

NEW GIRL

"SCIENCE CLUB BAKE SALE"

Written by

James Cartwright

3655 Westwood Blvd. Apt 2
Los Angeles, CA 90034
443.417.8097
Jcartwr5@gmail.com

COLD OPEN

INT. LOFT - DAY

A freshly showered Nick, enters the living room space while using a towel to dry off hair. He is wearing fancy slacks.

NICK

Hey Jess, the shower stall is overflowing again, you've got to get in there sometime soon and clean your hair from the drain.

Jess frantically bounces around the kitchen. Between mixing bowls to pulling trays out of the oven, it's like she's conducting some kind of bake-off with herself.

Winston, watching TV from the couch, shouts over his shoulder.

WINSTON

Yeah, It's like we're sharing a bathroom with a Wookie in there.

Jess looks up from her frenzy, she's looking quite dishevelled and slightly pale.

JESS

(western accent)
Well howdy, Sorry for "stalling" on the shower stall there partners... I reckon It's next on my rodeo round up.

She fires off two finger guns like a cowboy, coughs into her shoulder, and dives right back into baking.

NICK

Okay buckaroo, I got to get ready for my date, it's that girl's whose number I scored from the bar...

Nick watches Jess confused by her frantic yet bunny like quickness moving about the kitchen.

Nick shoots a look to Winston "What is going on with Jess?" Winston shrugs back.

Schmidt steps into the living room and points back down the hall.

SCHMIDT

I just came from bathroom, there is water everywhere, the shower is clogged again, It's looks like a yeti's been using our facilities.

Nick points.

NICK

Winston already went with a Wookiee reference instead.

Disappointed with himself.

SCHMIDT

Ahh man, I should have known better, Star Wars references are way cooler.

WINSTON

Next time bud.

Nick walks over to Jess.

NICK

What's going on Betty Crocker?

JESS

Ahhh, you are so sweet, I am so a Betty Crocker.

She coughs again into her shoulder louder than before.

JESS(CONT'D)

I'm putting on a bake sale for the my boys and girls. The science center raised their admission prices three-fold and the school can't cover it. It's the children's favorite field trip every year, so I plan to raise the money, through delicious baked goods, the science club trip won't be canceled.

SCHMIDT

How very noble of you, Nobel Peace Prize of Science of you.

Jess pours some ingredients in a bowl and then mixes them aggressively by hand. She coughs loudly once again into her shoulder.

NICK

You feeling okay Jess? You got a little cough going there, and you sound a bit phlegm-ish.

Jess waves him off.

JESS

Oh I'll be fine I just have a minor...

Jess stops there as she winds up for a sneeze. With her hands occupied with mixing, she unloads a terrible sneeze right into her ingredients bowl.

The guys cringe.

SCHMIDT

You can toss that batch out.

Jess can't control herself and sneezes several more times around the kitchen. She's unstoppable. The guys stare on.

WINSTON

Impressive, I usually just sneeze in sets of two.

Jess controls herself for a second and then let's out one last super girly, high pitched "achoo."

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. LOFT - DAY

Nick approaches Jess in the Kitchen. Winston and Schmidt watch close by.

JESS
I'm not sick.

NICK
Jess you look terribly sick, and
you sneezed all over you cookies.

Jess very sluggishly continues to stir her bowl of ingredients but then breaks to wipe her nose along the length of her sleeve.

SCHMIDT
Ewww.

Schmidt, in utter disgust, dashes off to his room. Nick reaches over to Jess and puts the back of his hand on her forehead.

NICK
You're burning up; you are full on
sick. You need to sit down.

JESS
You'll have to pry this bowl from
my hands.

Jess tucks the bowl under her arm but Nick easily takes the bowl away. She has little strength in her.

WINSTON
Weak as a kitten, like a newborn
kitten.

Nick walks Jess over to the couch. Jess protests.

JESS
But the students and their field
trip and the bake sale and the
science.

WINSTON
Nick is right you need to slow it
down and get better. But first
you'll probably get way worse, a
little sweaty, some sticky, then
gradually better.

Jess flops onto the couch. She curls up and tucks her knees into her chest.

JESS

Okay it does feel slightly good to be in a ball right now.

Nick kneels down next to her.

JESS (CONT'D)

But I have so much I need to do. The bake sale is tomorrow. I have a table reserved at the school's basketball game.

NICK

Alright, I'm sure us guys can handle that for you. We can nurse you back to health and make this bake sale happen.

JESS

You guys would do that for me?

Schmidt steps back in to the living room wearing a surgeons mask, long rubber gloves, and rain boots.

WINSTON

I guess I'll postpone that appointment with my DVR, Jess would do the same for us.

SCHMIDT

Fine, but I'm not going near patient zero over there, I love you Jess but you've got germs.

Schmidt steps over to the kitchen. He grabs a tray of cookies and without hesitation dumps them in the garbage.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Contaminated.

WINSTON

You do seem oddly comfortable, Nick, in being near our patient.

JESS

Why is that?

NICK

I've only been sick a handful of times in my life, it took me forever to get the chicken pox even after my parents sent me on several "special sleep-overs."

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

YOUNG NICK, with his parents behind him, steps through the front door of a suburban home. Young Nick with a sleeping bag under his arm and a pillow under the other gets his first look at his sleep over companions...

A group of several sickly kids lounge around; they play board games and scratch red bumps on their arms and legs. A kid with a thermometer in his mouth deadpan stares at Nick.

As Nick realizes the trap he has fallen for. He turns around only to have the door slammed in his face by his parents. He drops his gear and scratches at the door.

YOUNG NICK

Not again! Don't leave me.

BACK TO LOFT.

NICK

I just don't get sick very easily. It's like some kind of strange superpower, the kind I can't fight crime with.

WINSTON

You're like an immortal, you're going to live forever. Or maybe it's a Benjamin Button thing and you're turning into a old man baby.

Jess looks Nick up and down.

JESS

I can see it being the baby thing.

NICK

Alright stop, I'll be in charge of Jess, Schmidt you can do your clean up thing...

Schmidt, wielding two bottles of cleaner, fumigates the kitchen by spraying a mist about like a wild west gunman.

NICK (CONT'D)

...and once Wyatt Erp is done in the kitchen, Winston you can get to baking, and then we'll all hit up basketball for the bake sale tomorrow.

WINSTON

But I do not know how to bake? I've never really done it before.

NICK

Really? Not once?

WINSTON

What? I was too busy... lifting weights, fighting bears, pleasing women, growing facial hair...

NICK

We get it, but baking isn't hard.

JESS

I'll even teach you the Day family baking secret...

WINSTON

Go on.

With a hand cupped to the side of her mouth she whispers.

JESS

Follow the recipe on the back of the cookie box.

Winston nods in thoughtful approval.

NICK

You do have the uncanny ability to pick up new skills with little effort.

WINSTON

Challenge excepted.

Jess claps her hands in excitement as Winston steps next to the apartment front door.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I'm off to the grocery store for baking supplies.

Winston Exits. Nick is close behind.

NICK

I'm heading out too, Jess, I'm going to get you some medicine, some Nyquil should knock you right out, but first I'm going to get you some of the cities finest chicken noodle soup from that corner cafe you like.

JESS

Their soup is pretty SOUP-er.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Nick stands in line at a cafe/ deli. He holds a numbered ticket in his hand. After looking up at the red LED lighted number sign, it'll be a while before his number is called.

He dials a contact on his cellphone.

NICK

Hey Charlotte, sorry I'm going to have to cancel tonight. I had a thing come up and lost track of time.

A loud rebuttal comes through the phone.

NICK (CONT'D)

You're already at the restaurant? Well, yeah it's something pretty important that came up... I'm sorry... I'm a what?

The girl on the other line hangs up, Nick is stunned as he looks into the phone.

INT. LOFT - LATER

Jess still curled up in a ball on the couch stares at a blank TV screen. After a beat she shouts out in her scratchy voice.

JESS

Schmidt! Schmidt, I need you.

From the hallway the sounds of heavy ventilated breathing and the strange thud of foot steps.

JESS (CONT'D)

Schmidt! Where are you? I need you to turn on the TV.

Schmidt steps out in a full bio hazard suit, it's loud plastic crumples with each step. Jess stares up at him.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hello Mr. Spaceman.

Schmidt turns on the TV for Jess.

JESS (CONT'D)

Wait before you go, can you do one more thing for me? When I was a kid what always made me feel better was watching those films where the heroes were talking animals.

SCHMIDT

Really?

JESS

Yeah, you know, like "Homeward Bound," or my favorite "The Adventures of Milo and Otis," where the animals all had the same British gentlemen accent.

(her best English accent)

"You're a strange looking cat" Milo said "I'm not a cat I'm a dog"

SCHMIDT

I personally like "Babe," the talking sheep herding pig.

JESS

That's a good one.

Schmidt searches through the DVD collection. Winston enters from the front door carrying bags of groceries.

WINSTON

I think I got everything we need to get this bake sale back on track.

Winston looks up to see Schmidt fumbling with the DVD player; the disc keeps slipping from Schmidt's bulky gloves as he attempts to land the disc into the loading tray.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Oh no! The government agents are here, they know we're hiding ET in the loft.

SCHMIDT
Very funny, we'll see if you're
still laughing when you're next to
catch this plague.

Jess takes this personally.

JESS
I don't think it's the plague...

WINSTON
As long as you wear that suit I
promise I'll be laughing.

Nick enters from the front door carrying take out and a drug
store bag.

NICK
I got everything here, including
the cure for what ails ya.

Schmidt catches Nick's eye.

NICK (CONT'D)
Geez Schmidt, Jess has a possible
flu not ebola.

JESS
I don't think it's the ebola...

Nick sits next to Jess and unpacks food for her.

JESS (CONT'D)
Why are you being so cautious,
Schmidt?

SCHMIDT
This always happens, someone I know
gets sick and then I get sick right
before our annual Tiki-Bar Friday
at my offices.

Winston now mixing ingredients in the kitchen chimes in.

WINSTON
I have always been a strong
supporter of the four day work
week.

SCHMIDT
It's my favorite office party of
the year, because not only do the
woman wear bikini tops and get
crazy!

(MORE)

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

You know what I'm saying, but I also get to comfortably drink as many girl fruity cocktail mixes as I want right out in the open with no judgment.

NICK

I'm sure someone is judging.

SCHMIDT

Not to mention I get a chance to wear one of my fine silk Hawaiian shirts from my exclusive collection.

JESS

Is this true?

SCHMIDT

Very exclusive.

NICK

Okay bubble boy.

SCHMIDT

I've been out here too long, I need to go scrub down the suit.

Schmidt walks off down the hallway. Winston bakes as Jess leans on Nick's shoulder as they sip on soup and watch "Milo & Otis."

INT. JESS'S ROOM - LATER

Nick carries Jess in his arms as they enter the bedroom. Nick lays Jess onto her bed. A very sleepy drunk like Jess speaks.

JESS

Hey Nicholas, I think that medicine is starting to kick in.

NICK

Yeah, that stuff will make you pretty drowsy, how much you take?

She gestures a drinking motion.

JESS

I don't know, a couple of swigs.

NICK

I believe that's the correct unit of measurement.

Nick pulls sheets over her.

JESS

Oh no Nick, what about your date?

NICK

I phoned her and called it off.

JESS

How'd that go?

NICK

Oh she was pissed, she was already at the restaurant waiting, I told her I had to look out for my friend and that was more important.

JESS

Sorry I ruined your date.

NICK

I don't think she was the girl for me anyway.

Jess reaches her arms out for a hug. Nick hugs her.

JESS

Thanks for thinking I'm important Nick.

NICK

Anytime Jess, you know I care about you.

As they back away from the long hug, inspired by Nick's words, Jess plants a kiss on Nick.

After a beat, they break apart. Jess hides half her face behind her sheets. Nick backs away and points over his shoulder.

NICK (CONT'D)

Laundry! I left some clothes in the dryer, I better go get them.

Nick trips and then reaches the door.

NICK (CONT'D)

Good night.

Nick exits, Jess flops over on her bed and covers herself completely under her sheets.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JESS'S ROOM - MORNING

It's the next day, Jess is sound asleep until someone starts knocking on her bedroom door. She awakes slowly, still sickly, and not fully there. Her voice has become scratchy and an octave lower.

JESS

You came back, you're so special,
laundry and all.

Winston stands in the doorway donning a messy apron and carrying a tray of brownies. He cocks an eyebrow.

WINSTON

You're pretty special yourself
sometimes.

Jess rubs her eyes and sees Winston clearly.

JESS

Yep, we're all special.

WINSTON

Feeling any better?

JESS

Oh my god, my voice, I sound like a
frog.

WINSTON

Well I hope your taste buds are
alright I need some feedback from
an expert.

He holds out the tray brownies.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Try one out, maybe it'll make you
feel better, I hear brownies can be
very medicinal.

JESS

Just what the doctor ordered.

Jess reaches for one and then down the hatch. After a few chews and mouth still full of brownie.

JESS (CONT'D)

Winston! This is very good, what
did you put in it?

Winston excitedly jumps up and down.

WINSTON

I got a little tired of the standard old brownie so I did some googling and I jazzed it up, I double the cocoa powder, mixed in espresso to give it that extra jolt, and a hint of mint to dance on your pallet when you're finished.

JESS

Impressive.

INT. HALLWAY

Nick exits his bedroom, his destination the bathroom. Unfortunately, Jess's bedroom door is wide open and he'll have to pass by Jess's room to get there. He hears voice and attempts to tip toe past like a cartoon character would.

INT. JESS'S ROOM

Winston and Jess still deliberate over the brownies as Nick sneaks past the open door. Without turning around, as if he is some clairvoyant, Winston shouts out...

WINSTON

Nick you got to come in here and try out these oh so delicious brownies.

Nick, defeated, slinks in with his head down and avoiding eye contact with Jess. Jess on the other hand is unable to look away. Keeping his head down Nick grabs a brownie and eats it.

NICK

These are actually pretty good.

WINSTON

I know.

NICK

So you got all the baking done for the bake sale tonight?

WINSTON

Been up all night, had to go back to the store and grab a few more ingredients, but the last few batches are on their way.

JESS

That's amazing Winston, we'll have to get to the basketball game early to claim our space and set up a table.

NICK

We'll see if you're well enough to go.

WINSTON

I heard on the news, that a junior there is practically dunking from the free-throw line? I think they're calling him the "Flying J?"

NICK

Really?

JESS

Yeah, Jarrod, he's our big super shiny star. Well all our students are stars, but he's just extra shiny.

Winston suddenly struck with fear.

WINSTON

Oh no my raspberry tarts!

Winston dashes out of the room, but peeks in quickly.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

You would think I was burning those tarts, but what I meant was I haven't started them yet and I just really looking forward to making them.

Winston exits, dead air lingers as Nick and Jess are left alone in the room. Nick's eye's finally meet Jess's. He awkwardly smiles.

JESS

Hello.

NICK

Hey.

INT. SCHMIDT'S ROOM - DAY

Schmidt meditates on his bed sans shirt. His air purifier hums near by as Schmidt inhales a long breath of satisfying, purified air.

After a quick knock Winston steps in.

WINSTON

Hey Schmidt have you seen the sauce pan around, I need to simmer some raspberry jam.

Schmidt erupts.

SCHMIDT

What are you doing! Shut the door!

WINSTON

What? Wait, this is not some kind of sexual thing you're doing here?

SCHMIDT

Close the door, you broke the seal the air in here is purified.

Winston closes the door.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Thank you, this is a sanctioned germ free environment and I want to keep it that way.

WINSTON

Don't you think you're taking this a little too far?

SCHMIDT

You can never go too far to stay healthy especially with an infectious roommate on the loose.

WINSTON

I'm just saying, if I were the one who was sick and you were pulling all these preventive shenanigans around me and calling me the Outbreak Monkey, I might have slugged you by now.

Winston fakes a punch and Schmidt flinches terribly.

SCHMIDT

What? It's a healthy reaction to flinch.

WINSTON

But if I was someone like Jess, my feelings would probably be pretty hurt by now, so try to be a little more compassionate.

Winston sees his sauce pan next to the air purifier. Winston picks up the pan.

SCHMIDT

Oh yeah, the air purifier was leaking a little.

WINSTON

Now put on a shirt, come out to the kitchen, and try out one of my delicious cupcakes.

Winston exits. Schmidt nods.

SCHMIDT

Alright, Cupcakes.

INT. JESS'S ROOM

Nick and Jess still locked in their Mexican standoff of awkwardness.

NICK

So, You feeling any better? You were really feeling... different last night.

JESS

Last night? I think the medicine made me delirious, seems fuzzy. After the movie I went right to bed, nothing else, don't remember a thing.

Nick nods, he's buying it. Jess clears her throat.

JESS (CONT'D)

I think I'm feeling better, although I don't sound it.

NICK

Wow, you do sound like one of the lesser known Muppets.

She laughs.

JESS
(sings)
It's time to play the music...

She grabs at her throat and panics.

JESS (CONT'D)
I can't sing any more! How am I
going to get through my day with
out illustrating my everyday life
through song?

She pouts, Nick crosses over and sits on her bed.

NICK
As much as we all enjoy your
sporadic musical numbers, how about
you express yourself through air
drums?

Jess mimics air drums to her satisfaction.

NICK (CONT'D)
That'll do.

Jess continues to drum.

NICK (CONT'D)
You want me to scramble up some
eggs for you?

She stops drumming.

JESS
Really?

NICK
Yeah, I would do that for you.

Nick grabs Jess's bed sheet and tucks her back in.

NICK (CONT'D)
You can rest up and I'll bring it
to you in bed.

As Nick is near Jess face again, Jess instinctively leans in to kiss Nick again. Nick gets out of the way just in time.

NICK (CONT'D)
I got to get some more laundry
detergent, I'm all out.

Nick runs out the bedroom. Jess smacks her forehead.

JESS
What is going on with me?

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Nick continues to flee from Jess, looking to escape from the apartment. At the same moment Cece enters through the front door of the loft carrying two drinks in her hands.

Nick blows past Cece as he quickly puts on a jacket. He spins back around to explain to Cece.

NICK
Nothing much, I've just been going through a lot laundry detergent, be right back.

Cece mouths to herself "Not gonna ask." Nick exits. Cece continues on to Jess's room.

INT. JESS'S ROOM

Jess has buried herself again under her sheets. Cece knocks on the open bedroom door and enters.

CECE
Morning pumpkin! I brought you some fresh blended fruit and veggie juice. There should plenty of vitamins crammed in here to kick every cold's butt for the next year.

Jess flops the sheets off her head.

JESS
I kissed Nick.

CECE
Shut up.

Cece sits on Jess's bed.

JESS
Yep, last night I kissed him, I was on medicine, he got awkward, and then to make it worse I just tried to kiss him again, and he got more awkward.

CECE

Okay, that explains why he split out of here so fast.

JESS

Help me Cece, I don't know what to do.

CECE

Was there chemistry? Who came on to who?

JESS

Well he was being a perfect gentlemen, once he learned I was sick he started taking care of me.

CECE

I see, he's playing doctor.

JESS

He was really sweet, he even canceled a big date to stay with me, he said he cared about me. My head was all fuzzy, and it just happened.

CECE

Oh okay, you have a reverse Nightingale Syndrome going on.

Jess gasps.

JESS

Oh no, is that like a bird flu?

CECE

No, Florence Nightingale Effect is when a Doctor falls for his patient. You have the opposite, cause he is taking care of you, and with your weekend defensives, you can't help yourself but fawn over him.

JESS

I'm not fawning over him, wait that's exactly what I'm doing, help me Cece.

Cece thinks.

CECE

Do you "like" like him?

Jess thinks and answers most honestly.

JESS

I don't know, but I think for now
our friendship is more valuable.

CECE

There's your answer. Friendship is
more important.

Jess nods barely convinced.

CECE (CONT'D)

What animal movie are you watching
next?

JESS

You know me so well.

CECE

Nothing like talking farm critters
to make my Jess healthy again.
Shall we?

INT. LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Jess and Cece walk into the living room, Jess is wrapped in a
blanket.

Nick enters through the apartment door with a jumbo size
carton of laundry detergent in hand.

Nick, Cece, and Jess stare at each other lost for words,
until they are interrupted by Schmidt (back in his germ
suit).

SCHMIDT

Hey guys, we got a problem.

For the first time we see the kitchen after Winston's all
night baking marathon. The kitchen overflows with trays,
baskets, and piles of baked goods, way too much for the bake
sale.

WINSTON

I think I got the hang of this
baking thing!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LOFT - DAY

Nick, Schmidt, Jess, and Cece continue to gawk at the mountain of baked goods in the kitchen. Winston stands proudly behind his masterpieces.

NICK

What's the matter with you?

WINSTON

I'm a baking god!

JESS

Winston, this is an awful lot of baked goods, how much did you spend on ingredients?

WINSTON

Well, there was the initial run for the basics, got me a set of good spatulas, I read a few gourmet articles online, bought a few exotic spices, macadamia nuts, some truffle oil, oh and of course the gold flakes.

The gang looks over a stack of Chocolate muffins, and indeed they glitter with gold flakes.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

All and all not too bad, around two hundred bucks, give or take.

JESS

I think I'm going to be sick, more than I am already. Our goal was to only fund-raise one hundred and fifty dollars.

NICK

You spent more on baking than what we needed to sell.

CECE

This is going to be one hell of a bake sale.

SCHMIDT

You got that right cookie cutter.

Cece punches Schmidt in the arm for the obvious come on. Cece gets a good look at Schmidt's Biohazard suit.

CECE

And what is he suppose to be?

WINSTON

Single for life.

SCHMIDT

Disease free.

JESS

What are we going to do?

CECE

We'll have to give the basketball game a shot.

WINSTON

Trust me with these quality gourmet treats they'll be flying off the shelf easily, even at a mark up of 5000 percent.

JESS

I don't know, but we got to get going.

CECE

You're not going anywhere missy, you're too sick.

NICK

Don't worry Jess, you stay here and get healthy, and we'll take care of the rest.

JESS

You're not staying?

There's a brief awkward pause for everyone.

NICK

Yeah, Schmidt can stay back and help you out if needed.

SCHMIDT

But...

WINSTON

Let's get going so we can stake out prime territory for the sale.

CECE
 Alright boys let's pack'em up.

INT. LOFT - MOMENTS LATER

Cece, Winston, and Nick exit with the last of the baked goods, Jess clearly upset she can't go.

Schmidt and Jess are left standing at a distance from each other. After a beat Jess let's a a small cough. Schmidt shakes his head.

SCHMIDT
 I was hoping it didn't have to come to this.

Schmidt exits and renters with a sign to reads "Quarantine" He fastens it to Jess's bedroom door. Jess slumps onto the couch.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY

Just outside of the gymnasium, Winston and Nick sit behind a folding table as they attempt to sell their baked products. STUDENTS shuffle by ignoring the boys selling attempts.

WINSTON
 Gourmet cupcakes, cookies, brownies, I know there's some chocolate lovers out there.

NICK
 Was that a subliminal advertisement?

WINSTON
 A little bit.

Nick points to a GIRL.

NICK
 Young lady, any baked treat for you five dollars. Don't worry they won't make you fat.

WINSTON
 Wow, we are terrible salesmen.

Cece walks up to the table holding a cardboard tray with a mixed batch of baked goods.

CECE

It's not us, the marching band is selling name brand king-size candy bars for a buck cheaper down the other hall. I did manage to sell a little.

Cece dumps a few wadded up bills for the boys to count. A loud cheer erupts from the gymnasium, a crucial point must have been scored.

NICK

Wow, must be a hell of a game.

CECE

It's that gigantic forward, he's been dunking the ball all night, it's pretty impressive, I'm sure we'll see him in the NBA sooner than later.

Winston quickly stands and races off towards the gymnasium.

WINSTON

I'll be right back.

NICK

Come on Winston, you can watch that kid dunk on YouTube later.

With Winston gone, Cece takes a seat, she looks over to Nick.

CECE

I know.

NICK

I don't know what you are referring to.

Nick is a terrible liar.

CECE

I know.

And with her unwavering demeanor, Cece easily breaks Nick open.

NICK

Figures Jess would tell you right away. Well, what's your take?

CECE

It's doesn't matter what I think. How about you?

NICK
I don't know. I got scared.

CECE
Girls just love it when a boy
hightails it.

NICK
I know, I ran. What should I do?

CECE
Talk to her. Treat her like a
person and be honest.

NICK
Huh, so women dig the whole honesty
thing?

CECE
Oh yeah.

NICK
Goodie, confrontation.

Nick bites into a brownie for comfort.

INT. JESS'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jess sits up in bed reading a book. She squeaks out an adorable cough but shortly it turns into a mega soul wrenching cough.

She reaches for a bottle of cough medicine but struggles with the top in between her coughs.

JESS
Stupid child safety cap.

She can't seem to open the bottle as her cough attack grows worse.

JESS (CONT'D)
Schmidt! I need you!

INT. SCHMIDT'S ROOM - SAME TIME

Schmidt again meditates crossed legged on his bed enjoying his purifier. He awakens from his trance to the sound Jess's pleas for aid. Schmidt begrudging steps into his containment suit.

INT. JESS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt enters into the quarantine bedroom. Jess continues her coughing fit and points to the bottle of medicine.

JESS
Help me, please.

Schmidt swipes the bottle up and fiddles with the cap. His bulky suit gloves don't allow him any chance to pop the cap off. He grows more and more frustrated with the gloves short comings as Jess's coughs become comically more desperate.

SCHMIDT
I can't do it, these gloves won't grip.

JESS
Help me Schmidty you're my only hope.

In an overcoming adrenaline fueled frenzy, Schmidt rips off his bio suit, hulk hogan style. With his hands free, he then twists open the cough syrup for Jess.

Jess grabs for the bottle and tosses it back, instantly her throat is soothed.

SCHMIDT
Did it work?

Jess nods.

JESS
Thank you.

SCHMIDT
No problem.

With his duty fulfilled, Schmidt turns around and like a maniac hightails it out of her room.

INT. BATHROOM - SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

Schmidt frantically scrubs his body down with soap in the shower.

SCHMIDT
Don't worry Tiki Bar, I'm still coming.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - LATER

Nick and Cece remain at the bake goods table hopelessly trying to make a sale. Nick shouts out desperately.

NICK

Come on, they're delicious! One bite and it'll taste like the first time you heard Bruno Mars voice! Heavenly!

CECE

I think you're starting to reach them.

NICK

Really?

Cece shakes her head no. Winston flies in from the gymnasium.

WINSTON

Guys follow me! You're going to want to see this.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - CONTINUOUS

Cece and Nick follow Winston to the side of the bleachers from there they can see the whole basketball court. Winston points to one of the players.

WINSTON

Keep your eye on number 25.

Number 25 is JARROD, the aforementioned high school basketball superstar. He towers easily a foot above the rest of the players on the court and has a swagger to match.

NICK

Enough with this, we're here to sell cupcakes.

WINSTON

Oh that's exactly what I'm doing.

Number 25 charges to the basket, easily navigating around the opposing team and makes a spectacular slam dunk. The crowd goes wild, lifting their signs for "Flying J."

Jarrold continues to rile up the crowd as he unexpectedly stops at the mid-court sideline and steals the microphone from the announcer.

JARROD

Hey everybody, when I'm not making awesome plays for my boys and schooling the other team, I spend my time off the court over at the science club bake sale table.

Jarrood reaches over the announcer table, picks up a cupcake, and takes a huge bite.

JARROD (CONT'D)

Yummy... this cupcake is definitely worth my ten dollars! Go and get yours now.

By now, the COACH of the team has made his way to his star player and angrily waves his playbook at Jarrood.

Nick and Cece can hardly believe what they just witnessed.

CECE

Unbelievable.

WINSTON

I know did you see that dunk, oh and we better get back to the table.

They rush out to beat the growing crowd headed to their table in the hall.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

All is quiet in the loft until Winston, Nick, and Cece come storming through the door. Schmidt and Jess exit from their rooms to check out all the commotion.

WINSTON

We did it.

JESS

Are we going to the science center?

Cece pulls out a wad of bills.

CECE

One hundred fifty dollars plus a little extra if you want to treat the students to some extra science, or perhaps ice cream sandwiches.

JESS

You guys, you're going to make me cry, I mean in addition to the watery eyes I have from the cold.

She dabs her eyes with a tissue she has in her hands.

SCHMIDT

Wait, you're telling me you sold all of those cookies?

NICK

Winston corrupted a high schooler with an endorsement deal.

CECE

It worked pretty well.

WINSTON

I didn't corrupt him, I merely offered him some valuable networking in exchange for a little public relations with the student body. So I gave him the number of a recruiter friend of mine from my days playing internationally in Latvia.

At that very moment, Schmidt's cell phone chirps. Schmidt looks at his phone. By the look on Schmidt's face he does not recognize the number.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Yeah, I gave Jarrod your phone number instead of the recruiters.

The gang stares judgmentally at Winston.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Because I didn't have his current number on me at the time, I'll make sure Jarrod gets it, just play along for now.

Schmidt hesitantly answers the phone.

SCHMIDT

Hey kid, So I hear you like basketball.

INT. NICK'S ROOM - LATER

Nick relaxes on his bed reading a magazine, a knock comes from the door.

JESS (O.S.)
Nicholas, are you decent?

NICK
Come in Jess.

Jess peaks her head in and enters the room.

JESS
I think we need to have a talk.

NICK
Agreed.

JESS
Just a talk, not the talk.

NICK
Go for it, let's talk.

Jess attempts to sort out her thoughts.

JESS
You're a great guy, and I saw that a lot when you were stepping up and taking care of me, but things got all haywire up in me ole noggin.

She knocks on her head.

JESS (CONT'D)
With the mix of the extra attention and medical drugs I think emotions took over and I may have misjudged my own feeling and intentions and thus we kissed.

NICK
Let me be honest with you, it made me nervous and I ran off. I'm sorry. We're roommates and more importantly your my friend and that's what matters most to me.

Jess tackles Nick and hugs.

JESS
Yes, we're on the same page. We're just friends.

NICK
Okay, okay, get off me friend.

Jess backs off.

JESS
Sorry. We cool?

NICK
Yeah, we're cool. Glad to see
you're feeling better.

JESS
Thanks Nick.

Jess exits. Nick smiles but then thinks to himself.

NICK
Yeah, just friends.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Jess and Schmidt sit on the living room couch watching the credits roll on a DVD movie. Schmidt blows his nose into a tissue, everything about his figure suggests that he is full on sick except for the fancy Hawaiian shirt he wears.

JESS
Sorry I got you all sick and you
had to miss your tiki bar fruity
drink party.

Schmidt lifts up a glass of orange juice with a cocktail umbrella and long straw. He takes a sip.

SCHMIDT
It's okay. Can we watch "Babe"
again?

Jess lifts up a DVD case.

JESS
I got one better, "Babe 2: Pig in
the city." In the heart of the
city, a pig with heart.

SCHMIDT
Yes please.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW