

INT. LOFT. NIGHT.

The guys are sitting around watching a game.

WINSTON

Did you hook up with that girl last night?

SCHMIDT

Oh, what girl?

WINSTON

The girl with the cast on her head.

SCHMIDT

Ohh yeah, I mean. She's, uh... I was pretty drunk...

(then)

She said I could sign her head.

WINSTON

Did you have sex?

SCHMIDT

Sure. With her boobs. And some of her face. The part that wasn't covered in the cast.

WINSTON

I got to find a girl like that. Like the kind of girl you hook up with-

SCHMIDT

Wait, what-

WINSTON

Like they talk really loud and they kind of look like their face is sort of paralyzed. You know? Like the picture they take at the top of the roller coaster. Like...

He demonstrates.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

I need that. You know? Someone I can settle down with. Make a family.

SCHMIDT

Wait. That's not my "type"!

WINSTON

It's okay. I used to think you dated all those weird girls because you couldn't get the girls I could get. But now I see. You had it figured out all along. The hot girls are crazy. They want to tie you up. Make you eat fruit off their ass. I just want to eat fruit off a plate, man. I want to have normal sex. With an average girl. A Schmidt Girl. So, what's your secret man? Where are you hiding them?

After a beat, Schmidt just gets up and leaves.

WINSTON (CONT'D)

Schmidt? You're so lucky. You don't even know.