

INT. THE LOFT - MORNING

Nick emerges from his bedroom in the loft and wanders leisurely towards the kitchen. He catches Winston fiddling with a bunch of fruit on the counter. There's a bottle next to him which he quickly hides when he sees Nick coming.

NICK

Winston, what are you doing?

WINSTON

Nothing...just...eating a pineapple.

NICK

That's a bottle of rum behind your back.

WINSTON

What, this? This is...uh...just some water. See? Watch me refresh myself.

Winston attempts to chug it. He gags and vomits on the floor. Nick smiles ironically.

NICK

Look, I know what you're trying to do, but the mixing of fruity drinks should be left to the professionals.

WINSTON

How hard could it be?

Winston grins as though he were the most clever man in the universe.

NICK

Winston, you are NOT cut out for bartending. To tend bar, you gotta know how to interact with people.

WINSTON

I can interact with people.

NICK

It took you six months to understand that it wasn't appropriate to end your texts with "bitch".

WINSTON

I always thought that was hot!

NICK

When you try to wink at girls, you usually end up using both eyes. It makes you look like you're having a mild seizure.

Winston tries to wink. Just ends up blinking. Nick continues.

NICK

Instead of fist bumping, you sometimes forget and hold out your pinky finger instead.

WINSTON

Come on, Nick. Just ONCE I'd like to be the bartender, the guy gettin' girls panties with amazing fruity drinks and listenin' to their problems.

NICK

First of all, most girls order rum and coke. Second of all, after they're drunk they usually talk about Twilight or Desperate Housewives. It's the sad sack guys like me that really need an ear.

WINSTON

You're like the FRUIT WHISPERER.

NICK

I mix drinks, but I don't consider that a talent. It's the second oldest profession.

WINSTON

Wait, what's the oldest profession?

NICK

You think it's so easy? Go take a bartending course.

INT. CECE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jess bursts into CECE'S apartment in a panic. She runs up behind Cece, who's packing her suitcase.

JESS

Mr. Fluffalufagus died!

Cece starts and whips around.

CECE

Jess! You scared the shit out me! Wait, who?

JESS

My mother's cat. She had him for 16 years. He was like my best friend! We did everything together...

CUT TO:

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Various flashbacks of Jess dressing the cat up, painting the cat's nails, playing the piano with the cat, and both of them chasing a mouse together.

INT. CECE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cece looks up.

CECE
OH YES, I remember him.

CUT TO:

Preteen Cece at a sleep over, and the cat won't let her get into the bed with a sleeping preteen Jess. Cece and the cat are hissing at each other.

INT. CECE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cece screws her face into a barely believable smile. She bats her eyes.

CECE
That's sad, sweetie.

She returns to packing her suitcase. Jess continues sniffing.

JESS
I could really use a friend right now. I was hoping you could come over and look through some photo albums of Gus and some old home movies. Like of the time we gave him a haircut.

CECE
I'd love to Jess, but...I can't. I've got to get ready for my trip to Argentina, remember?

INT. THE LOFT - DAY

Jess enters the loft, looking thoroughly despondent. Nick and Schmidt are sitting at the kitchen table. They look up as she comes in.

NICK
What's wrong, Jess? You look like your best friend just died.

Jess bursts into tears and starts wailing. Schmidt erupts from his chair.

SCHMIDT
Oh my god, Cece!

JESS

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No, not Cece. My mom's old cat. I loved him so much.

Schmidt lets out a massive groan and a sigh of relief. He sinks back into his chair.

SCHMIDT

Do NOT scare me like that. I can't handle that type of shock. I have the heart of a lamb.

NICK

Want me to get the smelling salts? (To Jess) C'mon, Jess. Sorry to hear that, but it's not as if a person died.

Jess scowls.

SCHMIDT

I never could stand cats. They're majestic animals, but they're too much like me. Sleek. Cunning. And you can never quite tell what they're thinking. Far too unpredictable.

NICK

Ha! I always knew you were a pussy.
BAM!! Nick shoots, Nick scores!

Nick feigns scoring a hockey goal. Schmidt grabs the d-bag jar and slams it down in front of Nick, who stuffs a dollar in it without protest.

JESS

Where's Winston? I'll bet HE likes cats.

NICK

I dunno, I caught him trying make pina coladas, so I told him to take a bartending course. By this point he's either become a drag queen or he's screwing a pineapple.

JESS

Nobody's supporting me in my grief!

NICK

Nobody here likes cats as much as you, Jess. I'm sorry. We're guys, we don't think that way.

SCHMIDT

Don't listen to him. He's a caveman. Me, I'm in touch with my emotional side. I cried at the end of Old Yellar. Here's what you do: go out to the nearest pet

shop, pick out the cutest kitten you can find, and you can keep him here for a week or two. After that, I'm sorry, but I think I have allergies.

Jess is incredulous.

JESS
That's it! I'll bet I can walk out that door RIGHT NOW and find better friends than you guys.

Jess walks out the door, and sees a man peeing in the hallway. She sighs.

JESS
Looks like somebody left the back door open again.

Cut to: Roller Derby

Jess is in the middle of a loud roller derby, skating along awkwardly beside some other competitors.

JESS
HI! MY NAME'S JESS! DO YOU LIKE TAP DANCING? YOU CLEARLY LIKE ROLLERSKATING...

She trips and falls down.

CUT TO: Library

Jess comes in and sits next to another girl who is quietly reading a book.

JESS
Hey! I can see you like books. I like books too!

RANDOM GIRL
Shhh!

JESS
(whisper) I'm personally a fan of Wendy Cope's poetry, and of the Harry Potter series. Do you like Shel Silverstein?

The girl looks up and glares at her.

JESS
I'll just go now.

CUT TO: Quilting Bee

Jess sits with a bunch of little old ladies and works on a very