

# New Girl

Spec Episode: "Bae"

by

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ACT ONE

INT. LOFT - DAY

NICK lounges on the couch, trying unsuccessfully to solve a Rubik's Cube. Frustration evident. SCHMIDT enters, bursting with energy.

SCHMIDT

I've walked twenty two hundred steps today. How many have you walked?

NICK

How many steps is it from my room to the couch?

SCHMIDT

(points to his wrist)  
Fit band. Tracks my every move.

NICK

That's terrifying.

SCHMIDT

(holds up a second band  
and smiles)  
I got you one.

NICK

No thanks.

Schmidt takes an aggressive step toward Nick, who recoils.

SCHMIDT

What are you talking about, man?  
This thing tracks your steps, pace,  
altitude, body fat, everything.  
(to the band, with love)  
I don't know how I've lived without  
you for so long.

NICK

I'd rather not know how little I  
move, thanks.

SCHMIDT

Nicholas Miller, this band will  
literally change your life.

The door opens and JESS enters. She carries grocery bags and pushes a stroller with a baby in it. Nick and Schmidt look at her, confused.

JESS

Hey guys, Happy Saturday! Nick, I got you a new toothbrush because Winston dropped yours in the toilet.

NICK

What?

JESS

(as if she doesn't hear)  
Schmidt, I picked up some of that weird fruit you love from the farmer's market.

SCHMIDT

Cherimoya.

JESS

Yep, that one.

SCHMIDT

It's Ecuadorian.

JESS

Yep. Oh, also, I found a baby in the park.

SCHMIDT

You what?

A beat, the boys process this.

JESS

Schmidt, you got a fit band!

Off Schmidt and Nick's looks, we:

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES

INT. LOFT - MINUTES LATER

Jess and Schmidt are in the kitchen. Jess unloads groceries while Schmidt lectures her.

SCHMIDT  
Jessica Day, what have you done?

JESS  
Nothing!

SCHMIDT  
(whispers)  
Did you steal that baby?

JESS  
Of course not! She just... came to me.

EXT. PARK - FLASHBACK (EARLIER THAT MORNING)

Jess sits on a bench, reading and eating one of Schmidt's cherimoya. A stroller slowly rolls up to her and stops when it lightly bumps into the bench. Jess jumps, startled, and looks around.

EXT. PARK - FLASHBACK (A FEW MINUTES LATER)

Jess pushes the stroller, looking for the baby's owner. She approaches a VERY OLD WOMAN who is sits on a bench, knitting.

JESS  
Excuse me, ma'am. Does this, um, baby belong to you?

VERY OLD WOMAN  
(shakes head)  
Sorry dearie, I'm much too old to have one of those.

Old Woman gestures to a YOUNG CHILD playing nearby.

VERY OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Mine's almost seven.

The woman grins toothily. Jess is confused and a little grossed out.

JESS

Congrats.

(turns and shouts)

Did anybody lose a baby?

A CREEPY MAN wearing a baby blue trench coat and no pants approaches Jess from behind.

CREEPY MAN

I'll take it off your hands.

Jess jumps and puts herself protectively between the stroller and the man. Her eyes dart back and forth between the creepy man and the old woman.

BACK TO PRESENT:

JESS

I couldn't just leave her there!

SCHMIDT

Well what's it doing here?  
Shouldn't you turn it in? What do you think child protective services are for, Jess?

JESS

Obviously I considered that, but I couldn't stand the thought of her sitting in some police cell surrounded by criminals all day.

SCHMIDT

I don't think that's what they...

JESS

The universe obviously entrusted her to me...

SCHMIDT

That's not a thing.

JESS

So I brought her back here. I figured Winston would make sure she was take care of.

(looks around)

Where is Winston?

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

WINSTON sits at his desk, across from his partner, ABBY. The POLICE CHIEF, a militant man, approaches and frowns.

POLICE CHIEF

Bishop.

WINSTON

(stands quickly and  
salutes)

Chief.

POLICE CHIEF

My reports say that you have made zero arrests and issued no citations since you joined the force. The only thing you have to show for yourself is that meat market debacle.

WINSTON

The sirloin was just too tender, Chief.

(whispers darkly)

There's no way it was cut from an animal.

POLICE CHIEF

(raises his hand for  
silence)

You're with me today, Bishop.

WINSTON

(excited)

With you? Alright! What do we got? A sting operation? Drug bust? Are we gonna take down that banana thief in Little Tokyo?

POLICE CHIEF

I'm speaking at the DARE Fair this afternoon. You're coming with me.

WINSTON

(confused)

The DARE Fair, sir?

POLICE CHIEF

Drug Abuse Resistance Education.  
It's the end-of-year celebration  
for 5<sup>th</sup> graders who have completed  
their anti-drug curriculum. You and  
Abby will patrol the grounds.

WINSTON

(determined)

Absolutely, sir. I will put the  
fear of God into those kids.

POLICE CHIEF

You're a glorified babysitter,  
Bishop, that won't be necessary.

WINSTON

(shamed)

Well, I won't let you down, sir.

POLICE CHIEF

No you won't, because I really  
don't care.

WINSTON

Yes, sir.

BACK TO PRESENT:

Jess leaves the kitchen and walks back to the stroller in  
the living room, Schmidt on her heels.

JESS

Well, I guess we'll just take care  
of the baby until Winston gets  
back.

SCHMIDT

Absolutely not.

JESS

Why?

SCHMIDT

First of all, you don't know a  
thing about babies.

JESS

Oh, and you do?

SCHMIDT

I have a Jewish mother, Jess.

JESS

What?

SCHMIDT

Second of all, babies are incredibly unhygienic. They drool, they vomit... Jess, they make caca in their pants. I won't have one in the loft.

JESS

Well Nick's fine with it aren't you, Nick? Nick?

REVEAL: Nick is scrunched in a ball in the farthest corner of the couch, hugging himself with a look of terror on his face.

NICK

Babies terrify me.

SCHMIDT

What? Why?

Nick shakes his head, lips tightly closed.

JESS

(sighs)

Nick struggles with responsibility.

INT. JESS'S COUSIN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK (FOUR YEARS PRIOR)

Jess and Nick are in the middle of a baby shower. They chat with Jess's cousin, EMILY, who holds her new baby happily.

JESS

He's adorable, Emily, Congratulations.

EMILY

Thanks, Jess! Oh, I've been meaning to give you that book I told you about. It's in my room.

(turns to Nick)

Do you mind holding him while we go look?

Emily offers the baby to Nick who shakes his head.

NICK

(delicately)

Oh, no I can't. Sorry.

EMILY

Just for a minute, we'll be right back.

NICK

(yells)

I can't do it, it's too much! I can't hold another human life in my hands!

Nick backs up and pulls his T-shirt up over his face, still shaking his head.

NICK (CONT'D)

(shrieking hysterically)

Don't ask me again. Jess, please take me home! Jess...? JESS!

OFF Jess and Emily's shocked faces.

BACK TO PRESENT:

JESS

Ok, so it's settled. We'll just keep her here until Winston gets home.

SCHMIDT

How do you know it's a her?

JESS

What do you mean?

SCHMIDT

Did you check its diaper?

JESS

(offended)

Of course not! I... She's a girl.

Schmidt scoffs and approaches the stroller with a smug look.

SCHMIDT

What is the point of having gigantic eyes if you can't see what's right in front of you? Observe.

Schmidt picks up a pacifier and holds it in the air, like evidence presented to a jury.

SCHMIDT

Exhibit A. Blue buppy. Standard color for boy babies.

(bitterly remembers)

Unless of course you're my mother and you think pink brings out your baby's eyes.

Schmidt drops the pacifier with a shudder and lifts one of the baby's feet.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Exhibit B. Tiny sneakers. Clearly meant to encourage him to play sports.

JESS

Girls play sports!

SCHMIDT

Jess, please.

Jess tries to protest, but Schmidt ignores it.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)

Exhibit C. Look at how he's staring at your chitty chitty bang bangs, Jess. This little Casanova knows a good rack when he sees one. Good for you, little man. Good for you.

JESS

First, all babies like boobs, because boobs mean food. Second, please don't talk about my chest in front of the baby. She clearly has-

SCHMIDT

A penis.

JESS

What?

Schmidt nods to the baby, whose diaper he holds open. Jess peers in.

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh.

SCHMIDT

Just look at those proportions. Mazel tov.

JESS  
 (hits Schmidt)  
 What is wrong with you?

SCHMIDT  
 (extremely miffed)  
 Wha? What's wrong with... What's  
 wrong with ME?

JESS  
 Enough. Schmidt, you're coming with  
 me to the store to get diapers and  
 formula.

SCHMIDT  
 Fine. If only to prevent you from  
 infecting him into baby-sized  
 overalls.

INT. LOFT - FLASHBACK (A WEEK AGO)

Jess stands in the loft living room, facing the couch. She wears a pair of offensively colored overalls with a horrendous pattern. She holds out her arms, displaying them. Cut to Schmidt, Nick and Winston on the couch.

SCHMIDT	NICK	WINSTON
No.	Absolutely not.	I like them.

BACK TO PRESENT:

JESS  
 Overalls are back!

SCHMIDT  
 They will never be back. And over  
 my dead body will I entrust a  
 young, budding fashion sense to the  
 likes of you. Let's go.

Jess starts to roll the stroller out the door, Schmidt stops her with his foot.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)  
 Leave the baby.

JESS  
 (gestures to Nick)  
 With the bigger baby?

NICK  
 That hurts.

SCHMIDT

Jess, I don't have a car seat. And he's not throwing up on my freshly cleaned leather. He'll be fine here.

NICK

I won't be fine.

SCHMIDT

Nick, we'll be back in half an hour, strap on a pair, man.

Schmidt exits. Jess follows reluctantly. Nick yells after them.

NICK

Guys, don't do this. You can't leave me here alone with this thing!

The door shuts. Nick is alone with the baby.

NICK (CONT'D)

(in a strained, fearful  
whisper, almost sobbing)

Guys...

**END OF ACT ONE.**

ACT TWO

EXT. DARE FAIR - DAY

Winston and Abby walk the fairgrounds on patrol. Abby is casual, Winston on high alert.

ABBY

Slow your roll, Bishop.

WINSTON

(on the hunt)

No way. This is exactly the time and place where you do NOT want to let your guard down. These kids pretend to be so innocent, but they just spent half a year learning about all the drugs that are out there. You know most of them can't wait to try some out.

ABBY

I think this place is pretty tame, Winston.

REVEAL: A FAT BOY sits on a bench, filling his mouth with cotton candy. His lips are stained blue and his hands are sticky. He stares at Winston blankly.

WINSTON

That's exactly what they want you to think. I'm telling you, I have a sixth sense about these things. This would have been a prime rule-breaking situation for Brown Lightning.

Winston jumps and karate chops the air, his signature Brown Lightning move from childhood. Abby stares at Winston. She has no words.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Listen, the Chief is counting on me, and I know a problem kid when I see one.

(looks around, then points)

Like that one.

Winston points to BOY 1 who holds a bunched up sweatshirt in front of himself and looks around with shifty eyes.

ABBY  
Um, Winston, I don't think he...

WINSTON  
(holds up a hand)  
Ah, ah, ah. Brown Lightning got  
this.

Winston approaches the kid, dead serious.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
What seems to be the problem here?

BOY 1  
(terrified)  
Nothing.

WINSTON  
Oh yeah? Then what's that you're  
hiding in your sweatshirt?

BOY 1  
I'm not hiding anything.

WINSTON  
Save it. Hand it over.

The boy shakes his head.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
A representative of the law has  
given you a direct order. Hand. It.  
Over.

The boy reluctantly hands Winston his sweater, revealing that he has peed his pants. A GROUP OF KIDS nearby laugh and point. The boy snatches the sweater back from Winston.

BOY 1  
Thanks a lot, man!

The boy runs off, followed by mocking jeers.

WINSTON  
(calls after him)  
Wait! I'm sorry! I can help!  
(to himself)  
Damn it.

Abby karate chops the air sarcastically.

ABBY  
HI-YA!

INT. BABY STORE - DAY

Jess and Schmidt push an empty shopping cart around the store. Jess is overwhelmed by the plethora of childcare products. Schmidt walks beside her in a huffy silence.

JESS

How am I supposed to find anything in here? Babies are so small, why do they need all of this stuff?

(picks up a pair of "baby bangs")

Are these *bangs*?

SCHMIDT

Nobody wants a bald baby, Jess.

JESS

We just need some diapers. And a bottle. How hard can that be?

They turn the corner into the diaper aisle, which is filled with hundreds of different brands and styles.

JESS (CONT'D)

(takes a breath)

It's fine. We can do this.

Jess grabs a pack of generic diapers from the shelf and offers them to Schmidt.

JESS (CONT'D)

What about these?

SCHMIDT

(snatches the bag)

Sure, if you want to diaper his feet. Jess, these are for newborns, they're tiny. Our baby is at least a year and a half, didn't you see his teeth?

JESS

*Our* baby?

SCHMIDT

And I'm certainly not going to let you buy him generic brand. Everyone knows these have terrible breathability.

Schmidt places the diapers back on the shelf.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)  
 Now, where do they keep the  
 swaddling cloths?

EXT. DARE FARE - DAY

Winston and Abby patrol, Winston is jumpy and tense. A GROUP OF KIDS walk through the grounds in a straight line, taking up the entire path. Winston steps out in front of them.

WINSTON  
 Excuse me, this is a fire hazard.

BOY 2  
 Whatever, 5-0.

The girls in the group laugh as the line splits, goes around Winston, and comes right back together.

WINSTON  
 (calls after them)  
 Hey, you better watch yourself!

ABBY  
You better chill out.

WINSTON  
 (shakes head)  
 Mm mm. After today, ain't nobody  
 gonna call me "Rookie" or "New  
 guy." I will be known as "Officer  
 Bishop."

Winston pauses and tenses up, looking offscreen. He puts a finger to his lips and gestures for Abby to follow him. He tiptoes toward a large face-in-hole wall and pounces behind it, startling a GROUP OF BOYS who are sitting in a circle.

WINSTON  
 Ah, ha! Just as I suspected. What  
 have you got here, booze? Grass?  
 Angel dust? Golden dragon? Disco  
 biscuits? Vitamin R? Tweeker? Gimme  
 that.  
 (snatches something out  
 of the closest boy's  
 hand)  
 What the hell is this?

BOY 1  
 Hey, that's my Echo Mage! I need  
 that for direct damage!

WINSTON  
 (disappointed)  
 Seriously? Y'all are at a fair and  
 you nerds are playing Magic, The  
 Gathering?  
 (throws the cards down in  
 disgust)  
 You're gonna have a rough time in  
 life, boys.

Winston shakes his head and starts to walk away, but turns back and gestures to the game.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
 Your defenses are tapped, you know.  
 His Baneslayer Angel is gonna walk  
 right through.

The boys stare at Winston blankly. He whips around and stalks off toward Abby who stands, arms folded. She raises her eyebrows as he passes.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
 Don't even.

Winston and Abby exit. The boys let out a sigh of relief.

BOY 1  
 That was close.  
 (pulls a joint from his  
 pocket)  
 Who has the lighter?

INT. THE LOFT - DAY

Nick is perched on the couch, tense and disturbed. He stares at the baby, who sleeps in his stroller. The baby stirs and stretches.

NICK  
 (fearful)  
 No. No, please no.

Nick reaches out tentatively and grasps the stroller with one finger. He gingerly rocks it back and forth.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 (singing, but doesn't  
 know the tune)  
 Shush little baby please don't cry.  
 When the wind blows the horses will  
 come...

The baby SNEEZES and Nick jumps in fright. The baby opens his eyes and smiles at Nick, who edges closer. The baby laughs and waves his arms.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 (giggles)  
 You're like a little baby bear.

Nick slowly extends a finger toward the baby.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 Don't bite me, ok?

The baby grabs the finger and coos. Nick's fear dissolves into curiosity. He smiles.

INT. THE LOFT - MINUTES LATER

Nick sits on a chair facing the stroller, chin in hands.

NICK  
 (pleasantly puzzled)  
 I just can't figure you out, man.  
 You look like a person... only in  
 miniature.

The baby stares at Nick blankly.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 You're right, that was  
 inconsiderate. Forgive me?

The baby smiles and laughs.

NICK (CONT'D)  
 (smiling)  
 You don't even know how to hold a  
 grudge, do you?  
 (amazed)  
 You're a damn inspiration, is what  
 you are.

INT. LOFT - MINUTES LATER

Nick lays on the couch as if he were in a therapist's office, the stroller next to him.

NICK

I mean, my dad left when I was a kid and I had to take care of everyone, by myself.

(realizing, to baby)

Oh my god... It's not the responsibility I'm afraid of, it's disappointing people!

INT. LOFT - MINUTES LATER

Nick sits up on the couch and looks into the stroller. He and the baby cry together.

NICK

It just feels good to let it out, you know?

(a beat, then)

You do know, I know you know!

INT. LOFT - LATER

Jess bursts in, followed by Schmidt, who carries an abundance of shopping bags and baby supplies. They stop in their tracks when they see Nick sitting on the couch, holding the baby in his lap.

Nick attempts to feed the baby a slice of deli meat. He looks up and grins at Jess and Schmidt.

NICK

Hey Jess!

(suddenly serious)

Listen, I named him Megatron, he loves it, it's a done deal.

Jess and Schmidt are in shock.

NICK (CONT'D)

(smiling)

Guys, I wanna keep him!

OFF Jess and Schmidt's bewildered faces.

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

INT. LOFT - DAY

Nick is on the couch. He bounces the baby on his knee. Jess stands over him. Schmidt prepares a bottle in the kitchen.

NICK

I'm thinking about buying Megatron  
one of those Razor scooters.

JESS

His name isn't Megatron. And he  
can't even walk.

NICK

I know that. I just want him to  
have more than I did, you know? I  
want to provide for the next  
generation. Jess, this is our  
future.

A beat. Jess glimpses a sliver of a future she thought lost.  
She shakes it off.

JESS

Nick, you know you can't actually  
keep this baby, right? It's not  
yours.

NICK

Megatron is a he, Jess. Not an it.

Nick stands and hands the baby to Jess.

NICK

And HE wants to play ear tug.  
(cooing)  
Isn't that right little guy?

Nick pulls at his ears and makes faces at the baby, who starts crying. Schmidt walks over from the kitchen carrying a bottle.

SCHMIDT

Nick, you're embarrassing yourself.

Schmidt tests the temperature of the milk in the bottle by squirting it onto his arm. He nods in approval and then licks it off. Jess and Nick are disgusted.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)  
Here, he's hungry.

Jess reaches for the bottle, but Nick snatches it away.

NICK  
Are you insane? He'll get nipple  
confusion!

JESS  
Nipple what?

NICK  
(uncomfortable)  
You know... Where they start to  
think the bottle is the mom's...  
They get confused sucking on...  
(makes sucking motion  
with his lips)  
The two things look similar... I  
mean, it would confuse me if I  
wasn't such an expert.

Schmidt starts wiping down everything with disinfectant. The  
front door opens. It's CECE.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Cece, thank god. Tell Jess about  
nipple confusion.

CECE  
Excuse me?

JESS  
What's up, Cece?

CECE  
What's up? What's up is that you  
texted me a picture of you with  
some random baby with the caption  
'me and bae.'

A beat, everyone looks at Jess.

JESS  
What? That's short for baby, right?

A beat, they all move past it.

CECE  
Sweetie, why on earth do you have a  
baby here?

JESS  
 (stressed)  
 I found him in the park.

SCHMIDT  
 (still wiping)  
 He wants his ba ba, Jess.

NICK  
 No, he just wants more ham. Don't  
 you, Megatron?

CECE  
 Megatron?

JESS  
 Don't ask.

A beat. One by one they pause and sniff the air.

CECE  
 (wafting)  
 I think I know what he wants.

Jess holds the baby away from her body and makes a face at  
 the stench.

JESS  
 Schmidt, where are the diapers?

Nick grabs a diaper and baby wipes from one of the bags.

NICK  
 Can I do it? I'm feeling very  
 maternal right now.

Jess stares at Nick, wide-eyed, for a beat. She snatches the  
 diaper and wipes from his hands and runs to her room.

NICK  
 Jess, he needs me!

INT. JESS'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jess rushes into her room and slams the door. She leans  
 against it and takes a breath. She lays the baby on the bed.  
 He gurgles happily. She leans close and whispers.

JESS  
 What did you do to him?

The baby just giggles. Jess sits down on the bed,  
 flabbergasted.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 You have somehow managed to turn  
 Nick Miller into a caring,  
 nurturing human being.

The baby hiccoughs.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, I know he's sweet, but...  
 Come on, it's Nick.

The baby frowns.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 I mean, yeah, he's grown up a bit,  
 I guess...

A beat, while Jess considers what that means. The baby cries  
 out for attention.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 Sorry.

Jess opens the baby's diaper and starts to remove it, but  
 it's too much for her. She recoils.

JESS (CONT'D)  
 Ahh, gross.  
 (yells)  
 Schmidt!

EXT. DARE FAIR - DAY

Winston and Abby stand by the carousel. They keep watch over  
 all of the kids. Winston is dejected by the joke assignment.  
 BOY 3 and GIRL walk by, chatting.

WINSTON  
 Hey kid, your shoe's untied.

BOY 3 gives Winston a disdainful look and continues on his  
 way without tying the shoe. Winston calls after him.

WINSTON  
 Don't come cryin' to me when you  
 fall on your dumb little face!  
 (no response, then  
 louder)  
 You're gonna regret this!  
 (sighs)

ABBY  
 You gotta lighten up, Bishop.  
 They're just kids.

WINSTON  
 Yeah.  
 (yelling after them)  
 With no respect!  
 (a beat)  
 Who am I kidding? I'm a joke.

ABBY  
 You're new to the force, Winston.  
 Everybody has a hard time, at  
 first.

WINSTON  
 (disbelieving)  
 Yeah, I guess.

Abby looks around for something to make Winston feel better.  
 She smiles and take Winston's arm.

ABBY  
 Come on.

Abby pulls Winston over to a shooting game.

ABBY (CONT'D)  
 (with a smirk)  
 Target practice.

Winston smiles and picks up one of the guns. He takes  
 careful aim and hits one of the larger targets.

WINSTON  
 Now that's what I'm talkin' about.

A TINY GIRL arrives and picks up the second gun. She wears a  
 pink dress and a bow. She smiles sweetly at Winston and  
 proceeds to shoot rapid fire, hitting every single one of  
 the most difficult targets.

The GAME OPERATOR hands her a teddy bear bigger than she is.  
 She smiles again and lugs it away. The Game Operator offers  
 Winston an eraser. Winston drops the gun, sighs and pockets  
 his prize.

A beat, and then BOY 4 runs up to Winston, panting. He tugs  
 on Winston's pant leg.

BOY 4  
 Officer, quick, my friend needs  
 help!

Winston raises his arm to the sky in thanks.

WINSTON

Lord, thank you. My time has  
finally come. This is the  
opportunity I've been waiting for.

(beat, a sniff)

I can't tell you what this means to  
me. Every since I was a little  
boy...

BOY 4

Dude, come on!

WINSTON

Oh, right. Lead the way.

The boy runs off into the crowd. Winston and Abby follow.  
Winston pushes aside kids and adults alike as he runs after  
the boy.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Excuse me... Make way, people...  
Official police business!

Boy 4 stops and points to his friend who sits on the bench,  
holding his stomach, head down, groaning. It's the kid from  
earlier who was stuffing his face with cotton candy. Winston  
runs up to him and kneels, putting his hand on the kid's  
back to comfort him.

WINSTON

What happened? Did someone hit you?

(lowers voice)

Did you take some brown acid?

(manic, to the crowd)

This is why you don't do drugs,  
kids! Remember this!

(to kid)

Speak to me, man. I'm here to help.

The fat boy looks up at Winston, as if he is going to come  
clean and spill his guts. Then he does... all over Winston's  
shoes.

BOY 4

Whoaaa, it's blue!

WINSTON

Oooooof course.

INT. LOFT - DAY

Schmidt, Nick, Jess and CeCe are in the living room. Schmidt diapers the baby while Nick makes cooing noises and faces at it. Jess and CeCe watch from across the room, turned on by the boys taking care of the baby.

CECE

Jess, I think it's... really great that you're trying to take care of this baby, but...

(hesitant)

it's not right to keep him here.

JESS

(a little pleading)

But... Winston will be home soon.

SLOW MOTION: Close up on Schmidt. He tickles the baby and smiles.

SLOW MOTION: Close up on Nick. He leans over the baby and dangles his keys like a rattle.

REAL TIME: Jess and CeCe cock their heads in unison, watching.

CECE

I guess keeping him a little while longer won't hurt...

They watch for another beat.

JESS

(hushed)

That baby is playing mind games with me. It's making me think I want Nick again.

CECE

It's like he has some kind of... baby... sex magic. Everyone that holds him becomes irresistible.

Schmidt rocks the baby and sings a yiddish lullaby.

SCHMIDT

Shlof, mayn kind, mayn treys, mayn sheyner. In Amerika iz der tate - dayner, zunenyu...

CECE

That's it.

CeCe gets up and starts toward Schmidt. Jess grabs her arm.

JESS  
 What? No, you can't leave me alone  
 with Nick and the aphrodisiac baby!

CeCe ignores Jess and slinks over to Schmidt.

CECE  
 Give the baby to Nick.

SCHMIDT  
 But this is the best part!

CECE  
 (rubs his arm sensually)  
 Give the baby to Nick. Now.

Schmidt hesitates, then catches CeCe's drift. He drops the baby into Nick's arms.

SCHMIDT  
 Excuse us, please.

CeCe grabs Schmidt's arm and drags him away to his room.

JESS  
 (desperate)  
 CeCe!

CeCe mouths "sorry" to Jess and slams the bedroom door, leaving Jess alone with Nick and the baby. Their eyes meet. Nick smiles and rocks the baby, continuing Schmidt's lullaby as best he can figure.

NICK  
 Shlof lederhosen mein kampf. The  
 matzoh and gafelty fish. La la la  
 la...

OFF Jess's wide-eyed look.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

INT. LOFT - DAY

Nick holds the baby in both arms and spins around with glee. The baby laughs. Jess watches, mouth agape.

JESS  
(frustrated)  
Nick, stop it. You're gonna make  
him dizzy.

NICK  
No I'm not, he loves it. Look!  
Wheee!

Nick spins again and the baby laughs. Jess marches over and tries to take the baby from his arms.

JESS  
Give him to me.

NICK  
Why?

JESS  
Because... You're terrible at this.

NICK  
What do you mean? I'm a natural! I  
don't know why I was ever scared of  
these things.

Nick holds the baby in the air above his face and makes baby talk noises.

JESS  
Stop, stop this. Stop it now!

NICK  
Stop what? Why are you being so  
weird?

JESS  
(flustered)  
You... You don't... You can't take  
care of a baby. You can't even work  
the DVR.

NICK  
I hit record, Jess!

JESS  
 You're sloppy, you're  
 irresponsible, your socks literally  
 never match.

NICK  
 You missed one episode of Downton  
 Abbey. ONE!

JESS  
 (yelling)  
 The stately Mr. Carson proposed at  
 long last to the kindly Mrs.  
 Hughes!

The baby starts crying loudly.

NICK  
 (Rocking it)  
 Now look what you did.

JESS  
 It wasn't my fault!

Nick puts the baby in the stroller. Jess and Nick's  
 conversation gets slowly louder to talk over the baby's  
 increased crying.

NICK  
 You know, you're bein' a real B-  
 Word right now.

JESS  
 (scoffs)  
 A B-Word?

NICK  
 Well, I'm not gonna curse in front  
 of Megatron, okay? That's terrible  
 parenting.

JESS  
 You're not a parent!

NICK  
 I could be, if I wanted to.

JESS  
 If you *wanted* to?

NICK  
 Yeah. I could go out and make a  
 baby right now. I've got the  
 tadpoles, I just need a pond.

JESS  
That's not even how it works.

NICK  
I bet there are tons of women would  
just love some of my tadpoles.

JESS  
(nearly hysterical)  
Are you telling me that you want to  
have a baby?

NICK  
(screaming)  
Maybe I do!

CeCe and Schmidt run out from Schmidt's bedroom. CeCe is wrapped in a sheet, Schmidt holds a pillow in front of his exposed man parts.

SCHMIDT  
What the hell is going on out here?

WINSTON (O.C.)  
I could ask the same question.

REVEAL: Winston has just walked in. He stands with his hands on his hips and a stony look on his face.

WINSTON (CONT'D)  
Jess, is that a baby?

NICK  
You can't take Megatron, he's mine,  
I love him.

Nick starts to cry. Jess reluctantly puts a comforting hand on his arm.

JESS  
I found him in the park. I brought  
him back here because I figured you  
would know what to do.

WINSTON  
(touched)  
You thought I could help?

JESS  
Well, yeah. You're the responsible  
one around here lately. Right guys?

SCHMIDT  
It's true, man.

CECE  
I haven't really  
noticed a difference.

NICK  
You dropped my  
Toothbrush in the  
toilet?

WINSTON  
Guys, you have no idea what this  
means to me.  
(beat)  
I'm not even gonna ask why Nick  
called that baby Megatron. Or why  
Schmidt isn't wearing any pants.

JESS  
So I guess you have to take him  
back to the station now?

WINSTON  
Yeah, one hundred percent. You guys  
definitely should not have kept him  
here all day. I'm gonna go call the  
station.

Winston steps away to make the call. Jess pulls Nick over to  
the stroller.

JESS  
It's time.

NICK  
(Starting to cry)  
No.

JESS.  
Yes. We have to say goodbye.

Jess leans close to the baby and softly pinches his cheek.

JESS (CONT'D)  
It was really nice to meet you. I  
hope you had fun here today.  
(glances at Nick)  
And thanks.

Jess steps back and pushes Nick forward. He reluctantly  
leans in.

NICK  
I guess this is farewell, little  
man.  
(sobs)  
I'll never forget you.

Schmidt starts to step forward, then halts.

SCHMIDT  
 Tell him "shalom" for me, will you?  
 (glances at pillow)  
 I should probably keep my distance.

Winston returns, ending a phone call.

WINSTON  
 They baby's parents are on their way to the station. Apparently the new babysitter didn't tell them she was narcoleptic.

EXT. PARK - FLASHBACK (EARLIER THAT DAY)

A YOUNG WOMAN sits on a park bench at the top of a small hill. She rocks a stroller. Suddenly, she dozes off. The stroller slowly rolls away and offscreen as she sleeps.

INT. LOFT - PRESENT

Winston takes the stroller and pushes it out the door. Nick waves until the door shuts behind them.

NICK  
 Bye Megatron!  
 (softly)  
 Stay cool, buddy.

Jess comforts Nick.

JESS  
 You'll get your own one day.  
 (beat)  
 And you'll be a great dad.

NICK  
 Thanks, Jess.

A beat as they look into each other's eyes. Jess clears her throat and walks away to her room. Nick goes to his. Schmidt and CeCe look at each other.

SCHMIDT  
 Shall we?

CECE  
 (shakes her head and smiles)  
 I can't wait to marry you.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Winston stands with the baby's parents. The FATHER holds the baby and the MOTHER sobs and hugs Winston. The Police Chief walks up to Winston.

POLICE CHIEF

Bishop.

WINSTON

Yes, sir?

POLICE CHIEF

(beat)

Nice work. Let's get you back in a squad car next week.

WINSTON

(grins)

Thank you, Chief.

Abby walks up to Winston and claps him on the shoulder.

ABBY

Well Bishop, I guess you're not totally useless.

WINSTON

(smiles)

Not totally.

(beat, then slower)

Not totally.

INT. LOFT - NIGHT

Jess, Nick, Schmidt, CeCe and Winston all sit on the couch, laughing.

WINSTON

I still can't believe Nick held a baby.

NICK

Hey, it's not that crazy.

WINSTON

(raises eyebrows)

Oh really? Do you not remember my cousin's baby shower?

INT. WINSTON'S COUSIN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK (THREE YEARS PRIOR)

Winston and Nick are in the middle of a baby shower. They chat with Winston's cousin, SHANDRA, who holds her baby happily.

WINSTON

He is so cute, Shandra,  
Congratulations.

SHANDRA

Thanks, Winnie! Oh, I've been  
meaning to give you that movie I  
told you about. It's in my room.

(turns to Nick)

Hey, do you mind holding her while  
we go look?

Sandra offers the baby to Nick who backs up and shakes his head.

NICK

(yells)

No, not again!

Nick pulls his T-shirt up over his face

NICK (CONT'D)

(shrieking hysterically)

Why does this keep happening to  
me?!

INT. LOFT - PRESENT

NICK

Well, people change.

A beat, as he and Jess look at each other. Nick clears his throat.

NICK (CONT'D)

Plus your cousin's baby wasn't  
really that cute.

WINSTON

Excuse me?

SCHMIDT

No baby can possibly be cuter than  
the interracial being that will  
spring forth from CeCe's golden  
brown loins after I plant my pale  
Hebrew seed in her.

CECE

Oh, Schmidt, sweetie.  
(a beat, takes his face  
in her hands)  
That's a jar.

SCHMIDT

What? He'll be our little Krishna  
Menachem, the mensch of Bollywood.

EVERYONE

Jar!

**END OF SHOW.**