you. Too anxious. Come in. Perfect!*

He goes to open the door and is greeted by a drag queen.

COACH

Nope.

INT. HOSPITAL #2 – RECEPTION AREA – NIGHT

It's a Birthing Center. Winston and Nick rush up to the reception desk.

NICK

This is the last hospital in town. She has to be here.

WINSTON

Don't worry, I'm on it. (to the receptionist) Excuse me!

RECEPTIONIST

Hi, how may I help you?

WINSTON

Yes! Our friend, Jessica Day, has ruptured her ovaries. You seen 'er?

RECEPTIONIST

This is a birthing center sir, is she pregnant?

The Receptionist searches for the name on the computer.

NICK

Pregnant? Is it mine? Am I a father? I'm a father! I don't know how to feel. How do I feel? It's all happening so quickly. Prince Hakeem. That's his name. It just came to me. Prince or Princess Hakeem Olajuwon.

WINSTON

That's original. Congratulations man.

RECEPTIONIST

We don't have a Jessica Day.

NICK

Oh.

WINSTON

What do you mean you don't have her? If not you then who? Where is she? Is she dead? You can tell me I can handle it. (beat) She's dead! Oh sweet baby Jesus!

Winston faints.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

**ACT FOUR**INT. HOSPITAL #2 - HALLWAY - EARLY MORNING

Nick stands next to Winston who is on a stretcher.

SFX: CELL PHONE RING

Nick answers the phone.

INT. PRECINCT - EARLY MORNING - INTERCUT

Schmidt is on the precinct's touch-tone phone.

SCHMIDT

Nick! I am being held in captivity,  
against my will. I need your help.

NICK

Again? The keys to the cuffs are in  
your desk drawer next to the lubr--

SCHMIDT

No! Not that kind of captivity!

ANGLE ON:

Winston on a stretcher half conscious. Nurses surround him  
with good bedside manner.

NICK

Winston, buddy. I have to go. I found  
Jess.

WINSTON

Jesus is that you?

INT. PRECINCT - EARLY MORNING

Cece and Schmidt sit in a crowded lobby.

SCHMIDT

I'll pay the ticket.

CECE

Thanks.

SCHMIDT

(beat) Sorry. (beat). If it's any consolation, I'll probably never see her again.

Nick Enters.

NICK

(to officers in re: Cece and Nick)  
These are mine.

He signs the paperwork.

NICK (CONT'D)

Where's Jess?

INT. PRECINCT — HOLDING CELL

Jess sleeps next to her cellmates the way a mother dog would sleep with her pups.

The cell is decorated nicely. The scarf she wore makes a nice addition to the makeshift window. Her earrings hang as chandeliers.

Nick, Cece, and Schmidt enter. Jess wakes up.

NICK

You ready to go Heidi Fleiss!

Jess begins to exit the cell and notices Bertha stirring.

BERTHA

Jess?

JESS

Big Bertha, I have to go. I don't belong here. But you do. Take care of these ladies and remember the haiku's I taught you.

BERTHA

Love is a meadow. As fragile as most flowers. Don't shoot. Please don't shoot.

They hug. Bertha's embrace is a little too tight.

JESS  
Ok that hurts. Help!

INT. HOSPITAL #2 – WINSTON'S ROOM – EARLY MORNING

Cece, Schmidt, Jess and Nick enter. Winston is in a birthing bed with his legs in stirrups. A PRETTY NURSE feeds him jello and orange juice.

WINSTON  
(to Jess) I'm so happy you're alive!  
The thought of death, especially  
someone I love, just makes me...

Winston begins to faint again. The Nurse stands over him to check his pulse.

CECE  
(to Winston) Knock it off.

Winston awakes slyly. Coach enters.

COACH  
(in re: the stirrups) I really wish you  
had on underwear.

NICK  
Hey! How was your big date?

COACH  
Oh it was big! Like Shaquille O'Neal  
big!

WINSTON  
Yea? What'd you do? You get nasty?

SCHMIDT  
Oooo you dirty boy! You do that trick I  
taught you?

Schmidt does an indistinguishable hand gesture to simulate the trick.

COACH  
Mmmmm maybe! A gentleman doesn't run  
tell dat! Matter of fact he might just

COACH (CONT'D)  
not tell anybody anything! He might  
just keep the whole entire night to  
himself. Forever. And die without  
telling a soul.

JESS  
Ok. Can we go?

Winston eyes the nurse.

WINSTON  
Nah, I'm gonna stay. (whispers) I think  
she's feelin' me.

He smiles at the nurse. She smiles back.

FADE OUT.

**END OF ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

TAGINT. LOFT APARTMENT — LIVING ROOM — DAY

DREW, the drag queen, gives Coach, Cece, Nick, Schmidt, Jess, Winston and his NURSE a beauty tutorial. The gang takes copious notes.

DREW

The key is, you gotta exfoliate before *and* after and shave in the direction of the growth.

ALL

Ahhhhhhhhhhh

SCHMIDT

How did you become a drag queen?

DREW

It all just sort of happened. I grew up as a normal heterosexual man.

NICK

Then one day you decided you'd prefer to wear the panties?

DREW

Not quite. I had a love, a girl. My soulmate, I thought. We broke up and I just didn't feel the same with anyone else. I spent years trying to get over her. Finally, I just came to terms that she wouldn't be in my life.

JESS

And so you wanted to become her so that she would always be apart of you. That's so romantic.

DREW

Nah. I just got into some crazy drugs and things got weird.

The gang nods and ad-libs in agreement.

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW