

New Girl

"The Great Google Boondoggle"

by
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TEASER

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

Schmidt is at the counter making COFFEE with a COMPLICATED ARRAY OF EQUIPMENT around him. Nick sits at the table eating a bowl of cereal. Jess enters, taking a look at Schmidt's elaborate set up.

JESS

Morning, guys!

NICK

Morning, Jess.

JESS

(over Schmidt's shoulder)

Whatcha working on there, Schmidt? Is it a cake I wonder?

She thrusts her face right in front of his, as if posing for the top of the cake.

SCHMIDT

(sarcastic)

Ya, Jess, and I'm using my 60 millimeter cast aluminum tamper to make frosting.

JESS

(deflated)

All I heard was sarcasm, and it was not appreciated.

Jess begins looking around the kitchen for items to make tea. Winston emerges from his bedroom in BASKETBALL SHORTS and a T-SHIRT.

NICK

(in a mock announcer voice)

Ladies and Gentleman, coming in at six feet tall and 170 pounds, the man, the myth, the legend...Winston Bishop!

Winston defers the praise with a hand gesture in the least humble way possible.

WINSTON

Oh, stop.

NICK

Winston, you were a force of nature yesterday.

SCHMIDT

Nick, the man said stop. We should stop.

NICK

You're just bitter 'cause you got dunked on.

WINSTON

Would we say on?

NICK

No, you're right. Over. Your legs went around, although your, uh...well, his face touched your--

Jess opens another drawer.

JESS

(looking into the drawer)
Tea bags? Anybody?

Nick and Winston burst into laughter.

SCHMIDT

Oh, very funny! You begged me to play. That's the last time I do you a cardio-related favor.

JESS

What happened? I wanna play!

NICK

Schmidt's just upset that Winston is aging better than the rest of us.

JESS

I'm excited to be turning thirty on Saturday.

SCHMIDT

Thirty-one.

Jess shoots an evil look at him and hisses.

NICK

The point is, we can't all be genetic freaks like Winston.

Schmidt slams down the coffee press.

SCHMIDT

I had Vinyasa Yoga right before!

WINSTON

Honestly, I didn't think I'd still be
in my prime at 30.

Winston begins to bounce on his toes, shadow boxing for a moment before shaking out his arms. He moves his head to each shoulder as if to stretch out his neck.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Sometimes I wonder, with my physical
gifts, if I wasn't destined--

A POP sound. Jess, Nick and Schmidt look up toward the source: Winston. He stands frozen in place, his head cocked to one side, eyes bulging out.

JESS

Winston?

WINSTON

(breathless and squeaky)
Ah...I think I threw out my
neck...Aaah.

SCHMIDT

(beat)
Vinyasa yoga is great for loosening up-

WINSTON

(louder, more intense)
Aahhhh!

SCHMIDT

--Bikram, too, because of the
heat...any type of yoga, really.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Schmidt works on Jess's BIRTHDAY CAKE in the kitchen. Winston is propped up on the couch in a NECK BRACE, engaged but motionless, with his LAPTOP resting in his lap. Cece paces around the apartment on her CELL PHONE with a NOTEPAD in hand.

CECE

(into phone)

Can we have a space heater, as well?
Guests will be outside the suite by
the pool.

(listening)

That's perfect. Thank you.

She hangs up.

WINSTON

Shelby can't come tonight, by the way.
She has to work.

Cece looks at Winston before making a big show of crossing the name off her notepad.

CECE

(under her breath)

Information that would have been
useful before today.

She glances over Schmidt's shoulder.

CECE (CONT'D)

Schmidt! You forgot the "N"!

SCHMIDT

As if I would leave the finer details
of Jess' birthday cake to your
untrained hands.

CECE

I get it, Schmidt, you're better than
me in the kitchen--

SCHMIDT

And the bedroom.

CECE

He said, realizing he'd never see her
naked again.

WINSTON

Whoops.

CECE

Seriously, why wouldn't you just copy what I wrote down?

SCHMIDT

(incredulous)

"Monkey" Fraggles, Cece?! Is that some kind of sick joke?

The first glimpse of the LARGE RECTANGULAR CAKE. It reads "HAPPY BIRTHDAY MOKEY!" above a picture of MOKEY FRAGGLE--purplish-pink skin, frizzy bluish hair, and a grey robe that serves as her only garment of clothing--from the show *Fraggle Rock*.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

There's a "Mokey" Fraggles. Artistic, eternal optimist...

WINSTON

Googling.

Winston TYPES something on his laptop.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

(looking at the screen)

Wow, Schmidt--

CECE

Thank you, Winston!

WINSTON

--that's just...dead on.

Cece glares at Winston for encouraging him.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Jess' favorite show was *Fraggle Rock*?

CECE

Is. Apparently it sums up her personal philosophies. I have no idea why, but it's her special day and she's all about theme cakes so--

Nick pops out of the bathroom in a towel, still wet from the shower, holding a comb like a microphone.

NICK

(singing)

"Dance your cares away."

He claps twice, as in the "Fraggle Rock" theme song.

WINSTON

(singing)
 "Worry's for another day."

NICK

(singing)
 "Let the music play."

Schmidt claps twice.

SCHMIDT

(spoken, serious)
 Down at Fraggie Rock, Cece.

Nick returns to the bathroom. Cece's phone rings.

CECE

Shut up, nerds, this is her.
 (into phone)
 Hey, Birthday Girl! How's it going at
 the spa with Joshua?

INT. SPA BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jess, dressed in a grey spa robe with a light blue shower cap (reminiscent of Mokey Fraggie), has a purplish slimy translucent gel dripping from her face. She has barricaded the door to the bathroom with a towel hamper and is laying on the floor.

JESS

(into phone)
 He slimed me.

CECE

(over phone)
 That's great!

JESS

(into phone)
 I feel so funky. And your "guy",
 Joshua, just brought out a bag of
 snails. Why would anyone eat snails,
 Cece?!

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CECE

(into phone)
 People do eat--never mind. Did you do
 the carp pedicure yet?

Winston and Schmidt perk up and MAKE EYE CONTACT. Schmidt NODS and Winston begins TYPING ON HIS LAPTOP.

CECE (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hold on, Jess, I have another call.
 (switching lines)
 Hello?
 (listening)
 She's fine, Joshua, just break in there.
 (switching back)
 Jess?

INT. SPA BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

JESS
 (into phone)
 Shhh...I think I hear something.

The door knob rattles.

CECE
 (over phone)
 Jess, it'll all be worth it when you meet your date. He's really...enthusiastic.

JESS
 Enthusiastic?

CECE
 Like, about new people and ideas. Total stud. But I gotta go, Jess. Love you, bye!

JESS
 (into phone)
 No, Cece, don't leave me--

Jess looks at her phone. The call has been ended. The door to the bathroom starts to open.

JESS (CONT'D)
 Don't come in here. I'll--
 (scooping slime off her face)
 --throw placenta at you!

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Cece hangs up the phone.

SCHMIDT
 Should we expect Jess's date to arrive on a missile?

CECE

At least his missile works.

Winston lets out a short burst of laughter that immediately turns to agony.

SCHMIDT

Just so we're clear, how many of tonight's guests haven't you slept with?

CECE

There's definitely one I won't be sleeping with.

(angry, grabs her bag)

I have to go get ready. Do NOT screw up her cake.

SCHMIDT

(flustered)

Don't eat--sleep with--

Cece leaves, slamming the front door behind her.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

--cake...dammit!

Nick walks back into the room to survey and investigate the slamming door. Schmidt puts down the icing tube, upset.

NICK

That didn't sound good.

SCHMIDT

I can't think straight around her. It's those damn yoga pants!

WINSTON

You know, Schmidt, when Shelby and I--

NICK

Nope!

SCHMIDT

Absolutely not.

Schmidt sits down on the couch near Winston. He is not taking the rift with Cece well.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I'm just saying it's how you handle the little stuff that makes or breaks a relationship.

SCHMIDT

You sound like my mom.

NICK

Your mom threw a bottle of schnapps at your head when you bought her the wrong olives.

SCHMIDT

(nodding)

She likes the ones with the cheese in them.

WINSTON

Wow. Well, at least you can be Nick's wing man tonight.

NICK

Oh, sorry, I forgot to tell you guys, I'm bringing a plus-one.

SCHMIDT

What? Who?

WINSTON

How were you able to get a date on such short notice?

SCHMIDT

Don't say "game".

NICK

Game.

NICK

Fine. I used the dating profile Winston and I got back in the day.
(off Schmidt's look)
We paid for five years in advance.

SCHMIDT

You make it sound like you were catching a deal on a gym membership.

Nick turns and walks back into...

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

...where he starts doing his hair in the mirror, raising his voice to continue the conversation.

NICK

I figured one of us should get some use out of it. Anyway, her name is Carli. She seems really funny.

He puts toothpaste on his toothbrush.

NICK (CONT'D)

When I talked to her on the phone she asked me what my favorite type of dirigible is. Sounds quirky, right?

He starts to brush his teeth. No response. He turns to poke his head back into...

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Nick's head pops out of the doorway to see why no one's responding.

NICK (CONT'D)

Guys?

Schmidt is over Winston's shoulder looking at the laptop screen and whispering excitedly. Realizing Nick has come back into the room, Winston slams the laptop shut. They try to act casually.

SCHMIDT

What's that, buddy?

NICK

(weirded out)

What were you guys just doing?

SCHMIDT

Work.

WINSTON

Porn.

Nick momentarily considers their answers and general demeanor.

NICK (CONT'D)

Okay.

Nick resumes brushing his teeth and exits to the bathroom.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON HOTEL POOL - NIGHT

About twenty people casually mingle in various groups beside the pool, just outside of a pool-side suite with the sliding glass doors open. Music plays softly in the background. It is a subdued affair, but everyone is engaged and enjoying themselves.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - HEATER - CONTINUOUS

Jess stands under a SPACE HEATER talking to her date, MILO, late 20's, who appears to have stepped out of a winter J. Crew catalogue and put on FAKE GLASSES to look more professorial.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt and Cece sit with Winston, still in a NECKBRACE, who is now propped on a LAVISH RECLINING POOL CHAIR in the one comfortable position for his neck.

CECE

You brought the cake, right, Schmidt?

SCHMIDT

Why don't you ask Doctor Jones over there? I'm sure he's unearthed some fascinating ancient recipes.

WINSTON

Kali ma!

Schmidt pretends to take out Winston's heart.

CECE

(to Schmidt)

Grow up. Milo happens to be--

SCHMIDT

(makes a buzzer sound)

Errr! Sorry, I immediately discredited whatever nice thing you were going to say when I heard his name is "Milo".

CECE

Ass. Get up. We're going over to talk to them. Jess is giving me the "help" signal.

WINSTON

Which is...

Cece looks toward Jess, prompting the guys to do the same, Winston painfully so. Jess, either demonstrating something or bizarrely dancing, is holding her foot up uncomfortably close to Milo.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
 ...the "white man's overbite". Noted.
 I'm gonna...not move.

SCHMIDT
 Hang in there, buddy. I'll find out if
 he's seen Otis.

Cece rolls her eyes and heads toward Jess. Schmidt pats Winston on the shoulder and follows her to...

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - HEATER - CONTINUOUS

As they approach, Jess's conversation with Milo can be heard.

JESS
 ...and the fish just eat the gunk
 right off your feet, like, the fungu--

Cece is just in time.

CECE
 Hey Jess! How's your birthday going?!

JESS
 (distressed, fake upbeat)
 Better when the cake gets here!

MILO
 (British inflection)
 Jess and I were just discussing the
 plight of the feminine mystique.
 Hello, Cece.

Milo greets her with a KISS ON EACH CHEEK, then leans in for an EXUBERANT HANDSHAKE with Schmidt.

MILO (CONT'D)
 (to Schmidt)
 Milo. Good evening, Old Sport.

SCHMIDT
 (suspiciously)
 What's your game, Indiana?

JESS
 Schmidt!

Nick and his date, CARLI, walk up. Carli, mid-20s, very sweet, is wearing an OVERSIZED SWEATER that hangs off her shoulders and barely covers her butt, with a BELT and HIGH HEELS.

NICK
Hey, guys. Happy birthday, Jess!

Nick hugs Jess.

NICK (CONT'D)
Everybody, this is Carli.

CARLI
(to all)
Hi!
(to Jess)
Happy birthday. Thank you so much for having me.

JESS
Of course! Thank you for coming. I love your...
(debating)
...dress.

Milo is already moving in for CHEEK KISSES.

JESS (CONT'D)
This is--

MILO
Milo. Privileged to make your acquaintance.

CARLI
(surprised but goes along)
Oh!

Behind Milo, Schmidt throws his arms up looking for shock from everyone else.

Nick steps back to avoid getting caught in the crossfire, but Milo comes toward him for another AGGRESSIVE HANDSHAKE.

MILO
Nicholas! I've heard so much about you, Old Sport.

NICK
(totally put off)
Okay.

Cece looks at Jess questioningly. Jess shrugs her shoulders. In the uncomfortable silence, a COCKTAIL SERVER brings over a TRAY OF CHAMPAGNE GLASSES.

NICK (CONT'D)

Oh thank god.

Nick helps pass the glasses around.

MILO

Ah! Champagne. Sensational.

SCHMIDT

Is it?!

CECE

(changing the subject)
So, Carli, what do you do?

CARLI

I'm finishing my degree in physical therapy. That's kind of what drew me to Nick. Right now I'm working mostly with amputees.

Schmidt suddenly perks up, pure happiness on his face.

NICK

(half-listening)
What's up?

SCHMIDT

I'm sorry. Would you excuse me for a minute? I have to check on Winston.

Schmidt excitedly turns from the conversation. Jess, sensing something is up, follows a few steps behind to...

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

...where Winston is still in the same position on a pool chair.

SCHMIDT

Winston! It's happening as prophesied!
What are all these emotions? I feel nervous and excited and--

Jess catches up with Schmidt.

JESS

Schmidt, what just happened back there?

Schmidt takes a breath and focuses, ignoring Jess.

SCHMIDT

Winston, the Great Google Boondoggle
has commenced.

Winston's eyes light up. He forces himself upright.

WINSTON

Don't mess with me right now, Schmidt.
I'm too fragile. Look at me, I'm a
mess.

JESS

Guys, what's the Great...Google--

SCHMIDT

You know I wouldn't joke, not about
this.

JESS

It's my birthday and I wanna play!!

SCHMIDT

Okay! But no meddling, Jess. Once
you're inside, you must promise to see
it through until the inevitably messy
conclusion.

JESS

I promise!

Schmidt and Winston exchange a satisfied look.

SCHMIDT

Winston?

WINSTON

Shortly after I moved back into the
apartment, I was spending a lot of
time on the internet catching up from
while I was in Latvia. Among my
discoveries was the Google search
autofill.

Jess doesn't understand.

SCHMIDT

(off her look)

For instance, if you type "Winston
Bishop", Google suggests "Winston
Bishop Latvia". You can reasonably
assume there's a connection.

WINSTON

Now, if you enter "Nick Miller" and, say, "dressage expert" comes up--

SCHMIDT

That wouldn't necessarily make him a horse lover, but...

They both look to Jess to see if she understands.

JESS

(nodding slowly)
...you can assume a connection.

WINSTON

So, really, the only people stopping Nick Miller from being a master of the highest expression in horse training are Schmidt and I.

SCHMIDT

And as Nick's best friends, that's not something either of us are prepared to live with.

JESS

You've been Googling "Nick Miller dressage expert" for the past year?

SCHMIDT

(not exactly)
Well--

Cece approaches and joins their conversation.

CECE

Does anyone know why Carli keeps complimenting Nick on his range of motion?

Schmidt looks proudly at Winston.

WINSTON

(overwhelmed)
Nick Miller amputee! I'm so--Thank you, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

(to Jess)
Until tonight it's never yielded any results, but we always attributed that to a few...uncontrolled variables.

WINSTON

Nick's current M.O. is courting every 18-22 year old in the L.A. basin for severely disappointing one night stands. They never have a chance to run a background check.

JESS

Background check?

WINSTON

Google, Facebook, Twitter.

SCHMIDT

(disdainfully)
Blogs.

CECE

(unimpressed)
Is tonight the Great Google Boondoggle?

SCHMIDT

Bear witness!

Cece shakes her head.

JESS

(to Cece)
You knew about this?

CECE

He tried to tell me they were keyboarding exercises.

Schmidt gives Winston a FIST BUMP.

JESS

You guys are terrible! Nick's your best friend and he--

Nick suddenly enters the conversation. Everyone goes silent.

NICK

Hey, guys, Carli just asked me if I have any Betamax stock...?

Schmidt and Winston act confused. Jess gives him a GENTLE HUG.

JESS

There there, Old Sport.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - LOUNGE AREA - LATER

Cece sits talking to Milo and Carli on a few LOW COMFY CHAIRS surrounding a LOUNGE TABLE. CHIPS, PRETZELS AND DIP sit on the table with a few EMPTY CHAMPAGNE GLASSES.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - HEATER - CONTINUOUS

Jess and Nick stand together talking and sipping on champagne while surveying the party, particularly their dates.

NICK

So, are you having a good thirty-f--

Jess shoots him a look.

NICK (CONT'D)

(contorting the word)
--ieth birthday?

JESS

(fake enthusiasm)
Ya! It's so great to have everyone in the same place and--

NICK

Just you and me, Jess.

JESS

This sucks. I hate it, Nick. 30 is a milestone. 31 is an alarm.

NICK

What's that you always say? Worry's for another day?

JESS

Nope! Apparently it's for today, the day I became 31 and alone.

NICK

You have us.

JESS

All I wanted was a cake, a really great cake, and someone special to share it with. Do you see either of those anywhere? Ya, me neither.

Her statement hurts Nick. Cece approaches them.

CECE

Why are you guys over here and not talking to your dates?! They're gonna end up going home with each other.

NICK

Ya. Good call. Come on, Jess. We better go get our special someones.

Nick and Jess walk back with Cece to the lounge area.

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - POOLSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Winston is sprawled and motionless on the lounge chair. Schmidt sits upright on the chair beside him typing "NICK MILLER" into GOOGLE on his PHONE.

SCHMIDT

(shows Winston phone screen)
Winston, look, "Nick Miller's opus".

Winston begins to turn, but stops in SEVERE PAIN, defeated.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Buddy, I hate to see you like this.

WINSTON

I always felt invincible. I could always step onto a court, even if it was just for an hour, and feel like everything was going to be alright.

SCHMIDT

Cece was my "court".

They sit in silence for a moment.

WINSTON

When it was my turn to use the dating profile, it felt so good to change the job title from "bartender/inventor" to "professional basketball player".

SCHMIDT

Winston, you're the best at everything. Seriously, it drives people crazy.

WINSTON

Everything athletic, maybe. But I'm no use to anyone if I can't even turn my head.

SCHMIDT

What are you talking about? You're the smartest person in the house!

WINSTON

Jess is a teacher.

SCHMIDT

You're the smartest guy in the house!

WINSTON

And you have a masters degree.

SCHMIDT

I do. Actually, I aced the G.R.E. Did I ever tell you--

Winston glares at him out of the corner of his eye.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

--Well that's neither here nor there.

Another moment of silence passes.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

You are the only one of us that doesn't need a dating website right now.

WINSTON

(sincerely)

Thanks, Schmidt.

Schmidt surveys the party.

SCHMIDT

So Nick doesn't list "law school dropout" as his job title anymore?

WINSTON

He has that under "special skills".

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Jess and Milo sit on a LOVE SEAT on the opposite side of the table from Nick and Carli. Nick is studying Jess, who is unengaged and barely hiding her disappointment.

Cece, the consummate host, sits in a chair at the end of the table trying to hold the conversation together with Milo and Carli.

CARLI

(to Cece)

So how do you know Milo?

CECE

Oh, we worked together on a few shoots for a surf company last year.

CARLI

That sounds so glamorous.

MILO

Nicholas, Carli was telling me earlier that you're a rigid airship enthusiast.

Nick snaps to attention.

NICK

I'm sorry, what?

MILO

Dirigibles, Old Sport. A dear friend of mine pilots one out of San Diego. You simply must come out with me.

NICK

(perplexed, to Carli)

I thought that was a joke...

Cece interjects.

CECE

Cake time!

JESS

(sarcastic, mocking Milo)

A cake at a birthday? How novel!

Nick jumps up.

NICK

I'll get it!

CECE

No, no, you stay--

Nick's already up and heading to the suite.

NICK

Nope! No problem. I got it.

Nick exits. Cece thinks of a way to do the same.

CECE

Then I'll grab Schmidt and Winston!

Cece walks toward the poolside chairs. Jess, Milo, and Carli sit in silence for a moment.

MILO

I mean no offense, Carli, but your date is being a bit of a curmudgeon this evening.

She looks off in the direction he exited, considering.

CARLI

I know. It's almost as if he's not who he says he is...

Jess reaches her breaking point. She pounces.

JESS

That's because he's not, Carli! Do you honestly believe everything you read on the internet? If so, I've got some magic beans I'd like to sell you.

MILO

(under his breath to Jess)
My word. Jessica, you're being very unlady-like.

JESS

And you! You're from Oceanside, not that Alaskan town in *The Proposal*! If I wanted to date someone from nineteenth century England--
(British accent)
--I'd get in my led zeppelin and travel back in time!

Jess suddenly realizes that everyone is silent and staring at her.

Nick emerges from the suite holding the BIRTHDAY CAKE with 30 LIT CANDLES on top. Unaware of the preceding outburst, he starts to sing "Happy Birthday" slowly, looking around to cue everyone to join.

NICK

(singing)
Hap-py birth-day to you.

The guests begin to chime in. Nick walks with the cake toward the lounge area where Jess is standing. They follow him toward Jess, gathering in a tightening group around her and Nick.

When the singing stops, Nick and Jess stand looking at each other, with the cake between them, their faces lit from the candles. Jess looks up into his eyes. This is the birthday she wanted.

NICK (CONT'D)
Happy birthday, Jess.

Cece grabs a CAMERA from the table.

CECE
Hold on, Jess, I want to get a picture of you blowing out the candles.
(holding up the camera)
Nick, can you lower the cake a little so I can get Monkey--

Schmidt nudges her.

CECE (CONT'D)
--Mokey Fraggles?

Nick complies and ANGLES the cake slightly toward camera. The cake, cooked onto cardboard, begins to SLIDE OFF THE PLASTIC TRAY it sits on. Nick tries to TILT the tray back up to correct the slide, but the cake has already passed the tipping point. Instead, the cake FLIPS OFF THE TRAY, HITTING Jess TOP-FIRST and FALLING onto her FEET and THE GROUND.

The collective GASP turns to deafening silence. All eyes are on Jess, waiting to see how she will handle the tragedy.

Jess looks down at her ruined dress, then at her feet.

JESS
(to herself)
My carp pedi...

She SCOOPS CAKE off herself, studying it in her hands. Her eyes move up to meet Nick's mortified gaze.

NICK
(almost whispering)
Jess...I'm so sorry.

Jess, with GLOBS OF CAKE in her hands, suddenly GRABS NICK BY THE FACE and PLANTS A VIOLENT KISS ON HIS LIPS.

She lets go and suddenly turns to the group.

JESS
Schmidt! I got to do my first Fredo Kiss!!

Schmidt, Winston, and Cece take a second to process what's happened, then break into cheers for her. The rest of the group is relieved, but baffled.

Nick is frozen, cake on his face, completely stunned by Jess's response. She turns back and JUMPS to give him a BIG HUG, CAKE SMASHING between them.

JESS (CONT'D)

(in his ear)

This is the best birthday I've had in a really long time.

She pulls back, her face only inches from his, their eyes locking.

JESS (CONT'D)

Thank you, Nick.

Nick, still stunned, studies her for a moment.

NICK

To many more.

Their eyes remain locked for another second before Schmidt, Winston and Cece join the hug.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEVERLY HILTON POOL - POOLSIDE - LATER

Winston is back to reclining. Nick and Schmidt sit on opposite sides of him, champagne in hand.

WINSTON

Sorry about the Carli thing, Nick.

SCHMIDT

Ya, me, too. Although "Nick Miller cake dropper" would have been gold.

Nick looks over to where Carli and Milo seem to be hitting it off. He shrugs.

NICK

I think it worked out just fine.

He turns his gaze toward Jess and Cece, who are talking and laughing by the heater. Jess makes EYE CONTACT with him for a second and SMILES.

NICK (CONT'D)

(to Winston)

How's the neck?

WINSTON

Excruciating. But it'll heal. Shelby's coming over after work to nurse me back to health.

NICK

(sincerely)

You're a lucky man, Winston.

Jess and Cece approach them.

CECE

You guys ready to call it a night?

NICK

That's up to the birthday girl.

JESS

I'm ready. Unless you guys wanna have a slumber party? I do have the suite until noon tomorrow.

SCHMIDT

As long as Old Sport over there isn't invited.

WINSTON

"Old Sport"? What, did he just finish reading *The Great Gatsby* or something?

Everyone turns and looks at Milo, considering him for a second. It all makes sense.

SCHMIDT/NICK/CECE/JESS

(simultaneously)

Oooh!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Winston (without the neck brace) and Schmidt sit on the couch next to each other. They each have a laptop in front of them and are typing furiously and repetitively while conversing.

SCHMIDT

Missing testicles?

WINSTON

Too concrete. It can be disproved.

SCHMIDT

Penis enlargement surgery?

WINSTON

HA! And, same.

(thinking)

What about renegade seismologist?

SCHMIDT

We're trying to mess with him, not make him sound awesome.

They both stop typing to think for a second. Nick enters the main room from his bedroom excitedly holding a BULKY ELECTRONIC COMPONENT.

NICK

Guys, look what I found in the bottom of my closet! It's one of those old Sony Betamax players. I used to record Saturday morning cartoons on this thing until my parents got into laserdiscs. We should hook this thing up! I'll go see if I have any tapes we can play.

Nick exits as excitedly as he entered, leaving Winston and Schmidt exactly as they were.

SCHMIDT

Didn't Sony almost go bankrupt because of Betamax?

They look at each other for a second before the idea strikes them. They simultaneously turn back to their computers and resume their furious typing.

END OF EPISODE