

NEW GIRL, SEASON 4, EPISODE 1

I'LL TAKE MIME ON THE SIDE

Written by

Carol Prunsk

Previously on *New Girl*, Nick and Jess broke up after having lived together in Jess' room for several months, agreeing that their friendship could never survive the rigors of holding together a rocky relationship. Going forward, they will just be good friends. So that no one needs to leave the loft, Schmidt invited Nick to bunk with him like they did in college---in real bunk beds. Schmidt is still in love with Cece, but is stepping aside to let her explore her new relationship with Buster, a 20-year-old who builds boats. Winston has just been accepted into the LAPD, and his life finally seems to be on track after having lost his job as a basketball player in Latvia. Coach took a coaching job in Jess' school, then lost it, then got it back. The students love his special brand of tough love.

ACT ONE

INT. NICK AND SCHMIDT'S BEDROOM. DAY.

It's a jack-in-the-box. JESS is cranking out *Pop Goes the Weasel*. NICK is sound asleep in the bottom bunk and stirs as he hears the music. POP! His eyes snap open as the puppet springs from the box and bounces in his face. He screams bloody murder. In the top bunk, SCHMIDT is startled awake, and screams like a little girl.

JESS	NICK
What? What? Why is everybody screaming?	Clown! Clown! Horrible clown!

WINSTON runs into the room armed with an iron skillet in each hand. COACH runs in with a baseball bat.

WINSTON
HALT! POLICE!

Silence.

JESS
Ummm... It's not a clown, Nick,
it's a jack-in-the-box.

Silence.

JESS (CONT'D)
It's a themed awakening.

Silence.

JESS (CONT'D)
The school fundraiser?
(Singing)
Street fair... We're gonna have a
street fair... In the park...
With no streets...

Winston and Coach turn and leave.

WINSTON
First time I ever got to say that.
Felt good.

COACH
Hey, I'm proud of you, man.

Schmidt and Nick groan and roll back over. Jess grabs Nick's arm and starts pulling him out of bed.

JESS
Nick, get up. You promised to help.

NICK
Jess, stop it! It's Saturday!

JESS
Come on, Nick! You promised to help me last night. All of you did.

INT. LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

The guys are trying to watch TV, but Jess is standing in front of it, hands on her hips, obscuring the screen.

JESS
Come on guys, please? It's for a good cause.

SCHMIDT
Jess! Move! The hot chick is about to bite it!

WINSTON
Jess! She just went to check out the fuse box!

JESS (CONT'D)
It'll be fun! Fresh air, sunshine, lots of games.

COACH
Hey! It's for the school!

NICK
Fine! Whatever you want! We'll do whatever you want.

BACK TO PRESENT.

Jess is now dragging Nick across the floor.

JESS
A promise is a promise Nick, and you made a promise.

NICK
No! No! It was extortion!

INT. LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Nick, Schmidt and Winston are sulking on the sofa. Coach lets CECE in the front door.

CECE

Hey, Jess. Buster can't make it.
He has a client coming by.

JESS

Oh, great. Who's going to be our
minstrel, now?

COACH

At your service, m'lady.

JESS

Coach. You don't play an
instrument.

COACH

I played violin in the 7th grade.

INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL. DAY. FLASHBACK.

Coach as a child screeches out *Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star*
on violin.

BACK TO PRESENT.

JESS

Okay, perfect! Cece, can you be in
charge of the kissing booth?

CECE

How not?

SCHMIDT

Always a bridesmaid, never a bride.

CECE

What does that even mean?

JESS

Don't care. What's left? We've
got the dunking booth,--

NICK

I'll do the dunking booth. Wait.
Am I the dunker or the dunkee?

JESS

(Salutes)
Recruiter. Sir!

NICK

At last. The respect I deserve.

JESS

Okay, Schmidt, why don't you make balloon animals, and Winston, you can be the magician.

She hands them each a bundle.

WINSTON

I want to make balloon animals!

SCHMIDT

Eewww. Thousands of germs. I want to be the magician!

They look at each other and trade bundles.

SCHMIDT

I'm going to get my tux!

SMASH TO MAIN TITLES.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK. DAY.

The gang is walking to the fundraiser, when a MIME circles around them on invisible skates.

JESS

Oh, look! A mime!

NICK

I hate mimes. They look like clowns.

SCHMIDT

This is because you secretly want to be one. I see how you flex your invisible muscles.

NICK

...Said the invisible intellect.

A happy LITTLE DOG bounds up to them, hopping, yipping, and wanting to play. Jess kneels down and plays with it.

JESS

Hey, li'l fella. You want to play, boy? What a great little dog!

The mime stops to play with the dog, pretending to be another dog.

JESS (CONT'D)

I wonder who he belongs to. He doesn't seem to have a collar.

COACH
Neither does the dog.

NICK
He probably belongs to one of the
sunbathers over there.

COACH
The dog or the mime?

The little dog scampers away. The mime makes a gesture of
prideful offense and skates away.

NICK
Stop worrying, Jess. He's running
back to his owner, right now.

COACH
The dog or the mime? Will somebody
please catch me up here? I'm so
confused!

NICK
(Yelling after the mime)
You see? You see what you did to
him? You, with your invisible
paraphernalia and your creepy white
face?

SCHMIDT
I hate mimes.

NICK
Me, too. They look like clowns.

WINSTON
Hey, Coach. Check it out.

Winston defuses the situation with an ear-shredding, balloon-
twisting razzle-dazzle, producing a beautiful butterfly.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
Now, that's what REAL men do with
REAL paraphernalia.

JESS
Oh, my gosh, that's beautiful,
Winston.

NICK
When did you learn how to do that?

WINSTON

Don't you guys remember that I used to date a girl from the Riga Circus?

INT. TENT. NIGHT. FLASHBACK.

It's the pottery scene from *Ghost*, except Winston is Demi Moore. A BUXOM BRUNETTE is Patrick Swayze. The clay is a handful of balloons.

BACK TO PRESENT.

WINSTON

Sweet Vlada...

They resume their walk, passing a phone pole. The opposite side of the pole has a flyer taped to it that reads, "Have you seen my little dog?"

Jess leads the group to an OLDER WOMAN who is wearing a name badge that reads *Mrs. Asberger*.

JESS

Everybody, I would like for you to meet our superintendent of schools. She's in charge of our fundraiser, Mrs.--

NICK

Oh, my God! Ass-burger? Seriously? They wouldn't let you keep your maiden name?

Everyone is mortified, and no one knows where to look.

JESS

No, Nick. Actually, it's--

MRS. ASBERGER

Oz-bear-zhay.

JESS

Oz-bear-zhay, it's, actually... it's pronounced Oz-bear-zhay. And... These are my, ummm... Friends. They're going to be helping out today... And you remember Coach, of course.

MRS. ASBERGER

God save us all from a law suit.

She turns and walks off. Everyone stares daggers at Nick.

NICK
What? Like nobody's ever made that
mistake.

The mime appears out of nowhere and wags his finger at Nick, causing him to jump a foot and scream twice in the same day.

NICK (CONT'D)
You put that finger away, or I'm
biting it off.

The finger withers.

CECE
That's it. I need some sanity.
Come on, Coach. You can chaperone
me at the kissing booth.

They walk off to Cece's booth.

JESS
Come on, Nick I'll help you set up.

The mime falls in line behind Nick and Jess, waving like the Queen. They sense they're being followed. They stop and turn, and are startled by the mime, who freezes like he's trapped in a box.

NICK
Get the hell out of here!

The mime blows away.

ELSEWHERE AT THE FUNDRAISER.

The HOTTEST GIRL in the history of fire is handing flyers out to everyone she sees.

WINSTON
Schmidt! Look!

SCHMIDT
Mark this date, Winston. It's the
day I fell in love.

WINSTON
Oh, no. I saw her first.

She runs to Winston and Schmidt with slow motion hair.

SCHMIDT
Well, hello, lovely lady.

HOT GIRL
Hi, Mr. Magician and...

She peers at Winston's balloon-twisting vest.

HOT GIRL (CONT'D)
...whatever you are... My name is
Amber, and I was wondering if
you've seen my little dog?

She hands them a flyer.

AMBER
His name is Michael.

SCHMIDT
Hey, that's the dog we played with,
like, 10 minutes ago.

AMBER
You did? Oh, my God, where is he?
Where'd he go?

Winston puts his arm around Amber and guides her to the side.

WINSTON
Hello, Amber. My name is Winston.
I'm the soon-to-be-newest member of
the LAPD. I observed your dog
running over there, by the
sunbathers.

AMBER
Really?

SCHMIDT
No, he didn't!

WINSTON
Sir, do you question an officer of
the law?

SCHMIDT
Uh, yeah.

Schmidt puts his arm around Amber and guides her away from
Winston. He pulls a quarter from behind her ear and gives it
to her.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
 For you, little lady. Schmidt,
 here, at your service. AFTER your
 dog ran to the sunbathers, I saw
 him run over to the ball fields.

AMBER
 (She hardens)
 Aww, crap! You opportunistic
 pieces of--

WINSTON
 No! We've seen him!

SCHMIDT
 We have!

AMBER
 Do you think I just rode into town
 on a TRICYCLE!?!?

SCHMIDT
 No!

AMBER
 Because guys lie to me all the
 time!

WINSTON
 Amber, we're not lying.

AMBER
 Good! Then I guess you won't have
 any trouble finding him!

She melts into a persona as sweet as pie.

AMBER (CONT'D)
 Because, you know, he's everything
 to me. I will be so grateful to
 whichever of you finds him. You'll
 be my hero. All... night... long.

She strokes their chins simultaneously.

WINSTON
 Amber, I am finding him for you
 right now.

SCHMIDT
 No, I will bring him to you,
 lickety-split.

WINSTON
Lickety-split? Are you an old man?

SCHMIDT
No. I just flashed on the word.

AMBER
(Fuming)
Guys! Do it!
(Sweetly)
Thaaaaaank youuuuuu.

Jess sees Winston and Schmidt run away from the fundraiser in opposite directions.

JESS
Hey! You guys! Where are you going? So, who's going to...?

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK. DAY.

Schmidt is running toward the ball field and Winston is running toward the sunbathing field.

BACK AT THE FUNDRAISER.

Exasperated, Jess gets a handful of balloons and tries to blow one up. She can't. The mime comes over and blows a balloon up for her.

JESS

Thank you. I can't believe they deserted me. My name is Jess.

The mime bows and points to himself.

JESS (CONT'D)

Oh, I get it. Your name is...

He pretends to take an oath, then negates it.

JESS (CONT'D)

Swear? No. Truth? No. Wait a minute. Lie?

Bingo. The mime points at his nose. Then, the mime pretends to hang himself.

JESS (CONT'D)

Hang? No. Rope? No. Execution? Sorry, that was silly. Noose? Noose! Okay, so it's lie-noose. Lie-noose... Linus? Linus! Well, thank you, Linus. You're a life saver.

The mime bows. Jess takes the balloon and starts to make an animal for a LITTLE GIRL.

JESS (CONT'D)

Here you go, little girl, just for you.

Jess twists away and the balloon pops in the child's face. She starts to cry and hugs her FATHER's leg.

LITTLE GIRL

Bad lady scare me!

FATHER

HEY!

JESS

No! I'm sorry. I didn't mean to... Don't cry. It's okay. Don't cry. Now, I'm crying... I'm so sorry.

Meanwhile, the mime quickly blows up a balloon, makes a wiener dog and gives it to the little girl. She stops crying, grabs it, and walks off with her father, but only after kicking Jess in the shin.

JESS (CONT'D)

Owww! I totally deserved that. I've never scared a little girl like that before. I feel terrible. Oh, what am I doing here?

The mime frowns, then pulls it into a smile. Then, he whips out a bouquet of flowers from up his sleeve.

JESS (CONT'D)

Awww... Thank you. You know, you're right. I didn't mean to scare her.

He shakes his head *no*.

JESS (CONT'D)

All I wanted to do was make her happy.

He shakes his head *yes*. Then, he pulls out a flaccid, unused balloon and dangles it in front of her, with a mischievous smile.

JESS (CONT'D)

Really? Right here? Right now?

He enthusiastically shakes his head *yes*. They settle into the grass and he begins to instruct her.

JESS (CONT'D)

Okay, got it. First, I let you blow up a balloon for me, then I take it from you with my left hand, and about this far from where you tied it off, I twist it twice...

Ka-boom.

DUNKING BOOTH.

Nick calls over to a PRETTY TEACHER manning the next booth.

NICK

Can you believe it? I haven't had anyone willing to be dunked in almost a half an hour.

PRETTY TEACHER

I know. And apparently, nobody eats cotton candy any more, either.

NICK

Well, you know how people are about sugar, these days. So fructosey. Evil. Bad.

PRETTY TEACHER

Big help.

NICK

Sorry, I just-- Well, we seem to be in the same boat.

He walks over to the cotton candy booth.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm Nick.

MELISSA

I'm Melissa. So, how did a nice guy like you get roped into a silly job this?

NICK

I'm one of Jess's roommates. She volunteered us.

MELISSA

Jess lives with a guy?

NICK

Four guys, actually. Four.

MELISSA

FOUR guys? Wow, my concept of her has just changed radically.

NICK

No, it's good. We're all just friends.

(MORE)

NICK (CONT'D)

I mean, Jess and I used to live together, but now, we just... live in the same place. But nothing funny, we have separate rooms, but we...

MELISSA

You might want to stop talking.

NICK

Can I please?

(Then,)

So, what's a nice girl like you, bla, bla, bla, I'm not dating Jess.

She laughs and gets her bearings.

MELISSA

Well, I'm the new French teacher, which makes me the low man on the totem pole. Although, I suppose we could have it way worse than the dunking booth and cotton candy. We could be one of those schmoes at the kissing booth.

They both look at Cece's booth, which is mobbed.

NICK

Fate worse than death. So, you teach French, huh? Cool. Say, your principal is French, isn't she?

MELISSA

Mrs. Oz-bear-zhay?

NICK

Wow... When you say it, it's so pretty.

MELISSA

Oz-bear-zhay?

NICK

Ahhhh.... One last time.

MELISSA

Oz-bear-zhay.

NICK

You gotta teach me how to speak French.

MELISSA

Well, it takes a long time to learn
a foreign-- *Quand on parle du
loup...*

Mrs. Asberger marches up to the pair.

MRS. ASBERGER

No one is in the dunking booth! We
need to start driving traffic here.
Melissa, you're up. And you.
What's your name?

NICK

Nick.

MRS. ASBERGER

All right, Nick. You need to play
the barker here. Watch and learn.

Nick helps Melissa into the booth.

MRS. ASBERGER (CONT'D)

Step right up to the dunking booth
everybody! This is your
opportunity to dunk the finest
faculty in all of Los Angeles for
one mere dollar!!!

KISSING BOOTH.

At least a dozen guys are in line as Coach slogs his way
through *Turkey in the Straw*. The sign reads, "A heavenly
peck on the cheek for only \$1," but the current kissee turns
his cheek at the last second. Coach smacks him on the head
with his bow.

COACH

On the cheek, buddy.

CECE

Thanks, Coach.

The kissee turns and offers his backside.

KISSEE

Okay, how about this?

Coach gives the kissee a mighty smack on the backside with
his bow.

COACH
 Okay, how about this? Now,
 apologize to the lady and move on.
 You know better than that.

KISSEE
 I'm sorry...

He sulks off.

CECE
 Excellent work!

They high five. A YOUNG BOY about 10 years old runs up to
 the booth.

CECE (CONT'D)
 Oh, no... Lawsuit! Lawsuit!

Coach takes Cece's lipstick and writes "18 and over" on the
 sign.

COACH
 Sorry, kid.

The kid skulks off.

CECE
 Hey, that lipstick was Sensai.

COACH
 Sorry, kid.

BETWEEN THE BALL AND SUNBATHING FIELDS.

WINSTON
 Did you see him?

SCHMIDT
 I had him, but he got away from me.

WINSTON
 Yeah, me neither. I will NOT
 disappoint Amber.

SCHMIDT
 No, I will not disappoint Amber.
 (Then)
 Hey, Winston? Are you kind of
 afraid to disappoint Amber?

WINSTON

Yeah... Except for the "kind of" part.

SCHMIDT

On the other hand, you saw how sweet she was whenever she talked about her dog being returned. So, I'm thinking that when I return her dog to her, she will SO be mine.

WINSTON

What do you mean by "she will SO be mine"? She's not some kind of possession.

(Then)

Besides, she's going to be mine.

SCHMIDT

There is no way she's going to be yours. Perhaps you did not see the way she looked at me with her big blue eyes and said, "He's everything to me." The subtext was that she wanted ME to find him.

They're shoving.

WINSTON

No! I was too busy seeing her look at ME saying, "You'll be my hero." NO subtext. All text. "All. Night. Long."

SCHMIDT

She wants ME!

WINSTON

She wants ME!

SCHMIDT

Wait a minute! Stop! She already said it. The one of us who finds the dog gets first crack at the girl. And I'm gonna get that dog.

WINSTON

Not if I get him first.

They run off in opposite directions.

DUNKING BOOTH.

A little kid misses the mark, and Melissa remains dry in her seat. A tough 9th-grader in a leather jacket buys three balls.

TOUGH KID

Hi, Miss Dugan. Remember the D you gave me?

NICK

Now, wait a minute, kid. We're not here to settle any scores.

TOUGH KID

Naw... I'm just here to support my school for another year.

He flings a 90-mph pitch that's right on the money, and Melissa splashes down like a space capsule. The tough kid walks off laughing.

NICK

Oh, my God! Melissa? Are you all right?

MELISSA

Feeling a little like Jacques Cousteau, actually.

NICK

Well, I guarantee you're way prettier. Here. Let me help you out.

He helps her out of the tank. His eyes get bigger than saucers, then he nervously looks in every direction except in hers. Wet, Melissa's clinging top has become completely transparent. The little kids in the crowd go bananas---pointing, screaming, and laughing.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FUNDRAISER. DUNKING BOOTH. DAY.

Melissa emerges from the dunking booth. Her soaking blouse has become transparent. Children are pointing and laughing, while adults are trying to act mature. Nick takes off his shirt and puts it around her.

MELISSA

Oh, my God, I'm so embarrassed!

NICK

Break it up, everybody! Break it up! Nothing to see here! Just go about your business.

MELISSA

So, so embarrassed.

Nick puts his arm around her.

NICK

Hey. As far as I'm concerned, you have nothing to be embarrassed about. It was an accident. Did you know your blouse would do that?

MELISSA

No.

NICK

Of course, not. Did Mrs. Ass-burger know your blouse was going to do that when she ordered you up there?

MELISSA

Gee, I hope not. And it's Oz-bear-zhay.

NICK

Whatever. Did I know? Certainly not. They! They are the ones that should be embarrassed. They should be embarrassed for their immature behavior. Hang on... I have some super-secret towels I've been saving for an emergency.

He wraps her up, nice and cozy.

NICK (CONT'D)

Better?

MELISSA

Better. Thank you. *Merci.*

NICK

Was that French? So, how do I say you're welcome in French?

MELISSA

Well, there are lots of ways, but my favorite is *je vous en prie*, or *je t'en prie*, because we're friends.

NICK

Je t'en prie. I don't quite have that r action that you have going on there.

MELISSA

Or, you could say *j'étais heureux de le faire.*

NICK

j'étais eeeuuuu... Actually, no, I don't think I could say that.

MELISSA

But, what you couldn't say is *le plaisir était pour moi*, because *plaisir*, or pleasure, has WAY, let's say, flirtier connotations in French than in it does English.

NICK

Well, then. *Le plaisir était pour moi.*

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK. DAY.

The happy little dog appears at the edge of a patch of woods, chasing a butterfly.

SCHMIDT

Michael! Come here, little buddy. Good doggie. Come here.

Michael darts into the woods, and Schmidt follows. The dog bounds into some underbrush. Schmidt gets on his hands and knees and tries to crawl through it. He looks down and sees he's in a dense patch of poison ivy.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
 Oh, no. No, no! Get off me! Get
 off!

Schmidt hops around wiping his hands all over his tux.

ELSEWHERE IN THE PARK.

Winston runs up to a hot dog vendor.

WINSTON
 One footlong, please. No bun. No
 mustard, no ketchup, just a big ol'
 hot dog. Thanks!

As he pays for the hot dog, he spots little Michael at the
 end of the path, grabs the wiener and runs off after the dog.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
 Michael! Michael! Here, doggie!

The dog sees Winston coming after him and beats cheeks.
 Winston loses sight of it and begins to stalk, waving the
 hotdog.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
 Michael, I have a nice, juicy hot
 dog for you!

A seagull swoops down and takes most of the hot dog, leaving
 a lacerated stump in Winston's hand.

WINSTON (CONT'D)
 HEY!!! Oh, my God! How big are
 those talons!?!

Another seagull makes an attempt at the hot dog stump.
 Winston runs in a serpentine pattern, but the seagull won't
 be shaken.

EXT. FUNDRAISER. DUNKING BOOTH. DAY.

Mrs. Asberger drags Jess by the arm. The mime marches behind
 them doing his best Asberger impersonation. About a dozen
 children bring up the rear.

MRS. ASBERGER
 All right, Miss Day. You have been
 avoiding doing your part all
 afternoon.

JESS

Oh, no, not true. I've just been learning to make balloon animals, because it makes the children so happy.

MELISSA

Come on Jess, it's not so bad. Except when you fall. And when you hit the water. And when you get out of the water. And when you try to get your hair dry.

JESS

Wow. Really looking forward to this.

NICK

Melissa came through it like a trooper.

JESS

Ah-ha, did she, now? Aren't you just movin' on? Just a movin' on guy.

(Singing)

Movin' on...

NICK

Well, it's what we agreed... Together...

MELISSA

Hey, Jess. If I can do it, you can do it.

Defiant, Jess takes a seat in the booth. The father of the girl that Jess scared buys three balls.

JESS

Oh! Why, hello, sir. You realize that I didn't break that balloon on purpose, right? I mean, you should see how many exploded in my own face.

He takes aim, and dunks Jess on the first pitch. When she surfaces, most of her eye makeup has run down to her chin. When she wipes her eyes, she spreads the remainder to her ears. Nick can't stop laughing as she gets out of the booth. Nor can the rest of the crowd.

JESS (CONT'D)
 Thank you, thank you.
 (Bowing)
 For my next trick, balloon animals!

The mime pulls a string of a dozen handkerchiefs out of his sleeve and drapes them over Jess' shoulders. He reserves the last one and uses it to wipe her face.

JESS (CONT'D)
 Thank you. It seems like that's
 all I've been doing today...
 thanking you.

The mime puts his hand on his heart and bows.

JESS (CONT'D)
 Awww... Can you teach me how to
 say thank you in mime?

He shows her. She thanks him in mime.

JESS (CONT'D)
 You know, you've really been my
 hero today.

He thanks her in mime.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK.

The little dog is bounding through a field of picnickers. Both Winston and Schmidt are chasing after it, coming from different directions. The dog ducks behind a tree. Winston and Schmidt smack into each other there. Winston's balloon-twisting vest is shredded. Schmidt is covered in blisters.

SCHMIDT
 Where'd he go? He's gone!

WINSTON
 Uh, oh. Maybe not. I think he's
 gone down the drainpipe.

He points to a drainpipe with a broken screen, not large enough for a child to crawl into.

SCHMIDT
 Oh, no!

WINSTON
 Do you suppose it goes anywhere?

SCHMIDT
Yeah... But where?

WINSTON
The reservoir?

SCHMIDT
Oh, no!

WINSTON
Wait. I'm sure he'll decide it's
too dark and come back. Let's lure
him out. Go get a hot dog.

EXT. FUNDRAISER SITE. LATER.

Jess is now painting faces. The mime leans against an
imaginary bar.

JESS
And so, we broke up. And it was
the right thing to do, and we both
know it.

She puts the finishing touches on the child.

You know, you're such a good
listener---like the best listener
ever.

The mime gives her a small bow.

JESS (CONT'D)
So, tell me about yourself.

The mime declines, and dismisses it with a wave. He yawns.

JESS (CONT'D)
No... I'm sure it isn't boring.
It can't be. How can the life of a
mime be boring?

He takes her hands and looks at her with sad eyes.

A bunch of CHILDREN in the distance begin shrieking and
flailing their arms. Then, one of the children falls to the
ground. The mime and Jess tear off toward him.

JESS (CONT'D)
Oh, my God, it's Ethan!

By the time they reach him, the child has begun to wheeze and
get knotty pink knots.

JESS (CONT'D)
What happened?

CHILD
There's bees!

THE MIME
Ethan! Ethan! Where is your
EpiPen?

No answer. The mime rips through the child's pockets, finds the pen, and pushes it into the child's thigh.

THE MIME (CONT'D)
Sorry, buddy.

Almost instantly, the child responds.

THE MIME (CONT'D)
Jess! Do you see his parents?

JESS
Yes!

THE MIME
Go get them! I'm sure he's fine,
but we need to get him to an ER to
be safe.

He scoops Ethan up and runs to his crappy Civic. Ethan's parents are already running toward Jess. They all run to the parking lot.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM. DAY.

The mime drops little Ethan off into a nurse's arms.

NURSE

What is it?

THE MIME

Bee sting. Gave him an Epi. His name is Ethan.

NURSE

Thanks! Hi, Ethan, you're gonna be okay.

She carries the child into an examining area and pulls the curtain. Ethan's parents rush in, hysterical, followed by Jess.

LEO'S MOTHER

Where's Ethan? Where is he?

LEO'S FATHER

What's happening? Is he going to be okay?

LINUS

He'll be fine. He's right behind the curtain.

He shows the way, and the parents disappear behind the curtain.

LINUS (CONT'D)

There's nothing we can do here, except get in the way. We should probably be getting back.

JESS

You speak.

LINUS

Well, of course, I do.

JESS

I'm not sure this is an *of course* case.

LINUS

Sure, it is. It's like this: I'm a firefighter, and I like to be a mime at children's festivals in my free time to make ends meet. Simple.

JESS

Wow. That is so great of you.

LINUS

Eh, it's mostly just having fun for pay.

JESS

Well...,

Jess mimes *thank you* to him. He mimes *you're welcome* to her. They laugh, turn, and walk out the door arm in arm as if to remake the ending of *Modern Times*.

EXT. ELYSIAN PARK. KISSING BOOTH. DUSK.

Cece and Paul are counting up their take for the day. Schmidt walks up to the booth.

SCHMIDT

I'll give you ten dollars for a kiss, because after this day, I deserve it.

CECE

Oh, no, what happened to you? Did God finally smite you with boils?

SCHMIDT

It's not boils, it's poison ivy.

CECE

And that's better?

SCHMIDT

Well, I haven't been smote.

CECE

Again, that's better?

SCHMIDT

Oh, come on, just one kiss? I don't have poison ivy on my lips.

CECE

Yeah, you do, and here isn't enough money.

Winston trudges up to the booth.

CECE (CONT'D)

And, what happened to you?

WINSTON

Seagulls.

CECE

Say no more. Been there. Evil birds.

Mrs. Asberger joins the group.

MRS. ASBERGER

All right, young lady, how much have you made for our cause?

CECE

I made \$547. And no, as a matter of fact, I can no longer feel my lips.

MRS. ASBERGER

Really!?! Wonderful! We broke even! EVERYBODY? EVERYBODY! GATHER 'ROUND!

Everyone working at the fundraiser gathers around Mrs. Asberger.

MRS. ASBERGER (CONT'D)

WE BROKE EVEN!!!

COACH

WOOO!!!

He plays a random, squeaky jig on his violin. Everyone moans. Nick offers his hand to Melissa.

NICK

May I have this dance, mademoiselle?

MELISSA

Bien sùr, p'sieu. Merci.

The happy little dog bounces up to Coach and starts yipping at his heels. Coach crouches down and rough-houses with him.

COACH

Hey, you. Who do you belong to?

Amber runs up to Coach.

AMBER

Michael! You found him! Where was he?

COACH

He just ran up to me.

AMBER

How can I ever thank you enough?

COACH

Well, I don't know...

AMBER

Let me buy you dinner. Or better,
I'll cook you dinner. Over at my
place. All night. Are you free?

COACH

Well, let me check my calendar. How
fortuitous! I think I can make it.

Winston and Schmidt run up.

WINSTON

Damn!

SCHMIDT

Son of a B!

As Amber, Coach, and the bouncing dog depart, Jess and Linus
return from the hospital. Mrs. Asberger rushes up to them.

MRS. ASBERGER

Jess! How is little Ethan? Do you
think his parents will hold us
liable?

JESS

Ethan's going to be just fine,
thanks to Linus, here. And no, his
parents know that bees happen. I
can't imagine that they would sue.

MRS. ASBERGER

So you think!

CECE

Hey, Jess. Did you hear? We broke
even.

JESS

We did? All right! Woo!

She flings her arms around Linus' neck and begins to sing.

JESS (CONT'D)
 We lost no money... We lost no
 money.

SCHMIDT
 Hey! Isn't that the mime?

JESS
 Yeah.

SCHMIDT
 DUNK THE MIME!!!

THE WHOLE GANG
 DUNK THE MIME!!! DUNK THE MIME!!!

The gang rushes Linus and pushes him toward the dunking booth.

LINUS
 Wait a minute! Stop! I'll go,
 I'll go! Under one condition. If
 Jess goes out on a date with me.

JESS
 Hmm... Let me think about that.
 Date with a hero firefighter...
 YEAH!!! DUNK THE MIME!!!

Everyone rushes Linus to the dunking booth, as Schmidt turns to Nick.

SCHMIDT
 Do we really want a mime hanging
 around?

NICK
 I just want her to be happy. She
 deserves it.

SCHMIDT
 You're right. I guess I can accept
 a mime. But, I'm not training him.

Montage of Linus in the dunking booth and everyone laughing, clapping, and taking turns trying to dunk the mime.

END OF ACT FOUR.