NEW GIRL

Spec Script

Written by

Amy Bianco
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. SUNDAY MORNING

JESS, after just waking up, walks into the kitchen and opens the cabinet. Ice skates fall out of the cabinet and onto Jess. She screams, grunts and flails to untangle herself from them.

JESS
No. Ah! No! Why is this happening?

Stretching his arms and squinting his eyes, COACH comes out of his room.

COACH
What are you doing?

Jess untangles the skates and holds them out.

JESS
These just fell out cereal cabinet!

COACH
Are you okay?

JESS
Would you be okay if sharp razors fell on your face when you were expecting to sit down and enjoy a nice bowl of sweet Os.

COACH
How many times do I have to tell you they’re honey nut Cheerios, Jess.

Jess shrugs her shoulders.

JESS
Sweet Os just rolls off the tongue.

COACH
Think about what you just said, Jess.

Jess bows her head.

JESS
I hear it now.

Nick comes out of his room and into the kitchen.
NICK
What the hell are you guys yelling about?

He sits down at the kitchen table.

JESS
Ice skates are falling out of the cabinet and breakfast is ruined.

COACH
I don’t know how they got there. I put them in Nick’s room yesterday.

NICK
So you put them there.

COACH
Yea. I needed room in the hall closet, so I put the skates in your room. I assumed they were yours from that time you tried to impress Kate Henderson.

INT. ICE RINK. FLASHBACK.

Nick is in white figure skates and leggings, struggling to stand on his own on the ice. He’s holding onto the wall for dear life. His date, Kate Henderson, is trying to help him by holding his arm but Nick keeps fleeing her away.

NICK
Nope. No, don’t touch me. I got it. Yup. I’m almost there.

Nick falls.

BACK TO PRESENT

NICK
Surprisingly, that date wasn’t that bad... But those skates aren’t mine.

JESS
So how did the skates get in the cabinet?!

NICK
Well when I saw them in my room, I thought “these aren’t mine.” So I put them in the kitchen closet.

JESS
The kitchen closet?
NICK
Yea, the kitchen closet. A place for storage in the kitchen.

Coach shakes his head.

COACH
Oh, Nick.

JESS
Yea, to store cereal and chips! Not ice skates, Nick.

Nick throws his hands in the air. He stands up and takes the skates from Jess.

NICK
Okay. My bad. I’ll just put them back in the hall closet.

JESS
Please do!

With the ice skates in hand, Nick walks over to the hall closet. Coach runs after him. Coach stands between the door and Nick.

COACH
Hey, let’s find another place for the skates. I’ll keep them in my room.

Coach reaches for the skates but Nick pulls away.

NICK
It’s fine, I’ll just put them in here.

COACH
I can’t let you do that.

NICK
Coach, just let me put the skates away.

Nick is trying to get around Coach but Coach is blocking the door with his body.

NICK
Why are you being so weird, man? Just let me open the closet.

Nick forces Coach aside and opens the closet. A blow up sumo-wrestling suit (the kind you find at carnivals) falls out of the closet. Jess walks over to see what’s going on.
NICK
What the hell is this, Coach?

Coach points to the deflated suit on the floor, makes awkward and uncomfortable gestures and won’t look at Nick or Jess.

COACH
It’s a... you know, it’s a... a tent. It’s a tent, that I sleep in sometimes. It helps me stay in touch with the wilderness.

JESS
That’s so nice, Coach.

COACH
Yea, I’ll just keep it in my room.

Coach bends down and gathers the suit.

NICK
Hold on. That’s not a tent, Coach.

COACH
Uh, yea it is. Of course it is. What else would it be?

NICK
Then why is there a helmet that looks like hair attached to it?

Nick grabs the helmet of the sumo suit and holds it up.

NICK
It’s a sumo-suit!

JESS
A sumo-wrestling suit?

COACH
Yes, it’s a sumo-wrestling suit.

NICK
This is awesome!

COACH
I know right, I saw it at a garage sale and I was like uhh “Yes please!”

JESS
What are you going to do with a sumo-suit?
COACH
Um, I don’t know. Maybe have the most epic sumo battles.

NICK
Yea! This is going to be the best!

JESS
We can’t keep that here, Coach. We don’t have room for it.

NICK
Of course we do!

JESS
Look around. Our apartment is packed with junk!

We scan the apartment and all of the shelves are overflowing with stuff. There’s junk piled in the corners of the apartment. The dining room table is covered in stuff.

NICK
It’s not junk, Jess. It’s our belongings.

WINSTON walks in the front door. He’s wearing his police uniform.

JESS
Yes! Winston, can you tell Coach and Nick that we have too much stuff in the loft?

Winston walks to the kitchen and pours a cup of coffee. Coach, Jess and Nick follow him, leaving the sumo-suit on the floor by the hall closet.

WINSTON
I mean, yea we have a lot of stuff but I don’t think we have too much.

NICK
Thank you, Winston.

Winston reaches into the refrigerator and takes out the orange juice and pours it into his coffee.

JESS
Guys, you know I’m right. I have to tape the TV remote to the wall so it doesn’t get lost.
COACH
Hey, Winston. You know you’re pouring orange juice into your coffee, right?

Winston holds up the orange juice carton and reads it.

WINSTON
No I’m not, it’s obviously mil— Oh, yea you’re right. Thanks, man. Simple mistake.

NICK
You did that yesterday too, Winston.

WINSTON
No, I didn’t, man. What are you talking about?

JESS
Winston, I think it’s time you go get your eyes checked.

WINSTON
Guys, I don’t need my eyes checked. I’m fine.

Winston puts the orange juice back in the fridge and puts his coffee in the sink.

COACH
Remember what happened last week?

WINSTON
What happened last week?

EXT. STREET. FLASHBACK

Winston is issuing a parking ticket. We zoom in and Winston is actually putting a CVS receipt under the wind-shield wiper.

INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. SUNDAY MORNING

Winston is awkwardly/nervously laughing.

WINSTON
What? No, that was a joke. It’s just a prank that me and guys do. We do it all the time.

JESS
You’re on your break right? I’m going to call my eye doctor. She’s really nice and gentle.
She’ll just give you an eye test. It’ll take 15 minutes and you can go back to work.

Jess walks out of the kitchen and heads to her room.

WINSTON
Jess, I don’t need to go to the doctor.

JESS
I’m calling, Winston! It’s dangerous to be driving around with bad vision.

Jess trips and falls over the sumo-suit. She gets up.

JESS
I can’t live like this! I’m going to call the eye doctor and after we are going to clean this whole apartment.

NICK
Actually, I have-

JESS
No! We’re doing it, Nick.

Coach raises his hand and opens his mouth to say something.

JESS
You too, Coach!

Jess walks away.

NICK
We live in a warehouse loft, Jess! It’s supposed to hold a lot of stuff!...

Jess is gone, leaving the guys in the kitchen.

COACH
The power dynamic in this loft is so uneven.

Nick, Winston and Coach just stand in the kitchen, shoulder to shoulder, looking helpless.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT 2

INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

Nick, Jess and Coach are standing in the living room.

JESS
Okay, so Winston is on his way to the optometrist. I have my cleaning overalls on, and a bunch of garbage bags. Let’s do this thing! God, I love Sundays.

NICK
Jess, you can’t just get rid of our stuff.

Jess’s phone rings and she takes it out of her back pocket. She has one new text message. It’s from her boss, Principal Foster. It says “Hello, Jess. What are you doing on this lovely Sunday afternoon?” Jess’s eyes widen and she quickly puts her phone back in her pocket.

JESS
We never use any of it.

COACH
I use some of this stuff.

NICK
Yea, me too.

Jess refocuses on the argument she’s having with Nick and Coach.

JESS
...Okay, Like what?

Coach looks around and picks up a huge, colorful, collapsible ball.

COACH
This.

JESS
And what do you use that for?

COACH
...Lot’s of things. It doesn’t have just one purpose.
JESS
I’ve never seen you use that... Don’t you think an underprivileged child with enjoy this toy more than you do?

COACH
Yea, I guess.

Coach puts his head down hands the ball over to Jess. Jess puts the ball in a garbage bag.

Nick walks over to Jess and grabs the ball out of the garbage bag.

NICK
Don’t let her guilt you into this, Coach. We’re keeping out stuff. You don’t scare me, Jess.

Jess and Nick stare each other down.

INT. LOFT. BATHROOM. LATER

Jess, Nick and Coach are in the bathroom. They’re standing in the middle, looking around.

Nick points to a spot on the wall, above the mirrors, where there are rubber ducks strung together by their necks.

NICK
What about those?

JESS
My rubber ducks?

COACH
Yea, those things are creepy.

JESS
How are rubber ducks creepy? Rubber ducks are anti-creepy.

NICK
They’re all hung by their throats, Jess!

JESS
That’s the only way I could attach them together. You try hanging up round, blastic objects with string... And they’re not even taking space! But you know what is taking up space? The basketball hoop.
NICK
What’s wrong with the basketball hoop?

JESS
Well, it doesn’t belong in a bathroom, Nick.

NICK
Well, yea not traditionally... But who uses anything for its original use anymore?

Coach walks over to the door and stars looking around.

JESS
Everybody, Nick. That’s who.

COACH
What about these paintings? They’ve just been sitting here for weeks.

JESS
I think those are Winstons.

Coach bends down and pick a couple of them up and holds them out.

NICK
Oh, no. We have to throw those out. They’re so ugly.

COACH
I know it’s like he wanted to hurt our eyes.

Jess looks at one of the paintings. It’s a dog sitting on a toilet.

NICK
It’s looking at me. We can’t have this in our apartment.

JESS
Well we can’t just throw them out. We’ll wait for Winston to get home to decide.

Jess bends down and picks up another one of the paintings. It’s a picture of a baby with a beard, sitting in a bathroom sink shaving.

JESS
Except this one. This one needs to go.
INT. OPTOMETRIST EXAM ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Winston is at the optometrist’s office. Holding papers in her hand, the doctor walks into the examining room.

OPTOMETRIST
So, it looks like you’re nearsighted.

Winston gets up from the chair and begins to walk out.

WINSTON
Okay, thank you.

OPTOMETRIST
Wait, you’re going to need glasses, Mr. Bishop. Your eyesight is very bad.

Winston looks back at her in disbelief.

INT. OPTOMETRIST LOBBY. LATER.

The optometrist escorts Winston to the lobby, where there’s a large rack of glasses to choose from.

OPTOMETRIST
Let me know when you pick a pair and we can put your prescription lenses in for you.

INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Nick, Jess, and Coach are all sitting on the couch in the living room quietly.

JESS
We haven’t decided on anything to get rid of.

NICK
Yes we have.

JESS
We did?

COACH
Yea, Schmidt’s old sweatshirt from when he was fat, that creepy baby picture and that hubcap we found under the couch.

JESS
We need Schmidt. He’s the only one who kept this apartment clean when he lived here.
Schmidt walks into the loft.

    SCHMIDT
    Hey guys.

Jess, Nick and Coach sit up and stare at Schmidt in bewilderment.

    SCHMIDT
    Do you guys have baking soda? I read on Pinterest that you can concoct your own exfoliating scrub. I have all of the ingredients except for damn baking soda.

With her eyes wide, Jess points to the kitchen.

    JESS
    Yea, it’s in the cabinet.

    SCHMIDT
    Oh, thank god.

Schmidt walks to the kitchen.

    JESS
    Hey Schmidt, so Nick, Coach and I are trying to clean out the loft. I’m wondering if you could take your prototypes over to your apartment because Nick doesn’t want to get rid of them.

Schmidt comes back into the living room with the baking soda.

    SCHMIDT
    You can’t get rid of our prototypes! Those prototypes are the future.

    JESS
    So take them over to your apartment.

    SCHMIDT
    I can’t... I don’t have room in my apartment either.

    COACH
    I have a feeling that’s not true Mr. Martha Stewart.

    SCHMIDT
    How dare you call me that. If anything I’d be a Carol Duvall.
JESS
Come on Schmidt. I know you have space somewhere.

SCHMIDT
Okay, fine. I have space but everything in my apartment is placed intentionally. I can’t just put the prototypes on the shelf next to my home made aroma therapy oils. That’s insane.

Jess gets another text. She checks her phone and it’s another text from her boss. The text says “It’s a great day for a walk. What do you say?”

JESS
What is going on?

SCHMIDT
What?

JESS
My boss keeps texting me weird things and I don’t know what to say back.

Coach smirks.

COACH
Like, weird things?

JESS
Ew, coach! No. Just unusual things.

NICK
What did he say?

JESS
Look.

Jess holds her phone out and the three guys read her phone.

NICK
He’s definitely into you.

SCHMIDT
Yea, that’s definitely an “I’m interested” text.

JESS
No! No way, guys. He’s my boss.
COACH
Just ignore it. Maybe he meant to text someone else.

JESS
See, yea. It could have been a simple mistake... So you think I should just ignore it?

NICK
Definitely.

SCHMIDT
Yea.

Winston walks into the loft wearing the biggest and goofiest glasses you can think of.

Schmidt jumps back.

SCHMIDT
Woah! What happened to you Winston?

WINSTON
What?

COACH
Are you wearing goggles?

WINSTON
No, they’re my new glasses. Jess’s doctor told me I was nearsighted – physically not figuratively. So I had to get glasses, which I wasn’t too happy about but I’m loving them, now.

JESS
Good for you Winston! I told you it wouldn’t be that bad.

NICK
You have to get rid of those, Winston.

WINSTON
No way. I was given the gift of sight and I am not giving it back.

COACH
Winston, if you do not get contacts, you will never date another woman again.

WINSTON
Guys, they’re not that bad.
JESS
Yea, I think they’re nice.

SCHMIDT
Winston, do us all a favor and go look at yourself.

Winston walks over to the mirror by the front door. He stands in front of it.

WINSTON
O my god! I look like Estelle from golden girls!

COACH
... How do you know that?

WINSTON
The mirror was so small at the doctor’s office, I didn’t realize how ugly these were. I gotta go back.

Winston rushes out of the apartment.

SCHMIDT
Thank god.

JESS
Okay, can we get back to cleaning?

NICK
Well we can’t agree on anything to get rid of so I think we should just leave the loft the way it is.

SCHMIDT
I can help.

NICK
No, Schmidt!

JESS
Yes! This is perfect. Schmidt, you can help us decide.

SCHMIDT
All right, let’s do this. Everyone go grab a bunch of stuff from around the loft. I’ll decide if it stays or go.

NICK
This is the worst idea ever.
COACH
I better get to keep my sumo-suit.

JESS
Okay, everyone meet back in ten.

Nick, Jess and Coach disperse and start collecting things they want to keep. Schmidt sits back and lounges on the couch.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. LOFT. LIVING ROOM. LATER

Schmidt is still on the couch. There are 3 piles of stuff on the floor in front of Schmidt.

SCHMIDT
Okay, time’s up. Gather your last items and report to the judging floor!

Jess runs into the living room with a few more items in her arms and places them in her neat pile. Coach jogs in and haphazardly throws a couple more items into his pile. Nick walks slowly into the living room with so much stuff in his arms. The pile towers over his head and he drops it onto the floor.

SCHMIDT
Okay, all participants are here so we will begin. Jessica, you may go first. Good luck.

Jess bends down and picks up a neatly-folded quilt made of denim patches.

JESS
Thank you Mr. Schmidt. This lovely quilt is -

SCHMIDT
Absolutely not.

JESS
What? Schmidt! I worked hard on this.
SCHMIDT
Unless it has magical powers, that thing belongs in a dumpster. Coach, you’re next.

Jess is taken back at Schmidt’s rudeness and grunts. She places her quilt on the floor next to the rest of her stuff.

SCHMIDT
No, no Jess. That goes in the give away pile.

Schmidt points to the space by the front door. Jess picks her quilt back up and slowly walks over to the front door with it.

Coach picks up a cage turn to Schmidt.

COACH
I would like to keep this hamster cage because although we do not have a hamster, I would really like to get one soon.

Jess puts the quilt down and bends down next to it while coach is presenting to Schmidt.

JESS
(whispering)
I’m sorry, little buddy.

She walks back over to the living room.

SCHMIDT
I will allow it, Coach.

JESS
What? Are you kidding? I can’t keep a quilt but Coach can keep an empty rodent cage?

SCHMIDT
Why would I be kidding? I know how much coach wants a pet. Who am I to take that away from him?

JESS
Do you know how long I worked on that quilt for?

COACH
Do you know how long I’ve wanted a hamster? I moved a lot as a kid, Jess. I never had pets.
Coach looks at Schmidt and winks. Schmidt looks at Coach and gives him the thumbs up. Jess looks back and forth between Coach and Schmidt.

**JESS**
I see what’s going on here and I am not a fan.

There’s a knock at the door. Nick, Jess, Coach, and Schmidt all look at each other. Jess goes to the door and opens it. Principal Foster is standing at the door with a flower in hand.

**PRINCIPAL FOSTER**
Hello Jess.

**JESS**
Principal Foster! Hi. What are you doing here?

Jess looks back at the guys with a panic look on her face. Coach waves from where he is standing.

**COACH**
Hey Principal Foster.

**PRINCIPAL FOSTER**
Hello Coach... So anyway. Jess, this is for you.

Principal Foster hands jess the flower. Jess takes it without making eye contact with him.

**JESS**
Thank you, Principal Foster...

**PRINCIPAL FOSTER**
You weren’t answering my text messages, so I thought I would come on over and see if you’d like to go for a walk with me.

**JESS**
That’s so nice. You just found my house all on your own, huh?

**PRINCIPAL FOSTER**
Yea, it’s in your file. So do you want to get going?

**JESS**
Principal Foster, I’m a little confused. We have a strictly professional relationship.
Principal foster leans in and talks in a quieter voice.

PRINCIPAL FOSTER
Well, I thought so too until you left that note on my desk. At first I thought it was a little inappropriate but then I thought, people date coworkers all the time.

JESS
Date? You and me?

PRINCIPAL FOSTER
Thank you for making the first move. I knew there was something between us but -

JESS
Principal Foster. What note are you talking about? I’m pretty sure I would remember if I left you a note.

PRINCIPAL FOSTER
At the end of the day on Friday you left you lesson plans on my desk... There was a note in the folder... It said “Want to hang out on Sunday?” It had hearts drawn all over it. You don’t remember?

JESS
Ohhh... Mr. Foster, I’m sorry but I didn’t write that note. Two kids were passing notes in my class so I took it away from them. It must have ended up in my lesson plans by accident.

PRINCIPAL FOSTER
Oh... Okay.

JESS
I’m really sorry. But don’t be embarrassed I do stuff like this all the time. One time I asked a Starbucks barista out because I thought he winked at me but he really just had a twitch.

PRINCIPAL FOSTER

JESS
See you tomorrow Principal Foster.
PRINCIPAL FOSTER
I probably won’t be at work tomorrow.

JESS
Oh, okay. I’ll see you Tuesday, then.
My favorite day of the week!

COACH
Bye Principal Foster!

Principal Foster leaves and Jess closes the door behind her.

JESS
You guys were right!

NICK
Jess, when are we ever wrong about this stuff?

Jess walks over to the couch, sits next to Schmidt, and puts the flower down next to her.

JESS
Our whole professional relationship is ruined! What if the rest of the teachers find out? I’ll have to switch schools.

COACH
Woah, woah. Jess. It’ll be okay. I’m sure this will all blow over in a couple days and Principal foster will forget all about it.

NICK
Yea he’s right, Jess. Don’t worry about it. Now, I’d like to turn your attention to Randy. The coolest, most aesthetically pleasing home decoration you can imagine.

COACH
No, not Randy.

Nick turns around and grabs a wooden hat rack, dressed like human, and places it in front of him.

NICK
Randy!... What do you think?

SCHMIDT
I’m not understanding, Nick.
NICK
I’ve transformed a normal, boring coat rack into a cool and enjoyable one.

JESS
We already have a coat rack.

NICK
But does that one have eyes, and hands?

We zoom in on “Randy.” Nick has painted eyes on the coat rack and has also taped hands cut out construction paper onto the pegs of the rack.

SCHMIDT
Nick, I say this with love. Get that out of my sight!

NICK
You don’t know what you’re talking about. This is good craftsmanship.

JESS
My quilt was good craftsmanship, not this.

COACH
Let’s not get ahead of ourselves here.

Jess shoots Coach a dirty looks. Coach shrugs his shoulders back at her.

NICK
You guys wouldn’t know good craftsmanship if it whispered in your ear.

JESS
I don’t think that’s how that saying goes.

SCHMIDT
Nick, I’m sorry but Randy has to go.

Winston walks into the loft.

JESS
Winston! How did it go?

NICK
This is not over!

Winston walks into the living room.
WINSTON
Great! The doctor suggested contacts. I was nervous at first but they’re actually really great.

NICK
O my god!
Nick backs away from Winston.

WINSTON
What?

NICK
Your eyes!

WINSTON
Yea, I have my new contacts in.

Winston is wearing the contacts that change your eye color. He is wearing contacts that change his eye color to yellow.

NICK
I know what contact lenses are I think, and those are not them. I think you should go back to the goggles.

Coach, Jess and Schmidt come closer to Winston. Coach just stares at Winston, more intrigued than bothered by them.

SCHMIDT
Oh, no sir! Take those out!

COACH
He kind of looks like a cat.

WINSTON
Thanks, coach.

Nick looks at Jess and Jess is holding her arms, shaking her head and backing away.

NICK
Jess, are you okay?

JESS
Uh. What? Yea? I’m good.

WINSTON
Guys, I need these to see, so I’m keeping them. Okay?... So what are we doing?
Coach is still staring at Winston. Schmidt sits back down on the couch. Jess is near the wall of the living room and Nick stays where he is. Winston sits down next to Schmidt.

NICK
We are cleaning out the apartment.

SCHMIDT
Look forward at all times Winston.

COACH
All right. Schmidt, I only have one more thing I’d like to present.

He bends down and picks up the sumo suit. He puts the helmet on his head and holds the deflated suit up to his body.

COACH
I simply need this sumo-suit.

Everyone sits in silence. Jess walks over to the couch, taking a detour around Winston. Schmidt is sitting on the coach rubbing his chin.

JESS
Schmidt, think about this. Do we really need this in the apartment?

Schmidt raises his hand.

SCHMIDT
I’ve made my decision... Coach, you may keep the sumo-suit.

COACH
This is the best day of my life!

JESS
Nooo!

NICK
This is so great!

Nick puts his hands on the coat rack, attempting to cover its “ears.”

NICK
I’m so excited about this, I don’t even care that much about Randy.

Jess walks over to Schmidt. She sits next to him and looks at Winston. Jess puts her hands over her face.
Winston, please relocate. I just.. I just can’t look. I’m sorry.

Winston gets up and walks over to Coach and Nick, who are now trying to inflate the sumo-suit.

NICK
Winston, you’re going to have to do something about your eyes.

JESS
Schmidt, we don’t need more stuff in our apartment. The point of this was to clean out all of the junk.

SCHMIDT
Jess, I’ve been sneaking into the loft once a week to gather a bunch of crap. This way, the apartment will get clean eventually and the guys won’t even notice.

JESS
Schmidt. You’re the best! I knew you couldn’t actually think our apartment was fine the way it is.

SCHMIDT
Are you kidding? I wouldn’t live like this if someone paid me all the money in the world.

JESS
Okay, well it’s not that bad.

SCHMIDT
Look how happy they are.

JESS
Yea they do look happy.

Jess and Schmidt watch Nick and Winston help Coach into the sumo-suit.

JESS
Wait a minute. I haven’t been able to find my bread maker. Did you get rid of that too?

Schmidt awkwardly looks away and gets up.

SCHMIDT
Guys, let me help!
JESS

Schmidt!

END OF SHOW.