

NEW GIRL

"Stevie Blunt"

written by

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ACT ONE

INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. DAY. (D1)

JESS, NICK, and CECE eat breakfast. Nick has a plate that is basically all bacon. SCHMIDT types on his computer. He closes it with a flourish.

SCHMIDT

There. The Escape Room is booked!

CECE

(unenthusiastic)

Yay.

NICK

What's an Escape Room? And what's it gotta do with books? You guys reading together? Lame.

SCHMIDT

How can you be such a great writer, and not know the meaning of the word "booked?"

NICK

(covering)

I know what it means.

(off Schmidt's look)

It means... you're addicted to books? Like hooked, only with --

SCHMIDT

Dear God, stop, I can't listen to this anymore. Just eat your bacon.

JESS

Escape Room, huh? I've heard of those. You have an hour or so to escape from a locked room by solving puzzles and clues, right?

SCHMIDT

That's right, Jess. And tomorrow, the Schmidts are gonna dominate!

Nick tries to say something, but his mouth is overflowing with bacon and his words are unintelligible.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

You're disgusting, you know that, right?

NICK
 (mouth full)
 I'm doing what you said! And I'm
 not the one who forgot about the
 Secret Shopper tomorrow!

SCHMIDT
 Oh no.

JESS
 The what?

SCHMIDT
 Every now and again the higher-ups
 will send someone to evaluate the
 bar in secret and send a report
 back to them. This is the first
 time they've sent someone since we
 bought the bar, and I do not trust
 Nicholas to handle it alone.

NICK
 Wait, what?

JESS
 Why not?

SCHMIDT
 Because he lets the bar fall into a
 state of utter disrepair.

NICK
 Yes, I USED to do that. I mean, if
 they can't accept the bar at its
 worst, they don't deserve it at its
 best. But it's different now --

SCHMIDT
 Did you just quote Whisper to
 justify your faulty reasoning?

NICK
 I don't know who this "Whisper" is,
 but if anything, they quoted me.

SCHMIDT
 Well, that's technically what the
 app does. There's a possibility --

JESS
 Schmidt, listen to yourself. Of
 course Nick didn't put that on
 Whisper. You're talking about the
 technology dinosaur.

NICK

What?! There's a technology dinosaur? I knew it; it's going to assimilate us all!

CECE

So you don't know "booked," but "assimilate" is in your vocabulary?

NICK

Of course, I'm a writer.

JESS

Oh, what science could learn from your brain.

NICK

Well they can't have it! I need it to do thinking stuff.

SCHMIDT

Do you think they take your brain while you're still alive?

NICK

No...?

Schmidt and Nick stare at each other for a long moment.

CECE

Okay, well, clearly tomorrow isn't gonna work out, so I'm just going to call and cancel the Escape Room right now.

SCHMIDT

No! Cancelling is the equivalent of being an old, sick prey animal with a limp during dinner time!

JESS

I'm really confused right now.

SCHMIDT

Cece invited some couple friends from her model managing job, and we're doing the Escape Room together. You see, Jess, the world of committed couples is a dangerous one, not unlike the African savanna.

(MORE)

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

It's a lion eat lion world, where the slightest display of weakness or submission will see you served up for dinner - and we're the new, tasty meat in town.

JESS

Somehow I don't think that's true.

SCHMIDT

But I just can't leave Nick alone.

NICK

I don't need a damn baby-sitter.

JESS

(sing-song)

Well, there might be someone
I know who is totally free
tomorrow...

NICK (CONT'D)

(to Schmidt)

Don't you dare. I will never
forgive you. Don't you dare.

SCHMIDT

I wouldn't do that to you, bro --

WINSTON trudges into the kitchen and plops down at the counter, looking like a kicked puppy. He reaches for some of Nick's bacon. Nick smacks his hand away.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

(relieved)

Hey, Winston! You reckon you can
help a brother out, tomorrow?

WINSTON

Sure, whatever, fine.

JESS

Alright, Winston. What's going on?

WINSTON

Aly decide that she couldn't wait
for me anymore. She's going to a
sausagefest.

SCHMIDT

What?

Oh no.

JESS

CECE

I'll be right back -- Mama Cece
gotta go cut a bitch.

Schmidt and Cece tip-toe past, rushing to the front door. It's clear they're trying to get out silently.

JESS
Hey, Schmidt and Cece. Heading out? Me, too.

Schmidt and Cece motion for Jess to shush, but it's too late. Winston strolls into the living room, carrying a tablet.

WINSTON
We heading out already?

JESS
Wait, why are you going?

WINSTON
Duh, Jess, it's a couples thing.

JESS
But... Aly's not here, so...

WINSTON
Uh-huh. And what's your excuse?

JESS
Robbie's finishing a job -- you haven't answered why you're going.

Winston holds up his tablet - on it is ALY.

ALY
Hi, Jess.

JESS
Oh boy.

SCHMIDT
Alright, let's go.

They exit the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - OUTSIDE ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS (D2)

Schmidt, Cece, Jess, and Winston approach the elevator. Schmidt hits the button.

Schmidt, Cece, and Jess stand, silent and awkward, as Winston makes kissy-faces at his tablet.

Cece's phone CHIMES. She checks the screen.

CECE
Uh-oh. Everyone cancelled.

JESS
 (calls out)
 Have fun!

Schmidt's wordless yell answers her.

INT. THE GRIFFIN. BARTOP. DAY. (D2)

Nick builds a pyramid from open, full beer bottles. Near the construction sits STEVIE BLUNT, 30s, like Winston in looks and build, but sporting a three-piece suit and a notebook.

NICK
 I'd love to pick your brain
 sometime. I'm an author, too,
 although I'm having some trouble
 publishing.

STEVIE
 Well, which agents have you sent
 your manuscript to?

NICK
 Agents? Are you kidding me?
 They're all robots!

STEVIE
 (confused)
 What...?

JESS (O.S.)
 MILLER!

NICK
 Oh boy.

Jess storms in, followed by JAVIER.

JESS
 What's the meaning of this?

NICK
 Javier, I thought I told you not to
 let her in.

JAVIER
 You try and stop her. I'm out.

Javier heads back to work.

JESS
 Nick.

NICK
 (overly cheerful)
 Hey, Jess! Wanna watch me break
 the record?

Nick motions to the beer pyramid, but accidentally knocks into one of the support bottles. The whole thing comes crashing down, spilling beer all over the bar and floor.

Stevie lifts his notebook so it doesn't get wet.

JESS
 Nick, are you trying to get a bad
 grade from the Secret Shopper?

NICK
 Ah, don't get your panties in a
 twist. I got this.

Nick pulls the towel off his shoulder and gives the counter a cursory wipe-down. He then uses the same towel to dry glasses and put them away. Jess watches, horrified.

NICK (CONT'D)
 Seriously, Jess, the Secret Shopper
 isn't a big deal. Most of the time
 they're here and gone before I even
 notice them. I've done this a
 thousand times before.

JESS
 Were you the owner any of those
 "thousand times?"

NICK
 Of course I wasn't, Jess. Schmidt
 and I just bought the bar, duh.

Jess leans over the counter and grabs Nick's collar.

JESS
 Listen here, Miller. You need to
 take this seriously. If the Secret
 Shopper catches anything, you could
 get slapped with a fine, or worse:
 the bar could be shut down.

NICK
 Please, there's nothing to catch.

JESS
 You just used a beer-soaked towel
 to dry clean dishes --

NICK
Gives them flavor.

JESS
-- I don't think you've wiped any
of those tables in days --

NICK
Gives them character!

JESS
-- and... are those olives in the
cherry container?

Jess points at the container. Nick yanks himself away from Jess' grip. Stevie clears his throat, clearly uncomfortable.

NICK
Yeah. Everyone loves a little
salty with their sweet. It's like
ice cream and french fries.

JESS
Just last week you said that was an
abomination.

NICK
Olives and cherries are different,
okay? They're delicious.

JESS
Oh, really? Have you tried --
Y'know what, no. I'm going to help
you make this bar better, Miller.

NICK
I told you, I don't need a
damn baby-sitter! I have
everything under control!

JESS (CONT'D)
I'm not your baby-sitter!
I'm here to help! Let me
help you!

While they bicker, Stevie stands. He slips on the spilled beer and crashes to the ground. He lays there, moaning.

Nick and Jess stare down at Stevie.

NICK
Everything is fine. I have it all
under control.

Jess reaches down to help Stevie.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

INT. THE GRIFFIN. BARTOP. DAY. (D2)

Nick sets a fresh beer in front Stevie, who sits upright at the bar.

JESS

Oh my God, oh my God. This is bad.

NICK

Calm down, will ya. This is a bar.
So long as I give him free beers
all day, we're good.

STEVIE

Indeed.

Stevie salutes Nick and Jess with his beer and takes a swig.
Jess throws her hands up, but otherwise leaves it alone.

JESS

Alright, you're the boss. So,
here's the game plan: I'll serve,
um... what's your name?

STEVIE

Stevie Blunt.

JESS

Stevie here beers all day, and you
clean up the entire bar.

NICK

No! I'M the boss. My bar, my
rules. YOU clean everything, and
I'LL give Stevie drinks!

JESS

Perfect! I'll get right on it!

NICK

W-wait, Jess, no --

Jess bounds off, leaving Nick standing there, confounded.

STEVIE

(laughs)
Brother, you've been had.

NICK

I don't know what that means, but
she totally just tricked me!

Stevie opens his mouth, shuts it, then shakes his head. He opens his notebooks and writes in it.

INT. ESCAPE ROOM. CELL BLOCK. DAY. (D2)

A GUIDE, 23, very April Ludgate from *Parks and Recreation*, monotonously explains the rules as she separates the couples into different cells.

GUIDE

Each cell is identical. You have a maximum of an hour to escape. The fastest couple to escape, wins. If you cannot escape, I will open the door and let you go with the knowledge that you're dumber than my thirteen year old cousin, who solved this last week.

Schmidt and Cece are placed in a cell across from NADIA and DONOVAN. Nadia smirks at Schmidt, her finger hooked in Donovan's dog-tags like she's his mistress.

Winston is placed in a cell perpendicular to theirs, at the end of the cell block hallway. He can't see them.

Each cell has a bed, toilet, sink, and prison jumpsuit.

GUIDE (CONT'D)

(to Winston)

Is your partner on their way?

WINSTON

(holds up tablet)

She's right here, actually.

Aly waves from the screen.

ALY

Hello! We got this in the bag, Winston.

The Guide reaches out and plucks the tablet from Winston's hand and places it in a cloth bag.

GUIDE

Actually, I've got you in the bag. No recording devices of any kind are permitted.

WINSTON

Wait, no!

The Guide ignores Winston and shuts and locks the cell door in his face. She retrieves the phones from the other two cells and similarly locks their doors.

GUIDE

Oh, one last thing. You get three clues to use between the three rooms. Use them wisely. Or don't, I don't care.

The Guide leaves. Winston calls out after her.

WINSTON

Aly! Aly! Wait for me!

ALY (O.S.)

(heavily muffled)
I'll always love you!

WINSTON

Seriously, though, could you turn off the tablet so the battery doesn't --

The Guide shuts the cell block door with a CLANG. The CLICK of the lock echoes in the cell block.

NADIA

(reg: her cell)
I like. Reminds me of home.

SCHMIDT

Then you're about to be spanked in your own home, because I'm gonna win this thing.

NADIA

(smirks)
It was not me who was spanked on night I broke little Jew penis.

SCHMIDT

It's not little!

DONOVAN

Dude, micro-penis isn't something to be ashamed of.

SCHMIDT

What? Wh-what? No -- What?!

NADIA

Aw, you are like cheap wind-up toy. So easy broken.

CECE

Y'know what, Nadia, enough's enough. Schmidt is my husband, and we're gonna take you down.

NADIA

Bring it.

Cece, Schmidt, and Nadia all scramble around their respective cells, looking for clues. Donovan gets distracted by his reflection in the cell mirror and poses in front of it.

WINSTON

Guys? What's going on? I can't pick the lock and that was kinda my trump card.

(is ignored)

What do I do now? Guys? You still there? Guys?

INT. THE GRIFFIN. MAIN FLOOR. DAY. (D2)

Nick scowls at the small vase of pretty flowers on the table. He grabs it and tries to remove it, but it's stuck firmly to the table.

Nick looks around, as if for witnesses. Then he yanks on the vase. It doesn't budge. He pulls harder. Nothing.

Nick braces his foot against the table's edge and yanks - the vase rips free, launching the flowers. Nick falls back and onto the floor. The vase is now stuck to Nick's hand.

CUSTOMER #1, 36, a steel-eyed business woman, enters the bar, carrying a briefcase.

Nick pops up in front of her, panting and sweaty. He holds up a finger in front of her while he catches his breath.

CUSTOMER #1

Can I help you?

NICK

(panting)

The real question is, can I help you? I'm Nick Miller, the bartender of this fine establishment. What can I get ya?

CUSTOMER #1

A whiskey, neat. I'm just going to be doing some work.

NICK
Working hard or hardly working?

Customer #1 gives him a flat stare.

NICK (CONT'D)
Right. Whiskey, coming right up.

Customer #1 goes to sit at the sticky booth. Nick lunges and blocks her. He hides his hands behind his back.

CUSTOMER #1
What on earth are you doing?

NICK
N-nothing. I just think that you should choose a different booth.

CUSTOMER #1
What --

Nick tries to inconspicuously yank his hand free. Jess approaches and gives Nick the stink-eye.

JESS
What are you doing here?

NICK
I don't need your permission to take care of my bar, Jess.

JESS
Please, you'd be lost without me. Look at all the improvements I've made already -- Oh no!

NICK
What?

JESS
The flowers I put on this table! Where did they go?

NICK
(lying)
No idea.

JESS
I knew I didn't use enough glue.

NICK
You put glue on my tables?!

JESS

To keep drunkards from knocking it over, Nick.

(notices Customer #1)

Oh, hello. Are you the --

(lowers voice)

-- Secret Shopper?

CUSTOMER #1

What?

JESS

Oh, wait. If you were, you probably couldn't tell me, right? Then you wouldn't be a "Secret" Shopper. Duh.

CUSTOMER #1

I have no idea what you're talking about.

JESS

(winks)

Right, right. Of course.

CUSTOMER #2, 55, with suspenders, a fedora, and a note-pad, enters and heads for the bar. He sits next to Stevie.

JESS (CONT'D)

Unless HE'S the secret shopper. Look at him - he's clearly a top-notch investigator. I'll go suss him out.

NICK

Jess, wait, don't --

Jess takes off for the bar. Customer #1 turns back and gives Nick a flat stare. Nick smiles back and yanks hard on his vase, ripping it from his hand.

Nick's face opens in a wordless scream as he holds his hand in obvious agony.

Without a word, Customer #1 turns around and walks out. Nick doesn't even notice.

INT. THE GRIFFIN. BARTOP. DAY.

Jess stands across the bar from Customer #2 and stares, wide-eyed and unblinking, at him as he takes notes.

Customer #2 is clearly trying to ignore her. Stevie stares at her and clears his throat.

JESS

So... whatcha writing?

She leans over to take a peek, but Customer #2 covers his note-pad and slides it away from her.

CUSTOMER #2

Just some notes for my memoir.

JESS

(knowing, air-quotes)
Right, "memoir." Sure.

CUSTOMER #2

Excuse me?

JESS

Say what you need to say to maintain your cover, but you and I both know that I know the truth.

CUSTOMER #2

... Huh?

JESS

(whispers)
You're the Secret Shopper.

STEVIE

Oh dear.

CUSTOMER #2

N-no. What would I even shop for at a bar?

JESS

Haha. You're hilarious, sir.

CUSTOMER #2

I'm not trying to be. I'm just a writer.

JESS

(winks)
Uh huh, and I'm a stress-knitter. Which is... true, actually. Unlike your transparent cover story.

CUSTOMER #2

(whispers to Stevie)
I'm getting out of this nut house. You should, too.

STEVIE

Oh no. This is far too
entertaining for me to leave.

CUSTOMER #2

Your sanity.

Customer #2 closes his notebook and leaves the bar.

Nick quickly takes his place. He clutches his wounded hand.

JESS

Hello, Nick. What do you think?

NICK

Of the bar? It's very clean and...
different.

JESS

I know! Isn't it amazing! Pretty
quick work, if I do say so myself,
despite Javier bailing on me --

NICK

Javier didn't bail, Jess. I sent
him home early.

JESS

What? Why?

NICK

In case you didn't notice, Jess,
you've managed to drive off almost
every customer.

Nick motions to the bar. Outside of Stevie, it's empty.

JESS

Hey! I haven't been driving anyone
off, unlike you. Whatever happened
to that nice woman?

NICK

I have no idea.

JESS

Figures. Nick, I worked hard to
fix the bar for you, can't you see
that?

NICK

It didn't need fixing. I told you
I didn't need --

At that moment, a MAN, 40, dark and dangerous-looking, exits the bathroom and approaches the bar.

MAN
Nick Miller?

NICK
Y-yes, that's me.

The Man rips off a page from his pad and hands it to Nick. Without another word, the Man turns and leaves.

Nick looks down at the paper.

NICK (CONT'D)
See, I told you. You didn't need to change anything. We didn't even notice him doing his evaluation. Let's look at our grade, shall we?

JESS
Nick, wait --

Nick opens the paper and stares blankly at it for a moment.

NICK
Wait... this is a bill.

JESS
Yeah. I forgot to mention, but I hired a plumber to fix the weird toilet the flushes the wrong way.

NICK
What? No! That's an attraction!

Nick runs for the bathroom. Jess yells after him.

JESS
Nick! Just leave it!

NICK (O.S.)
I'll save you!

A loud CRACK sounds from the bathroom and Nick screams. Jess runs in.

JESS (O.S.)
Oh my God, it's flooding!

Stevie snickers to himself as he leans over the bar and refills his beer from the tap. He writes in his notebook.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

INT. THE GRIFFIN. MAIN FLOOR. DAY. (D2)

Jess shuts the bathroom door and puts an "OUT OF ORDER" sign up. Her and Nick are soaked and frazzled.

JESS

Nick --

NICK

Not now, Jess.

Nick storms to the bar. Jess follows.

INT. THE GRIFFIN. BARTOP. DAY. (D2)

Nick pours himself a beer and takes a swig. Stevie sits in his normal spot and watches silently.

JESS

Should you be drinking on the job?

NICK

Just stop.

JESS

Stop what?

NICK

Helping. Just... don't.

JESS

The toilet was not my fault. You can't blame me for caring when you obviously don't.

NICK

You don't care about the bar, Jess. You just want to fix it. Well guess what! It doesn't need fixing! It was perfect just the way it was, and it was doing just fine before you came along!

JESS

I get the feeling we're not talking about the bar, anymore.

NICK

No. Yes. Look, this bar is a part of me. And I'm a part of it.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

If you can't accept it at its worst, you don't deserve it at its best. That goes for me, too.

JESS

Nick, I didn't mean --

NICK

I know you didn't. You and Schmidt clearly think that I don't care about this place, but I do. And the fact that you guys don't trust me hurts; almost as much as your stupid glue hurt my hand. So I'm going to take my beer and spend the rest of the day in my office feeling sorry for myself.

JESS

But... what about the Secret --

NICK

You're the only one who cares, remember? You handle it.

Nick and his beer head to his office. Nick shuts the door.

Jess turns and sees Stevie looking at her.

JESS

I screwed up, huh?

STEVIE

Yup. Big time.

Jess groans.

INT. ESCAPE ROOM. CELL BLOCK. EVENING. (D2)

Schmidt and Cece are still in their cell, and Nadia and Donovan are still in theirs.

Schmidt, Cece, and Nadia are all hyped-up and panting. They're surrounded by keys, open combination locks, and other assorted items from previous puzzles.

Donovan sorts all his keys on the bed.

DONOVAN

Maybe there's a clue or a pattern in the keys.

NADIA

They all look same!

DONOVAN

Exactly.

SCHMIDT

(to Cece)

We need to use a clue.

CECE

Are you sure? We only have one left. We can definitely figure it out before them. It'll be fun.

SCHMIDT

I can't take that risk. I need this, Cece. After all that she-demon has taken from me, as a *man*, I need this.

Cece looks at Schmidt for a moment, then nods. Before she can open her mouth, though, Nadia calls out.

NADIA

Clue, now!

The Guide's voice sounds through a speaker.

GUIDE (V.O.)

(monotonous)

If you're at rock bottom, the only place to look is up.

Everyone pauses.

SCHMIDT

What the heck does that mean?

DONOVAN

Exactly what she says! The only way to go is up... we gotta jump, Nadia. Jump, jump!

Donovan starts jumping on the bed. Nadia rolls her eyes.

Schmidt sits on their cell bed and groans.

SCHMIDT

Well, that's it. It's over. There's no way to go up.

CECE

(realization)

But... she didn't say that. She said the only PLACE to LOOK is up.

Schmidt and Cece look up at the light fixture above them. The silhouette of a skeleton key can be seen.

SCHMIDT

Yes!

Schmidt makes a cup with his hands.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

C'mon, Cece, we got this.

CECE

Yeah we do.

Cece steps into Schmidt's cupped hands. Schmidt lifts Cece up and they balance as she reaches into the light fixture.

Nadia grabs Donovan off the bed.

NADIA

Lift me.

DONOVAN

I can't.

NADIA

What?

DONOVAN

I got a hand-modeling job, and I just got my nails done.

NADIA

Useless.

Nadia pushes him to the side and gets up on the bed, reaching for the light herself. But Donovan's jumping weakened the bed, and it collapses under Nadia.

Cece snags the key. Schmidt lets her down and they cheer and hug. Cece gives Schmidt the key.

SCHMIDT

Aw, thanks. But... we did this as a team, so I think that we should --

CECE

Just open the damn door, Schmidt.

SCHMIDT

(thrilled)
Alright!

Schmidt unlocks their cell door. He leaps out and dances in front of Nadia and Donovan's still-locked cell.

Nadia picks herself up off the bed and stands at the cell door, arms crossed and stone-faced.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's right! That's how we roll! Welcome to the bottom of the food chain, because the Schmidts are in business!

Nadia turns and grabs one of the combination locks on the floor. She throws it at the light fixture, which shatters.

She leans down and picks up the key that fell, before she turns and stares at the frozen Schmidt.

NADIA

Run while still can, little Jew.

Schmidt and Cece run down the hallway and out the exit.

Nadia opens the cell door and steps out.

DONOVAN

So... did we win.

NADIA

Silence. Time for talking is done.

Nadia reaches out and snags his necklace in the same way she had in the beginning - like she's his mistress - and drags him out after her.

INT. THE GRIFFIN. MAIN FLOOR. EVENING. (D2)

Nick steps out of his office. He stops short when he sees that the bar is teeming with PEOPLE.

Nick struggles to reach the bartop.

INT. THE GRIFFIN. BARTOP. CONTINUOUS. (D2)

Nick reaches the bartop and waves down Javier.

NICK

Hey, what are you doing back?
What's going on?

JAVIER

Don't look at me.

Nick turns around to see Jess and Stevie standing there.

They kiss. Nick and Jess groan.

NICK
C'mon! You guys are disgusting.

STEVIE
I think it's adorable.

SCHMIDT
So, how did the Secret Shopper go?

NICK
He never showed up. Guess they decided to throw us off and come tomorrow or something.

STEVIE
Good guess, but incorrect.

NICK
What...?

JESS
No way. You?

STEVIE
Me. And you have nothing to worry about; I'm giving you a good grade.

| | |
|--|--|
| JESS | NICK |
| Yes! We rock, we're awesome, we're the best! | No way! Oh my God, I thought we'd tanked it! |

STEVIE
Oh, you did tank it. You guys did a TERRIBLE job. But everything worked out in the end. I'm just glad you guys didn't break up - you're an adorable couple.

| | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| JESS | NICK |
| Oh, we're not -- | Me and Jess? No -- |

Schmidt interrupts them and shakes Stevie's hand.

SCHMIDT
Don't mind them, they're so grateful they don't know what to say. Thanks so much.

STEVIE
My pleasure.
(laughs)
I had you fooled all day!
(MORE)

STEVIE (CONT'D)

You had no idea that I was
undercover this whole time as
Stevie Blunt. Snap! Now if you'll
excuse me, I'm gonna get me
another free beer.

SCHMIDT

What -- Free beer...?

Stevie struts off, loosening his tie.

NICK

I'm glad that's over.

JESS

Same.

(looks around)

Hey, where's Winston?

Schmidt and Cece look at each other, horrified.

SCHMIDT

Winston!

CECE

Winston!

INT. ESCAPE ROOM. CELL BLOCK. EVENING. (D2)

Winston sits on the bed. He now wears the prison jumpsuit
and plays a harmonica.

After he finishes the song, he stands and scratches a tally
mark on the wall. According to the marks, he's been in there
for weeks.

WINSTON

(lamenting)

I'll be out soon, sweet Aly. I'm
counting down the days until I can
hold you again. I'll pull through
this, for you.

Winston returns to the bed and lays down on it. He puts the
harmonica back to his mouth, but before he can continue
playing, a loud ALARM goes off.

The Guide's voice sounds from the speaker.

GUIDE (V.O.)

Hey, time's up. Get out of here,
you weirdo.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

INT. THE GRIFFIN. BARTOP. NIGHT. (D2)

The bar is almost empty. Winston and Stevie sit next to each other, both nursing beers.

WINSTON

Prison changed me, Stevie. I'm not the same man I was when I went in.

STEVIE

Wow. That's amazing. And I thought it was hard keeping up my undercover persona.

WINSTON

What's his name?

STEVIE

Stevie Blunt. I got it by combining two of my favorite artists, Stevie Wonder and --

WINSTON

James Blunt! Me, too. My undercover name is James Wonder.

STEVIE

How can you have an undercover name if you were a prisoner?

WINSTON

Well, I'm also a cop.

STEVIE

You were a dirty cop? How did you survive prison?

WINSTON

James Wonder's got a dark past, Stevie, and the skill-set to match.

STEVIE

Oooh, that's a great line. Tell me everything. I'm writing a book, and I think you might just be my muse. My character's a lot like you; his name's Weston Knight.

WINSTON

A worthy name. Well, Stevie, it all started when I was a young boy growing up in the hood...

INT. THE GRIFFIN. ACROSS THE BARTOP. NIGHT. (D2)

Jess, Nick, Schmidt, and Cece all watch the exchange from the other side of the bartop.

SCHMIDT

The resemblance is uncanny.

CECE

It's like there's two of them.

NICK

It's because there are! The government finally has clones, and they're going to replace us one by one! This is only the beginning!

CECE

Winston's the beginning?

NICK

Yes! Don't you see, it all makes sense! It's a big government and police conspiracy!

SCHMIDT

You're in high form today, Nick.

Jess grabs a condiment container and hands it to Nick.

JESS

Calm down. Have a salty cherry. Or a sweet olive, I don't care.

SCHMIDT

I wanted to thank you, Jess, for keeping an eye on Nick today.

JESS

To be honest, I really didn't need to, Schmidt. Nick would have been perfectly fine without me.

SCHMIDT

Wow, that's awesome, Nicholas.

Cece motions at the vases of flowers that are on every table.

CECE

Since when do we have flowers?

NICK

Actually, that was Jess' idea. And I kind of like it.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)
Might keep it around permanently,
on account of the glue and all.

SCHMIDT
Glue...?

JESS
Aw, that's awesome. Thanks, Nick.

NICK
You're welcome.

JESS
Y'know what? I think I'll try one
of those. May I?

NICK
Knock yourself out.

While Jess looks into the container to pick one, Schmidt makes eye contact with Nick.

SCHMIDT
(mouths)
Really? Flowers?

NICK
(mouths)
NO. Kill. Them.

Nick makes a cut-throat motion and then mimes smashing the vase with a hammer.

Jess looks up, and Nick tries to hide his motion. But he accidentally hits his hand on the bartop - it's his injured hand. He silently screams at it.

Jess laughs and pops one of the olive / cherries into her mouth. She gags and spits it back into the container.

JESS
That's disgusting!

Jess wipes her tongue off while Nick rocks over his hand.

CECE
We just spent all day paying to
escape a fake prison before a crazy
Russian and her boy-toy; and,
somehow, we're the normal ones?

END OF SHOW.