

Brooklyn Nine-Nine  
Spec Script

"Cold Cuts"

by

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COLD OPEN

INT. BULLPEN -- NIGHT

HOLT enters the precinct. JAKE jumps from his seat.

JAKE

Hey Captain. Noticed you were late. Not that I was keeping time or anything. Five minutes at sixteen seconds though--.

HOLT

Yes, Peralta. I'm aware.

JAKE

Cool. Just thought you might not have noticed, since you've never been late before--.

HOLT

You're going to keep reminding me of this moment, aren't you?

JAKE

Me? No. Not at all. Nothing to worry about there.

HOLT

Good. To be honest, I am deeply ashamed of my tardiness and wish to move on from it, rather than live in constant reminder of this personal failure.

JAKE

Oh.

HOLT

Oh?

JAKE

Give me just a second, I have to cancel--

The gang pops out from behind desks and around corners, wearing birthday hats and blowing noise makers. Confetti explodes from confetti cannons positioned on either side of Holt.

THE GANG

You're late!

Dance music starts playing. We focus on Holt and Jake. Jake is watching with horror and shame. Holt turns his angry glare towards Jake.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. BRIEFING ROOM -- NIGHT

TERRY and Holt stand at the front, addressing the squad: Jake, AMY, CHARLES, ROSA, and GINA. Also present: HITCHCOCK and SCULLY.

The detectives are still working the night shift.

TERRY

Alright gang. We've been getting reports of a pickpocket downtown, so be on the lookout.

GINA

Ugh. Pickpocket? Really? Where's all the good crime?

TERRY

It's good that there's no crime, Gina. That's what we want.

GINA

Maybe that's what you want. But what about me? I'm bored and there's nothing entertaining going on. Isn't that a crime?

TERRY

No! It isn't!

GINA

Well. Must be nice to have your priorities all worked out.

HOLT

(ignoring her)

Just because there's a dip in crime doesn't mean we get to relax. I want everyone working on cold cases until something new comes up.

Holt begins a slide show. On screen is a mugshot of a criminal resembling both Colonel Sanders and Richard Attenborough.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I'd like you to split up into two teams. For the first team, this will be your new priority. Yes, Peralta.

We see that Jake has his hand raised.

JAKE

Question. Is he wanted in regard with his work on *Dino-saur* DNA?

HOLT

No, he's wanted for murder. Or at least he was, before the detective in charge bungled the case. Yes, Peralta?

Again, Jake has his hand raised.

JAKE

Are any other fast-food mascots involved?

HOLT

No, he acted alone.

JAKE

Wow you are not even phased by me.

AMY

That's because the Captain has respect for the briefing.

HOLT

Santiago, no talking during the briefing.

AMY

Sorry sir!

HOLT

As I was saying. His name is Daniel Heston. He's wanted in connection to a murder that took place in 1994. Allegedly, he took offense to the state of the sandwich he received from a local deli. At night, he followed the...sandwich artist home, and murdered him.

JAKE AND CHARLES

(giddy)

No way!

HOLT

Way, in fact.

JAKE AND CHARLES  
(perfectly in sync)  
An unsolved murder investigation  
involving deli meats!

ROSA  
That was weird.

CHARLES  
Jake, you know what this means.

JAKE  
Oh you know I know what this  
means.

GINA  
What is happening?

CHARLES  
Captain, we'd like to volunteer  
for this case.

TERRY  
You what?

CHARLES  
We've been waiting years for this.  
And it finally happened.

JAKE  
It's--  
(deep voice)  
The Cold-Cuts Cold-Case!

HITCHCOCK  
Nice.

Hitchcock and Scully high-five. It's weird.

HOLT  
Well. Okay. If you want it that  
badly, then the case is yours.

JAKE  
Yes!

CHARLES  
Score!

HOLT  
Which means Diaz and Santiago, you  
get--

Holt switches slides. We see a stack of film reels.

HOLT (CONT'D)  
 --to fill out paperwork--

AMY  
 Yes!

ROSA  
 Lame.

JAKE  
 Ha!

HOLT  
 --after taking a statement from  
 famed film director John  
 McTiernan.

JAKE  
 (gasps)  
 The visionary behind Die Hard!

Jake shakes his head at Holt, betrayed.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
 Why?

HOLT  
 You...volunteered.  
 (to room)  
 Dismissed.

EXT. DELI EST. -- NIGHT

INT. DELI -- CONTINUOUS

Jake and Charles enter. There are a few scattered patrons,  
 and only one other person in line.

Jake scans the scene.

JAKE  
 One entrance in the front,  
 probably another in back, two  
 large windows, street-facing--

CHARLES  
 (pleased)  
 And that smell!

The detectives chat while Jake reads the menu board.

JAKE

I'm just glad this place is still open at night. Wow, for a corner deli, this place is surprisingly pricey.

CHARLES

Sure, but it's worth it. This is some of the finest meat you'll ever put in your mouth.

JAKE

Come on, man.

CHARLES

Come to think about it, it's almost too good. Suspiciously good. Jake! Maybe it's people!

JAKE

I like the enthusiasm, but I don't think it's people. Now help me figure out which sandwich to order.

CHARLES

Oh, Jake. Jake Jake Jake. Jakey-Jake--.

JAKE

What!

CHARLES

You're not going to dine with Charles Boyle and order from the menu.

The last person in line finishes their order and pays. Charles steps up to the counter. The sandwich artist's name is GREG; he seems bored, constantly monotone, and somewhat broken by his part-time job in food preparation.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Good day, night, sir.

GREG

Hi.

(takes in the uniform)  
Officers.

JAKE

(excited)  
Detectives, actually.



CHARLES  
Jake, please.  
(to Greg)  
We're detectives, actually.

GREG  
How can I help you today, night.

CHARLES  
We'd like two Blonde Bombshells,  
please.

JAKE  
(whispering to Charles)  
Are all the off-menu sandwiches  
vaguely sexist, or just this one?

CHARLES  
Oh, definitely all of them.

JAKE  
Ah.

GREG  
Anything else?

CHARLES  
How about any files you have from  
1992 to 1996.

GREG  
Okay.

JAKE  
Wow, I did not expect it to be  
that easy.

CHARLES  
Right? And the Blonde Bombshell  
comes with two layers of raw  
pancetta.

JAKE  
I meant the files, Charles.

CHARLES  
Oh. That too.

Greg returns with two sandwich bags and a manila envelope.

GREG  
Two Blonde Bombshells and one set  
of photocopied personnel files  
from the nineties. Enjoy.

JAKE

Wow. Don't even need to see our badges or anything, huh.

GREG

I mean.

Jake and Charles wait for more, but Greg is apparently done talking.

JAKE

Okay then.

They take the files.

INT. BULLPEN -- LATER

Holt steps out of his office, next to Gina's desk.

HOLT

Gina, did you put in that service request with Maintenance?

GINA

For the thermostat? Sure did, but I don't think they work the night shift. Also, I still think you're overreacting.

HOLT

Overreacting? Ha! My office is uninhabitable. It's like some distant, hellish desert beneath a vengeful sun. It's sweltering.

GINA

It's 73 degrees.

HOLT

It's unbearable is what it is. Offices should be kept at a--maximum--temperature of 71.

Holt touches his dry forehead.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Look at this. I'm sweating.

GINA

(doesn't buy it)

Uh huh.

HOLT  
I swear, Gina, if I stay in there  
another minute, I will literally,  
figuratively die.

Amy invites herself into the conversation from her desk.

AMY  
Sir, if you'd prefer to be out  
here, I'm sure someone would be  
willing to switch with you. Just,  
until Maintenance fixes it in the  
morning, of course.

HOLT  
Hm. That's not a bad idea. But  
who would want to spend all day at  
my desk, in my chair, in my  
office, surrounded by all of my  
things?

Amy perks up, excited, but with pride.

HOLT (CONT'D)  
Actually Santiago, would you be  
interested--

AMY  
I would be honored, sir!

HOLT  
On second thought, that wouldn't  
be fair to you.

AMY  
(deflating)  
What?

HOLT  
I mean, it was your idea, after  
all. It would be rude to punish  
you after such a good suggestion.  
Gina, how would you like to sit in  
the Captain's Chair today?

AMY  
What!?

GINA  
Ugh. Fine. I'll come to your  
rescue. Again. But I want  
everyone to call me--  
(stares at Amy)  
--"Captain Gina".

AMY  
That's not even how titles work!  
It should be Linetti!

HOLT  
That's a reasonable request.  
Granted. Captain Gina.

AMY  
(losing it)  
What is going on!?

INT. POLICE CRUISER -- LATER

Jake and Charles pull up outside a nice apartment complex.

JAKE  
Are you sure this is the place?

CHARLES  
Yep. According to the file, this  
is where the victim was killed.

JAKE  
I don't care how good of a  
sandwich artist he was, no one  
should be able to afford a place  
like this.

CHARLES  
Maybe he had a good landlord.

Jake and Charles bust out laughing.

JAKE  
Whew. Okay, let's go.

EXT. APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

Charles knocks on the door. Jake waits beside him. After a beat, the door opens, revealing DANIEL HESTON--the perp--looking surprisingly the same as his mugshot from the nineties. He's dull, calm, and sociopathic.

He makes eye-contact with the detectives, pauses, then calmly closes the door. We hear a LOCK.

CHARLES  
Huh. You think he's making a run  
for it?

JAKE  
Oh definitely.

CHARLES  
The back?

JAKE  
Uh huh.

They rush off.

EXT. ALLEY -- CONTINUOUS

Charles slides around a corner, blocking Heston's escape.

CHARLES  
Freeze! Police!

Heston turns to run the other way, but is TACKLED by Jake. As Jake cuffs him, Charles jogs up.

CHARLES (CONT'D)  
Wow you look exactly the same as  
you did in 1994. What's your  
secret?

HESTON  
(with difficulty)  
Plenty of exercise.

CHARLES  
No kidding?

JAKE  
Charles.

CHARLES  
Oh, right. Sorry.  
(to Heston)  
No kidding! Why were you running?

HESTON  
Need the exercise. To look good.

CHARLES  
(to Jake)  
Oh I kinda walked into that one,  
huh.

JAKE  
A little bit, yeah.

EXT. HOLT'S OFFICE -- LATER

Terry walks up to Holt's office and knocks on the door frame.

TERRY  
 Captain, I--

He pauses as he sees Gina in the captain's chair, at the captain's desk, and somehow wearing the captain's hat.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
 --must have missed something.

GINA  
 Nonsense Terrance, come in!  
 Expound! Diatribe! Cardiology!

Holt explains, from Gina's desk--

HOLT  
 Ah, yes. Gina and I--

Gina clears her throat loudly.

HOLT (CONT'D)  
 Apologies. Captain Gina and I  
 have switched places, at least  
 until Maintenance resolves this  
 ongoing conflict with my  
 thermostat. At the moment, I fear  
 I could raise wild cacti on my  
 bookshelf. And they would  
 flourish.

TERRY  
 Okay. Well I just came by to ask  
 if I could go home early. One of  
 my doorways is broken and needs to  
 be replaced.

GINA  
 What, did you do too many chin-ups  
 on it?

Terry looks away.

GINA (CONT'D)  
 Oh my god you did.

TERRY  
 Look, those frames aren't meant to  
 hold a person's weight.

GINA  
 They're meant to hold a house!

TERRY  
(to Holt)  
Anyway, if I could just sneak away  
for an hour--

HOLT  
Great idea. I'll accompany you.

TERRY  
Sir?

HOLT  
Your house is kept cool, correct?

TERRY  
Sure. 68 degrees, because the  
twins--

HOLT  
Fantastic. Captain Gina, you're  
in charge.

AMY  
No!

Terry and Holt leave. Gina spins in the chair. The  
Captain's hat hangs askew on her head.

GINA  
Ugh. This crown, Amy. It weighs  
so much....

Amy glares at her.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BULLPEN -- LATER

Amy storms over to Rosa's desk.

ROSA  
Hey. Almost done with this.

AMY  
Forget the paper work!

ROSA  
Oh. Wow.

AMY  
Gina has no respect for the  
Captain's position, or his office.  
Or his...hat. This can't go on.

ROSA  
You want to take her down?

AMY  
(backing down)  
I mean, when you say it that way,  
it sounds sort of immature--

ROSA  
I'm in.

AMY  
Really?

ROSA  
Yeah. Sounds fun. Let's do it.

AMY  
Yes!  
(to self)  
You're going down, Captain Gina.  
I mean just Gina!

ROSA  
So what's the plan? Flood the  
office? Connect a car battery to  
her chair? Set fire to her car?

AMY  
What? No! I don't want to hurt  
her.



ROSA

Oh. Right. So, what exactly do you want?

AMY

I don't know! Just, something to teach her a lesson. Like, insult her or, scare her.

ROSA

I don't think Gina scares easy. I saw her start a fight with a bouncer once. She's kinda hardcore.

AMY

Really?

ROSA

Yeah.

AMY

So whatever we plan, it has to hit her where it matters.

ROSA

Like the throat.

AMY

Rosa! No! Like...

Amy looks around the room, then notices one of Gina's dance flyers. Amy and Rosa smile.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh.

ROSA

Oh.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Jake and Charles stand on the other side of the glass, staring at a handcuffed Daniel Heston.

JAKE

Did I already make a joke about Jurassic Park?

CHARLES

In the briefing, yeah.

JAKE

Damn my sense of comedic timing.

CHARLES  
But Heston wouldn't know about it.

JAKE  
No, it wouldn't be the same. I  
would know. Let's get in there.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Jake and Charles enter.

JAKE  
Well well well, Heston. Looks  
like we caught you red-handed.

HESTON  
With what?

JAKE  
(to Charles)  
"With what." Ha. Go on Charles,  
tell him what we've got.

CHARLES  
Actually, Jake, we don't really  
have anything. I think we just  
chased him on instinct.

JAKE  
What? He was in the victim's  
apartment! Heston, why were you  
in the victim's apartment?

HESTON  
Victim?

JAKE  
The murder victim!

HESTON  
Someone was killed? In my  
apartment?

JAKE  
No, someone was killed--I'm sorry,  
your apartment?

Jake looks at Charles. Charles shrugs.

CHARLES  
I mean, the Captain did say that  
the detective "bungled" the case.

JAKE

I thought that meant he--or she--messed up the arrest, not that he--or she--messed up the basic facts!

CHARLES

That does seem a little worse than "bungled," doesn't it? Oh, maybe "flounder!" It fits in with the meat theme.

HESTON

I like that. Flounder is a good word.

JAKE

You hush. Please, I mean. Since we technically couldn't have arrested you.

HESTON

Not a problem.

JAKE

(to Charles)

Though he is right, "flounder" is a neat word. Give me that file.

Charles hands over the file. Jake flips it open.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Let's find out who the detective was--oh no.

CHARLES

What is it? Who was it?

JAKE

(to Heston)

Will you excuse us for a second.

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Terry's house is pristine. However, the doorway separating the living room from the kitchen has caved in.

HOLT

Oh my.

TERRY

Yeah.

HOLT  
Okay. We can fix this.

TERRY  
You sure?

HOLT  
Of course. Anything can be fixed.  
But the real question we should be  
asking ourselves is-- can we  
improve it?

TERRY  
I don't follow.

HOLT  
Let this chaos and destruction be  
our canvas. So that from the  
broken bones of this doorway, we  
might bring forth a mighty...

Holt looks to Terry.

TERRY  
Chin-up bar?

HOLT  
Chin up-bar! The likes of which  
even the gods of Rome would envy.

TERRY  
Yeah. Yeah!

HOLT  
Yeah!

TERRY  
Let's make it...taller!

HOLT  
Yeah!

TERRY  
And...adjustable!

HOLT  
Yeah!

TERRY  
And with a yogurt holder!

Holt grabs his shoulders.

HOLT  
Brilliant!

INT. BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

Jake slams the folder onto Scully's desk. Charles is there too. Across from Scully, Hitchcock is halfway through a stack of two doughnuts.

JAKE

Dude, you were in the briefing.  
You didn't recognize your own  
case?

SCULLY

Of course I did. That deli has  
some of the best meat you'll ever  
put in your mouth.

JAKE

Can everyone stop saying that,  
please?

CHARLES

You wrote down the victim's  
address wrong.

SCULLY

Yeah, probably. That was before  
we went digital. A lot of stuff  
was wrong back then. And pens  
hurt my hands.

HITCHCOCK

Mine too.

SCULLY

And keyboards.

HITCHCOCK

Yeah!

JAKE

Can you just look through this  
please? See if anything else  
looks wrong?

Scully flips open the file. He scans the page surprisingly quickly.

SCULLY

Actually this is correct.

JAKE

What's that?

SCULLY

Yeah, I remember, because that craft burger place opened up right across the street from those apartments.

HITCHCOCK

Oh,

(German accent)

"Arte Bur-Gher?" I loved that place. 22 and 9th, right?

SCULLY

That's the one. And the suspect's apartment was near the taco stand across town.

JAKE

And you're sure?

SCULLY

Jake, please. I don't forget the street addresses of food.

Charles pushes Jake aside.

CHARLES

(testing him)

Oh really? Where's the crepe place that serves little bowls of ice cream with each meal?

SCULLY

Bay 16th, but that's a trick question, because it just got shut down for a health-code violation and is moving to 140 Monroe St.

CHARLES

Jake, he's right!

JAKE

Wow that is impressive and disgusting.

SCULLY

Thanks!

CHARLES

So what should we do now? We can't just let Heston go. What if he's the killer?

JAKE  
You're right. We need to review  
the facts, and fast. We're gonna  
need--  
(serious)  
--a paperwork montage!

CUT TO:

INT. RECORDS ROOM -- LATER

BEGIN MONTAGE

Jake and Charles flip through old records, take notes, and collaborate with each other. The scene is shot quickly and has music playing over it. However, it ends abruptly after only a few seconds as--

END MONTAGE

CHARLES  
Ow. Paper cut.

ACT TWO END

ACT THREE

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE -- LATER

Rosa and Amy strut into the Captain's office. Gina, slumped deep into the chair like a child, gives a royal wave.

GINA  
Speak, if it please you.

AMY  
Oh it'll please me--

Rosa elbows her.

AMY (CONT'D)  
--I mean, Captain Gina, we have a situation that we wanted to bring to your attention.

GINA  
Are we talking like a "Terry can't find his shirt" situation because I am all for that.

AMY  
No, he's at home, actually, and so is...Holt...

ROSA  
We told your dance troupe that you're in charge now.

Gina leaps up.

GINA  
You what!? What gave you the right? Do you have any idea how uncool power looks? Every night, I dance against authority. And now you've told them I'm in charge? Of the police?

ROSA  
Yep.

AMY  
Also they said they'd be here in ten minutes to congratulate you in person.



GINA

Gah! Are you trying to ruin me?  
They can't see me like this. I'm  
supposed to be the beautiful  
blooming flower, not the  
range-rover parked on top of it.

AMY

Oh she's getting poetic.

ROSA

Ha. Yeah.

Gina removes the hat and gestures with it.

GINA

Is this what you want, Amy? This  
symbol? This burden? Well it's  
yours. But be warned. It will  
destroy you like it has me.

Gina storms out, leaving the hat.

GINA (O.S.)

And it's too hot in there!

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- LATER

The doorway's rubble has been cleared. Fresh lumber and  
tools sit to the side. Terry and Holt crouch over a scrap  
roll of paper as if they're designing a blueprint. They  
sketch notes on it.

TERRY

You know, this just might work.

HOLT

Work? Ha! This baby will  
function!

TERRY

Alright! Let's do this!

Suddenly, CAGNEY and LACEY enter, dressed in Renaissance  
outfits.

CAGNEY

Daddy, can you help us?

LACEY

Yeah, please Daddy?

TERRY

Uh, not right now princesses.  
Captain Holt and I have to fix  
Daddy's mess so Mommy doesn't stay  
mad at him.

CAGNEY

But we need to find a prince so we  
can break the spell!

HOLT

A prince? Now why would you want  
a prince? I mean, I can  
understand the allure of financial  
stability, sure. But there's a  
downside to being royalty.

LACEY

Like what?

HOLT

Well, you have to clean your room.  
Every. Day.

CAGNEY AND LACEY

No!

HOLT

Exactly! Now if you want my  
opinion, I'd recommend you forget  
all about this prince business.  
Focus instead on--a ROTH IRA. Now  
that's financial stability you can  
count on. And no need to clean  
your room nearly as often.

CAGNEY

Okay!

The children exit.

TERRY

Wow, I had no idea you were great  
with kids.

HOLT

Yes. I find it helps if I manage  
them much the same way I manage  
Gina.

FLASHBACK -- HOLT'S OFFICE --EARLIER THAT DAY

GINA  
Hey Captain Holt, I printed out  
these flyers for my dance troupe.  
Do you mind if--

HOLT  
Fantastic work, Gina. I'll place  
it here on the refrigerator.

GINA  
When did you get a refrigerator?

RETURN TO SCENE

TERRY  
When did you get a refrigerator?

HOLT  
I stole it from the break room  
this morning. I had hoped it  
would alleviate some of the excess  
heat from my office but. It did  
not.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Jake and Charles charge into the room. Heston is calm,  
waiting.

JAKE  
Ha! You did murder him!

HESTON  
I still don't know who you're  
talking about.

JAKE  
The guy you murdered! Do I really  
need to get more specific?

CHARLES  
You're living in his house!

JAKE  
In 1994, you were being  
investigated in connection with a  
murder that took place at that  
nice apartment, while you lived  
across town.

CHARLES  
Near the taco stand.

JAKE

Near the taco stand. Thank you Charles. Scul--the detective couldn't pin you to the crime because he thought it was food related.

HESTON

What, me and some other fast food mascots?

JAKE

Right? So it's not just me?

HESTON

Get it all the time. It's cool.

JAKE

That's awesome. I mean, the fast food thing. Not the murder. You're definitely going to prison for that.

HESTON

Took you long enough. How'd you finally get it?

JAKE

Oh, just confessing right away, okay. Charles?

CHARLES

We have the personnel records. You weren't a customer at that deli, you were an employee. You knew how nice the victim's apartment was, probably because he wouldn't stop talking about it; but he wasn't going to give up his lease, so you followed him home, killed him, then applied for the apartment when it came available.

HESTON

With a discount, since someone died in it.

JAKE

Okay he's freaking me out now. I'm done, you done?

CHARLES

Yeah. Kinda want another Blonde Bombshell though.

HESTON  
Oh hey, I invented that sandwich.

CHARLES  
You take that back!

INT. TERRY'S HOUSE -- LATER

Holt and Terry relax on the couch, drinking chilled drinks. Behind them, the doorway has been rebuilt. There is a complex, mechanical chin-up bar around the doorway, with an adjustable height and reinforced supports.

SHARON (O.S.)  
What is that?

Pull back to reveal Sharon. Next to her, the twins are holding a book on retirement accounts.

TERRY  
Uh, hey baby. I cleaned up the mess I made.

SHARON  
And replaced it with what? A robot closet?

HOLT  
This, madam, is a masterpiece. It is a work of art, both practical and aesthetically pleasing. It is a sculpture dedicated to human power.

A beat.

TERRY  
It's a new chin-up bar. And look!

Terry adjusts the bar so it's above the doorway.

TERRY (CONT'D)  
It moves out of the way!

SHARON  
Huh. Well isn't that neat.

HOLT  
Neat? I--

Terry clears his throat.

HOLT (CONT'D)  
...was about to say the same  
thing. Neat. Yes. And might I  
add your hair is looking lovely  
today.

SHARON  
(not buying it)  
Mmhhh. And I assume you're the  
reason my babies are still awake,  
reading up on retirement accounts?

A beat.

HOLT  
I should go.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BULLPEN -- THE NEXT NIGHT

Things have returned to normal on the night shift. Captain Holt is in his office, and with the exception of Gina, everyone is at their desks.

AMY

So Jake, how did your "Clean-Cut Cool-Case" go?

JAKE

It's "Cold-Cuts Cold-Case," actually, but I appreciate the effort. It went well. Me and my boy Charles solved it. No big deal. Had a few laughs, put an old man in prison for murder. And if anyone needs a new apartment, I happen to know of one that's opening up soon.

AMY

Nice.

JAKE

How about you and your, oh, gosh I don't even remember what it was, something about interviewing some director or something.

AMY

Oh, you mean John Mcterman?

JAKE

It's McTiernan! Oh I see what you did there.

AMY

John was great.

JAKE

(jealous)

First-name basis, cool, cool.

AMY

Oh, and since he was there to sign some paperwork anyway...

Amy produces an epic piece of DieHard loot, signed by the director. Jake is nearly in tears.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Read what he wrote.

JAKE  
(reading)  
"To Jake Peralta: One DieHard  
fan."

AMY  
Diehard! Like the movie!

JAKE  
Amy, this is the single greatest  
thing you have ever accomplished.

AMY  
I mean, I did take down a drug  
kingpin onetime--

JAKE  
Nope, this is better.

AMY  
Okay.

JAKE  
I mean, this is your crowning  
achievement. Everything you do  
from here on is downhill. A pale  
shadow of this moment--

AMY  
Easy, Jake.

JAKE  
Got it, love you.

Holt walks out of his office, smiling.

TERRY  
How are you feeling sir?

HOLT  
Refreshed! At last, I have an  
office worthy of human occupation  
at a cool and refreshing 70  
degrees. This, is the hallmark of  
a thriving civilization.

AMY  
Good to have you back, sir.

HOLT  
Good to be back, Santiago.



Jake and Charles are confused.

JAKE  
Were you not here?

CHARLES  
(to Jake)  
What did we miss?

Gina enters, dragging the PICKPOCKET by his collar. He's a young man with a black eye, and he isn't putting up a fight.

GINA  
Attention everyone who isn't me.  
Gina is speaking, thank you.  
Yesterday was my last day on the  
job as your Captain, hold your  
applause.

JAKE  
Wait, you were what?

CHARLES  
We've missed so much.

GINA  
Shush. Unsurprisingly, that  
responsibility made me the person  
I am today. That job gave me a  
lot, so it's time I gave something  
back. Here's your pickpocket.

JAKE  
What?

AMY  
Gina what the hell?

TERRY  
Um.

Gina throws the Pickpocket to Jake.

HOLT  
Did you--

GINA  
Caught him in the act, yeah. Poor  
kid, he didn't realize these dance  
moves aren't just for show.

Gina does a couple of Chest Pops.

GINA (CONT'D)  
Anyway, he's yours now. Captain.  
I'm getting too old for this.

Gina exits.

ROSA  
Nice.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE