

INT. LOFT. WINSTON'S ROOM. LATER.

A KNOCK at the door, then Nick enters. Winston sits on the bed, folding clothes.

WINSTON

What's the matter?

NICK

Nothing. Nothing's the matter. Why does something need to be the matter for me to check on my oldest friend? Is that laundry? Can I help?

He sits next to Winston, who immediately scoots away.

WINSTON

Okay, this is weirding me out.

Nick folds a pair of pants, poorly.

NICK

Me, too. I hate the feel of corduroy.

Winston grabs the pants.

NICK (CONT'D)

Winston, we've been friends through high and low. Is there anything you're going through? Any way I can help? Because I care.

WINSTON

(suspicious)

Are you getting back at me for deleting Shark Week?

NICK

That was you?

WINSTON

It was Schmidt. Fold his pants.

NICK

Look, Jess called me a Grinch.

WINSTON

So? Jess called me a Lorax. She likes books that rhyme.

Nick holds up a plant.

NICK  
Wouldn't this get more light on your  
windowsill?

WINSTON  
Don't touch my plants!

NICK  
Wow, you are a Lorax.

WINSTON  
Nick, we can talk at a later time...  
(Nick is too close)  
At a greater distance, but right now,  
I'm going to the Bocce Bar.

NICK  
You have a date?

WINSTON  
Sort of. No. Not really. Yes.

NICK  
Well, that clears that up.

WINSTON  
There's this girl I've hit on for two  
nights now...

INT. BOCCE BAR. FLASHBACK. (TWO NIGHTS AGO)

DARCY approaches Winston.

DARCY  
Hey, do you play bocce ball?

Winston freezes up, moving his mouth soundlessly.

INT. BOCCE BAR. FLASHBACK. (ONE NIGHT AGO)

DARCY  
Hey, do...

WINSTON  
IPLAYBOCCEBALLITSMYFAVORITESPORT!!

DARCY  
...do you know what time it is?

BACK TO PRESENT.

WINSTON  
So tonight's my last try.

NICK

Um, in baseball, you get three tries. In bars, it's two and then a restraining order. And that's why I'm going to be your wingman.

WINSTON

What?

NICK

You can't talk to girls.

WINSTON

I talk to girls all the time...

NICK

And make them run for the Truffula Trees. Come on, let me help out! You'll feel good about you, and I'll feel good about lording it over Jess.

WINSTON

Yeah, I don't think so.

NICK

Oh look, your CDs are out of order. Why don't I alphabetize them?

WINSTON

Okay, okay, you can come!

NICK

I thought so. And your CDs suck.

INT. LOFT. KITCHEN. A FEW HOURS LATER.

Schmidt and Jess work on the ice sculpture which now actually resembles a Viking.

SCHMIDT

Sculpting ice is like making love to a beautiful woman. Sometimes you need a blowtorch.

He trades his chisel for a butane torch.

JESS

We have a blowtorch?

SCHMIDT

I got it for welding, used it for creme brulee, but secretly I was hoping for this!