

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"Gigglepig Returns!"
Spec Episode

Written by
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04/18/2015

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CAST LIST

DET. JAKE PERALTA Andy Samberg
CPT. RAY HOLT Andre Braugher
SGT. TERRY JEFFORDS Terry Crews
DET. AMY SANTIAGO Melissa Fumero
DET. ROSA DIAZ Stephanie Beatriz
DET. CHARLES BOYLE Joe Lo Truglio
GINA LINETTI Chelsea Peretti
DET. HITCHCOCK Dirk Blocker
DET. SCULLY Joel McKinnon Miller
NICK
LANCE
CHESTER CURTIS

COLD OPEN

INT. BULLPEN - TERRY'S DESK - MORNING

JAKE gazes over TERRY'S shoulder as he carefully details a criminal sketch. A young victim (LANCE) sits with them.

TERRY

Must you hover, Jake?

JAKE

I'll stop hovering when you stop scaring off every sketch artist in New York.

TERRY

That woman was using a number two pencil! It had bite marks on it!

JAKE

What else can you tell us about the mugger, sir?

LANCE

Well, He had such wounded eyes.
And hands like a weathered sailor.

JAKE

That's wildly specific. How about--

TERRY

-Done. Is this the guy?

Terry turns the FINISHED SKETCH to reveal a gorgeous charcoal portrait of a rugged-looking perp. It's really good.

LANCE

Yaas! That's him!

Terry hands the sketch to Jake with a knowing smile.

JAKE

Chester Curtis. This'll give us more than enough to put him away.

LANCE

What? I don't want him put away.

TERRY

You don't want to press charges against the man who mugged you?

LANCE
Attempted to mug me.

Terry SNAPS his expensive pencil in half.

LANCE (CONT'D)
Chester and I had a moment in that
train station. I felt it.

JAKE
Is that why he ran from you?

TERRY
Why did you come here if not to
press charges?

LANCE
To file a missing person report. I
must find him. To tell him that he
doesn't need to be afraid. Of us.

TERRY
Get out.

LANCE
So you won't help me find him?

TERRY
Absolutely not!

Lance tightens up.

LANCE
Can I at least keep the drawing?

TERRY
Sure.

LANCE
Thank you both. He's really just
misunderstood. Like a sexy tornado.

Lance walks off, staring down at the face of Chester Curtis.

TERRY
Wait, I still have to sign it!

Terry takes off after the love-lorn Lance.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

CHARLES stands at the whiteboard, marker in hand as he adds to a meticulously drawn map of the NYC subway system. Jake, Terry, AMY, GINA, and SCULLY watch. HITCHCOCK is asleep.

CHARLES

The Subway Snatcher has now hit eighteen trains on six different lines.

AMY

How do you know it's the same guy?

CHARLES

Because every snatch is always exactly the same. His snatch of choice: *Rhythms by Ray* headphones.

GINA

One, stop saying "snatch." Two, those music-muffs are crazy hot right now. Anyone could be stealing them.

JAKE

How is "music-muffs" any better than saying snatch?

CHARLES

I've spent the last few weeks scrutinizing this guy's M.O., and I've noticed something.

GINA

That your hobby is boring?

CHARLES

Gina, this is my job.

GINA

Well then your job is pretty boring, am I right guys?

Gina turns to the room of detectives expecting a high-five. None share her sentiment, and all leave her hanging.

GINA (CONT'D)

Tough crowd.

ROSA storms in and makes for the whiteboard.

JAKE

Rosa's late! Everyone look! She's late! Rosa! Late!

Rosa wipes the board clean with her sleeve. Charles cringes.

ROSA

Boyle. Sit.

CHARLES

Yup.

Charles darts to his seat as Rosa aggressively scratches the word GIGGLEPIG across the board, then angrily THROWS her marker at the sleeping Hitchcock, waking him with a start.

JAKE

What about it? We busted Ruiz months ago; that pig is roasted!

CHARLES

Ooo, we should throw a luau party! Great idea, Jakey.

TERRY

There's been a string of possession busts around the city in the last few weeks. Seems like someone has a leftover supply of Gigglepig that they're unloading. Fast.

HITCHCOCK

Who's Gigglepig?

SCULLY

He's that funny cartoon horse. Pay attention.

Rosa throws a HANDFUL of markers at the two.

ROSA

Dave arrested another dealer this morning so I had to bring him in for questioning. Which is why I was late.

JAKE

You're saying his name wrong. It's pronounced: Butt-face Dave.

TERRY

Peralta, you can be Rosa's secondary on this one.

JAKE

I really wish I could, Sarge, but I already have way too many cases to case and papers to... paper.

TERRY

Too bad. Now I need someone to assist Charles with the Subway Snatcher.

AMY

I'll do it!

TERRY

Really?

CHARLES

Really?

AMY

Yeah, of course. A moniker like the "*Subway Snatcher*" needs the big gun action duo team of Santiago and Boyle!

JAKE

I'd watch that show.

TERRY

Any more open cases to discuss?

JAKE

About this Gigglepig assign--

TERRY

-Dismissed.

INT. BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Everyone filters back to their desks while Jake follows Rosa to the Holding Cell.

JAKE

When did *your* task force become *our* task force?

Rosa's PERP runs to the bars of the HOLDING CELL at the sight of her.

PERP

Hey! Come on, let me out of here! Those drugs weren't even mine!

ROSA

We literally found six bags inside your pants.

PERP

I wanna file molestation charges
against that Officer Ryser guy!

JAKE

Hey! That's Officer Butt-face
Ryser to you, scum--wait, Nick??

PERP/NICK

Jake?!

ROSA

You know this creep?

JAKE

Do I! We were best-buds back in
grade school.

INT. SCHOOL AIR VENT - FLASHBACK - 1998

YOUNG JAKE slowly crawls behind a YOUNG NICK through a large
metal air duct.

YOUNG JAKE

I really don't think we should be
up here, man.

YOUNG NICK

Quit being such a wuss. McClane
wasn't a wuss. Are you a wuss?

YOUNG JAKE

No! Yippee Kay-Yay, Mother--

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

NICK

I heard you became a cop, but I
never believed it!

JAKE

Well, that's cuz I'm not a cop, I'm
a detective! Boom!

Jake flashes his badge.

NICK

Look at you.

JAKE

Just like McClane.

NICK

Well... McClane was more a maverick antihero. Dig the tie tho.

JAKE

Alright. So what happened?

NICK

These guys asked me to deliver a package. I was just the drop guy, you know?

ROSA

He's lying.

NICK

I'm not! I swear, Jake. Think you could help me out of this?

JAKE

Maybe. Would you be able to identify the guys who hired you in a line-up?

NICK

Probably.

ROSA

No way, Jake. He's going to trial.

JAKE

He's not the bad guy. He's just--

ROSA

-Rude? Offensive? Guilty?

Gina storms over from her desk.

GINA

No way, do not let that animal out of its cage.

ROSA

You know him too?

GINA

Unfortunately, yes.

JAKE

She used to date him.

NICK

Gina?! Looking good, babe.

GINA
 He's a terror.
 (then)
 Jake, he's using you. Remember how
 much trouble he used to get you in?

JAKE
 What?! He never got me in trouble.

INT. SCHOOL AIR VENT - PREVIOUS FLASHBACK - CONTINUOUS

Young Jake and Young Nick are still crawling through the air duct. Nick flicks open a ZIPPO lighter - ala *John McClane*.

YOUNG JAKE
 Where'd you get a lighter??

A stern-looking ADMINISTRATOR type pops his head through a vent in front of the two, startling them both.

YOUNG JAKE (CONT'D)
 Principal Andrews... Fancy seeing
 you here.

YOUNG NICK
 (inhaling a deep breath)
 Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaammmmmmmnnnn...

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

NICK
 How about I give you their dealers
instead of me? And then they can
 lead you to the warehouse.

ROSA
 Explain.

NICK
 I just so happen to know where a
 major drop is supposed to go down.

ROSA
 How do you know that?

NICK
 Cuz I'm the guy who's supposed to
 be making it.

JAKE
 Great! So Nick'll make the drop,
 we'll bust the dealers, and then
 raid the warehouse! Sound good?

ROSA
It sounds like Doug Judy all over again.

NICK
You know Doug Judy? That dude is hilarious! Don't trust him though.

JAKE
Not helping, Nick!

NICK
Sorry. As you were.

Rosa stands unblinking between Jake and the jailed Nick.

NICK (CONT'D)
Is she okay?

JAKE
Shush! She's thinking.

GINA
Don't do it.

ROSA
Let's do it.

NICK
Yes!

GINA
And the countdown to 'I Told You So' has officially begun.

INT. BULLPEN - CHARLES' DESK

Amy excitedly approaches to find Charles with an open subway map and a stack of case files on the Subway Snatcher.

AMY
So what was it that you noticed about the *Subway Snatcher*?

CHARLES
I think he's onto me. He's been changing his pattern, but I -- wait, what are you up to?

AMY
What on earth do you mean?

CHARLES

Normally you actively avoid being
on cases with me.

AMY

Whaaaat? No I do not.

INT. BULLPEN - FLASHBACK

Terry exits Captain Holt's office.

TERRY

I need someone to accompany Boyle
on that bodega robbery in Bushwick.
Amy?

Amy DUMPS her freshly poured, piping-hot cup of coffee on
herself and writhes in pain.

AMY

Darn! I can't. I gotta run home
to change. And treat my third-
degree burns.

INT. BULLPEN - FLASHBACK

Terry moves towards Amy's desk with Charles. She's finishing
what looks like a massive and highly detailed report.

AMY

Finally finished!

TERRY

Santiago, can you help Charles with-

Amy quickly tosses the file into her trash can and flicks a
lit MATCH on top, setting the pristine report aflame.

AMY

Oh no... Now I have to start all
over. Definitely no time for
another case.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

Amy stands indignantly.

AMY

I just really want to... help
you... snatch the *Snatcher*!

CHARLES

I don't know... how to thank you!
Let's get to work, partner.

AMY

Yay.

INT. BULLPEN - HITCHCOCK'S DESK

Hitchcock frantically digs through his desk, tossing papers and old food wrappers everywhere.

HITCHCOCK

Where is it?!

SCULLY

It's gotta be here somewhere.

HITCHCOCK

Oh no...

He reaches into the trash can and removes a small TUPPERWARE CONTAINER.

SCULLY

Good God. Hitch, don't--

Hitchcock peels off the lid with trembling hands to find only crumbs and falls to his knees in utter despair.

HITCHCOCK

Nooooo!

The dramatic crescendo of "*Vesti la Giubba*" from Pagliacci plays as Hitchcock slowly lifts the empty container to the heavens.

SONG

*Ridi, Pagliaccio, sul tuo amore
infranto!*

HOLT

What the hell is going on out here?!

REVEAL: Scully stops singing as Holt moves towards them.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Both of you in my office. Now.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Scully and Hitchcock sit across from a stern-looking Holt.

HOLT

What is the reason behind that superfluous and inappropriate operatic performance?

SCULLY

There's been a tragedy, Sir. The song choice was appropriate.

HOLT

I'm waiting.

HITCHCOCK

You know how cops have a bad rap for loving donuts?

HOLT

I am aware of the stereotype.

HITCHCOCK

Well, I'm *the* cop, and that container held *the* donut.

HOLT

"*The* donut?"

INT. DONUT SHOP - FLASHBACK - 1970-SOMETHING

Despite the years, Hitchcock looks exactly the same as he stands in a standard Police uniform behind an ELDERLY WOMAN who's ordering donuts.

ELDERLY WOMAN

I'll take those last two chocolate-thingy ones, and... umm...

There's only one. Donut. Left. Hitchcock is sweating.

HITCHCOCK

(sotto)

Don't do it, lady.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Aww, what the heck, gimme that one too.

Hitchcock SCREAMS, removing his gun and aiming it at the COUNTER BOY.

HITCHCOCK
NYPD! Drop the donut!

The terrified young Counter Boy does as he's told and Hitchcock DIVES behind the counter to retrieve the soiled pastry from the floor.

COUNTER BOY
Wow, Cops *really* love donuts.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - BACK TO SCENE

Holt stares at Hitchcock. Stone-faced.

HITCHCOCK
I could never bring myself to eat it. It's become my legacy. My greatest contribution to the force.

HOLT
That is by far the most absurd and in no way possible story that I have ever heard. Indulge me, what exactly do you two do here?

HITCHCOCK
Detect...

SCULLY
... Crimes?

HOLT
I'm sorry, are you asking me?

HITCHCOCK
... Yes?

SCULLY
We got him right where we want him.

HOLT
I can assure you, you don't.

SCULLY
Don't worry, Sir, we'll find who did this.

HITCHCOCK
And destroy them.

SCULLY (CONT'D)
And Arrest them.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
And arrest them.

The two exit the office with a delusional air of bravado.

INT. JAKE'S MUSTANG - AFTERNOON

Jake sits in the driver's seat dressed like a drug dealer complete with a CROOKED CAP and BAGGY PANTS. Rosa rides up front with Nick leaning between the two from the back seat.

JAKE
Remember: my name is Dante
Hemstock, a recently paroled father
of twelve with no way out and an
addiction to danger.

NICK
Ooo, that's good. And I'm Frosty
Willy, a--

ROSA
-No. You're still you. You're
already a drug dealer.

NICK
Way to blow my cover, yo.

JAKE
Just make the drop, I.D. the
dealers, and give us the signal --

Jake and Nick both raise a hand to their mouths while letting out a birdlike "KA-CAW!"

JAKE (CONT'D)
-- And we'll be right behind you to
make the arrest.

NICK
Word dirty bird. Gimme the goods.

Jake hands over a massively wrapped bag of GIGGLEPIG.

NICK (CONT'D)
Damn, Jakey! Just out of
curiosity, can I still run faster
than you?

ROSA
That's it.

NICK
I'm joking! B-R-B, cutie.

Nick DARTS from the car.

JAKE
Isn't he the best?

ROSA
I hate him.

JAKE
Okay.

EXT. MUSTANG / CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Nick shoves the bag of drugs into his pants and assumes a phony gangster-trot as he approaches three SHADY CHARACTERS.

INT. JAKE'S MUSTANG - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Rosa wait.

ROSA
It smells like hot yoga in here.

JAKE
That's just Bruce.

ROSA
Do I even want to know who or *what* Bruce is?

JAKE
Probably not.

ROSA
What kind of trouble did you two used to get into?

JAKE
Oh, this is hilarious! One time, we got banned from Wonder Mountain for stealing key-chains!

ROSA
You stole key-chains?

JAKE
Well, no. Nick stole them. But I kept one, so...
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

And then in ninth grade we both got
two weeks' suspension for
vandalizing our school with our
dope tag-names!

(he thinks)

Well, Nick's dope tag-name...

ROSA

I'm sensing a trend.

Nick ducks back into the car and nervously glances around.

NICK

A'ight, we good. Let's roll, kids!

ROSA

What're you--What do you mean, "we
good??"

NICK

I dropped the Giggle.

Nick pulls out a stack of MONEY and shuffles a few bills to
the frozen Rosa.

NICK (CONT'D)

For you.

He fans out a few more for Jake but removes a bill before
handing it over and keeping the rest for himself.

NICK (CONT'D)

And for you.

ROSA

You actually sold it?!?

NICK

You said "make the drop and I.D.
the guys," I made the drop and one
guy looked like --

JAKE

-That wasn't the only part of the
plan! What about the signal?! Ka-
Caw! Ka-Caw!

Rosa glances around towards the Shady Characters.

ROSA

They're gone. There goes our bust.

Jake and Rosa turn back to Nick.

NICK
(inhaling a deep breath)
Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaammmmmmmmmnnnn...

ROSA
I want him dead.

She LUNGES toward Nick with fire in her eyes.

NICK
Help me, Jake!

INT. BULLPEN / HOLDING CELL - LATER

Rosa SLAMS the cell door shut on Nick.

NICK
Oh, come on! I'm claustrophobic!

JAKE
Is this really necessary? It was
an honest mistake.

Gina casually stops by on her way to her desk.

GINA
And... wait for it... here it is...
I told you so. That felt so good.

ROSA
We lost the suppliers AND --
(sotto)
-Put about a pound of Gigglepig
back on the street!

JAKE
It sounds really bad when you say
it like that.

NICK
I got nervous!

ROSA
On your trial, I'm going to
recommend the death penalty.

NICK
Does New York even have that still?

ROSA
It will. I never should have
trusted you.

NICK

What if *I* give you their warehouse?

JAKE

What? Why didn't you just bring us there in the first place?!

NICK

Cuz it could get me killed, bro!

ROSA

It's too late. I can't request a warrant to recover drugs that WE gave them.

NICK

If it doesn't work, I'll turn myself in.

ROSA

You're already in jail!

NICK

Why are you yelling?

JAKE

Nick will go in with a wire to confirm that the supply and dealers are inside. Then we'll call in the whole cavalry and put the final nail in this Gigglepig coffin.

NICK

Perfect! Wait, *I* gotta go in??
What about SWAT? Seal Team Six?

Rosa looks to the now terrified Nick and can't help but smile. It's scary.

INT. BULLPEN - HITCHCOCK'S DESK - LATER

Terry approaches to find Hitchcock at his desk, gloves on, glasses on, pen and paper in hand. Scully is busy DUSTING the entire area for fingerprints. It's a mess.

TERRY

What the *hell* are you two doing?

Hitchcock peels the glasses from his face like he's David Caruso in an episode of *CSI: Miami*.

HITCHCOCK

Getting... closer.

TERRY

To what? Unemployment? If the Captain sees this, he'll flip out.

SCULLY

We're looking for a male, five nine-ish, one-sixty-something, and Hispanic. No, Black. No... White.

Scully LICKS some of the powder from the desktop.

SCULLY (CONT'D)

Hispanic.

TERRY

What's wrong with you?

HITCHCOCK

Listen, the donut was kept in an aromatically sealed container precisely twenty-eight inches above the ground in my desk surrounded by-

Scully SNEEZES into his powder dish, blowing a cloud of white dust into Terry's face.

TERRY

Now I'm going to flip out! The only crime here was that you kept a stale donut in your desk for thirty years! Now, get back to work!

SCULLY

We are working.

TERRY

REAL work! And clean this mess up!

Terry storms off.

HITCHCOCK

You heard the Sergeant.
(ala David Caruso)
Let's... get to work.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Gina sits opposite Scully and Hitchcock.

HITCHCOCK

Where were you at ten thirty-four
AM on the morning of today?

GINA

At my desk, doing my job.
(off their looks)
Oh, I'm sorry, a job is something
that adults do to earn a living.

SCULLY

We know you did it! Confess!

HITCHCOCK

Where's the donut?! You ate it,
didn't you?

GINA

First off, eww, a donut? Second
off, eww, your lives are sad.

HITCHCOCK

Why don't we start from the
beginning, shall we?

SCULLY

Right. Where were you born?

Captain Holt enters. He's clearly not happy.

HOLT

Gina, get back to work.

GINA

With moderate pleasure.
(to Scully and Hitchcock)
It's been terrible.

Gina exits.

HOLT

I thought I told you two to drop
this confectionery charade.

HITCHCOCK

Sir, the culprit is still out
there. No one is safe.

HOLT

Enough. Your missing donut is of no significance to the force, your job, or its baseless yet crippling stereotype! Drop it. Now.

SCULLY

Hitch, is it just me, or does the Captain seem very eager for us to drop this case?

Hitchcock turns to Holt with narrowing eyes.

HITCHCOCK

Very good point, Detective.

HOLT

You think that I had something to do with this? It's absurd.

SCULLY

Is it?

HOLT

Yes.

HITCHCOCK

Is... it?

HOLT

Yes.

SCULLY

Why don't you have a seat?

HOLT

I refuse.

HITCHCOCK

An admission of guilt in itself!

Holt appraises the two detectives. Unmoving.

HOLT

Fine. I will answer your questions on the sole condition that you will both drop this and go back to doing whatever it is that you do here.

SCULLY

Deal.

Holt slowly lowers himself into the metal chair with an almost frightening level of confidence.

HOLT
Let's do this.

Hitchcock's smug smile melts from his face. Uh-Oh...

INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

Amy and Charles move into an empty train car.

Charles removes an INFLATABLE CUSHION from his PHANY-PACK and begins to blow it up.

AMY
What is that?

CHARLES
It's for my bum-bum. Do you have any idea how unforgiving these seats are on scar tissue?

He slips on a pair of blue RUBBER GLOVES.

AMY
Are those for your bum-bum too?

CHARLES
There're almost two hundred types of bacteria in this train car alone. Things happen down here that you can never un-see, Amy.

AMY
Whatever. So what's the plan?

CHARLES
You're gonna rock my sweet *Rhythms* by Ray phones and wait for the Snatcher to snatch. Once he makes his move, I'll be here to finally snatch the Snatcher!

Charles hands his obnoxiously oversized HEADPHONES to Amy.

AMY
Good plan. Good plan. But what if you wear the headphones and I stand by to make the arrest?

Amy attempts to hand the headphones back to Charles.

CHARLES
I don't think he'd be dumb enough to steal from someone like me.

We see the full picture of Boyle looking altogether ridiculous. Tube socks, phanny-pack, visor, rubber gloves.

AMY

OR is that exactly what the Subway Snatcher would do to throw you off his trail?

CHARLES

Oh my god, you're right! Okay, you take first watch.

AMY

Perfect.

The train pulls to a stop and the doors let in dozens of PEOPLE as Charles puts on the headphones and takes his position.

AMY (CONT'D)

And now we wait.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY IN BROOKLYN - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Jake's car sits under a street light.

INT. JAKE'S MUSTANG - CONTINUOUS

Nick leans forward between Jake and Rosa. He looks nauseous.

NICK

A'ight, where's my gun?

ROSA

Excuse me?

NICK

You can't expect me to go in there cold!

JAKE

No heat.

NICK

You're setting me up for failure.

ROSA

Just make sure you give us the code word once you get a visual on their supply, okay?

NICK

I got this. Wait, what's the code word again?

(quickly)

Kidding!

Nick jumps from the car and makes his way towards the warehouse by utilizing his phony gangster-trot.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Holt confidently leans back in his chair as the now hysterical Scully and Hitchcock wipe tears from their eyes.

HITCHCOCK

I have no idea if that's "*the*" donut!

SCULLY

How was I supposed to know she was a man?!

HOLT

That's enough. Now, for the life of me, I cannot figure out why you two are continuously under-performing. I pulled your records and was utterly shocked to find them... exemplary.

HITCHCOCK

Well, Scully scoops and I'm in charge of the water.

HOLT

I'm not referring to your admittedly magnificent coffee brewing skills. You're not bad detectives; you've just become lazy. Now consider this a final warning. Your donut is gone. Accept it, mourn it, move on, and get back to work.

They stare at Holt, utterly perplexed. He relents.

HOLT (CONT'D)

There is much coffee to brew, Detectives.

Scully and Hitchcock stand with that familiar air of bravado and exit.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

Amy and Charles are still waiting. Looking tired.

AMY

This is a waste of time. Are you sure this train line is his next target?

CHARLES

Absolutely.

AMY

Well, no one's gonna try to steal your headphones with you looking like that!

CHARLES

Why not? What's wrong with how I look?!

AMY

He's just gonna feel sorry for you and sit on the other side of the train like everyone else has.

CHARLES

Then let's switch. You be the bait, and I'll keep watch for the arrest.

AMY

No! I mean, no... thank you. Let's do one more lap. Yay for progress!

Charles looks to Amy with a growing suspicion.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Nick makes his way towards the back of the dark building, clearly nervous. He looks like he might even puke.

INT. JAKE'S MUSTANG - SAME TIME

Jake and Rosa wait.

ROSA

Why are you so willing to stick up for this guy? You don't even know him anymore.

JAKE

We both grew up without our dads.
His died, and mine ran off, and we
were there for each other. We
became brothers.

ROSA

He's not the kid you grew up with
anymore, Jake. He broke the law,
and he should have to answer for
his crime, not you.

JAKE

He's not one of the bad guys, Rosa.
He's just --

ROSA

-Naive? Impressionable? Dumb?

JAKE

I just want to help him. Despite
him getting me grounded. And
suspended. And always stealing my
crushes. Okay, I see your point.

ROSA

Wait. If he used to steal all of
your crushes... and he used to date
Gina... then does that mean --

JAKE

-No.

ROSA

You had a crush on Gina?!

JAKE

No way! Absolutely not!

ROSA

Hey, your secret's safe with me.

Jake's RADIO comes to life, cutting off his response.

NICK (V.O.)

Alright. I'm inside. Repeat: Hot
Pants is inside the building.

ROSA

What is he doing?

JAKE

Yeah, who named him "Hot Pants?"

ROSA
He's gonna get himself caught!

NICK (V.O.)
I'm moving towards the -- Oh, hey,
Marko. Hi. Hola. What's up?

JAKE
You're right, he's pretty dumb.

MARKO (V.O.)
What're you doing here, Nicky?

NICK (V.O.)
I was just hoping to buy back some
of that Giggle I dropped for you
earlier. You know, once you have a
little, am I right?!

MARKO (V.O.)
Oh, you mean the police-marked
Giggle you tried to bait my guys
with? Yeah, I had them dump that
in the Hudson. Which is exactly
where they're gonna dump you.

The unmistakable sound of multiple GUNS cocking is heard over
the radio.

NICK (V.O.)
(inhaling a deep breath)
Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaammmmmmmmmnnnn...

The radio cuts out.

ROSA
We're going in.

Rosa turns to Jake only to see him already moving towards the
Warehouse door. She can't help but smile. Adrenaline
beginning to pulse. Her drug. Her Gigglepig.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Game time.

Rosa CHARGES OUT OF THE CAR.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Jake and Rosa move through the warehouse on edge. Guns drawn. Flashlights cutting through the darkness.

JAKE

If things go south, I want you to know, I'm totally gonna haunt you from beyond the grave.

BANG! BANG! Shots are fired from somewhere to the right.

JAKE (CONT'D)

ROSA

NYPD! Get down!

NYPD! You're under arrest!

Rosa turns with lightning speed and lets off a shot that barely misses the shooter, a mean-looking WOMAN who lifts her gun and fires again. BANG! BANG! CLICK-CLICK.

JAKE (CONT'D)

She's out!

The Woman desperately THROWS her empty pistol at the approaching detectives and takes off down a long corridor.

ROSA

I got her! You go find Nick!

Rosa goes after her as Jake edges his way towards an open door. Peering inside, he finds Nick tied to a chair as MARKO struggles to force his feet into a bucket of wet cement.

NICK

Stop it, yo! These are new kicks!

MARKO

Quit squirming! The cement won't settle if you don't stay still!

NICK

Then why would I stay still??
You're not very good at this.

JAKE

Gotcha. Now I just need a plan.

Taking a moment to think, he spots a roll of DUCT TAPE on a nearby cart: the plan ala *Die Hard*.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yippee Kay-Yay, Mother--

THUG
-Drop the gun.

A second THUG puts the barrel of his gun against Jake's head.

JAKE
Or I could just drop my gun. Damn!

INT. BULLPEN - HITCHCOCK'S DESK - LATER

Scully and Hitchcock stand at the desk, boxing up their investigation. Terry approaches, seeing the many boxes.

TERRY
I hate to say it, but I warned you.

HITCHCOCK
We weren't fired. This is all the evidence we compiled on the donut case. It's already gone cold.

TERRY
All of that for a crusty old donut?

HITCHCOCK
Why you son of a--

Hitchcock LUNGES towards Terry, who stands unflinching. Scully grabs Hitchcock just in time. For *Hitchcock's* sake.

SCULLY
It's okay, big guy. Let's go brew up some Verona Dark Roast, kay?

The two walk off towards the break room, leaving Terry in disbelief.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - LATER

CHARLES
Alright, it's time to switch.

AMY
Bad idea! That guy's been scoping you out for the last ten stops. I think he's the *Snatcher*.

Charles looks over to see a filthy HOMELESS MAN fast asleep.

CHARLES
Enough already. What's going on here? Why are you doing this?

AMY

I... I want to arrest the *Subway Snatcher* before you.

Charles GASPS, grasping at his chest.

CHARLES

Saboteur! But why??

AMY

Captain Holt has so many amazing arrests on his record with aliases like the *Brooklyn Broiler*, *Disco Strangler*, *Karma Killer*. If I'm gonna make Captain one day, I need to make some notorious arrests too.

CHARLES

So you thought you'd just steal mine?

AMY

No one has cool names anymore! Who cares if I locked up *Brian the serial nudist*? I deserve this!

CHARLES

Perp nicknames don't matter, Amy. I may never make Captain, but at least I earned every arrest on my record. *That's* what matters.

The train pulls to a stop, and a HOODED MAN enters.

AMY

You're right. I'm sorry, Boyle.

CHARLES

I forgive you. Now take the headphones.

AMY

I... I can't do that.

CHARLES

Take my *Rhythms by Ray* headphones!

The Hooded Man moves past Charles and SNATCHES the headphones from his extended hand, darting down the platform.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

My *Rhythms by Ray* headphones!

AMY

The Subway Snatcher!

Charles and Amy bolt for the fleeing Snatcher only to get STUCK in the closing doors.

CHARLES
I'm stuck! Stop pushing!

AMY
Freeze! You're under arrest by
Detective Amy Santiago!

The Snatcher runs for the exit, which brings him face to face with Lance - from earlier.

LANCE
Oh, excuse me -- wait, Chester??

SUBWAY SNATCHER
You? No way. Back off, man!

The Subway Snatcher, aka: CHESTER CURTIS, turns and makes his way back towards the still trapped Charles and Amy.

AMY
Move, Boyle! He's getting away!

TRAIN CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
Please step inside the train!

CHARLES
But I want to step *outside* of the
train!

LANCE
Don't run from this New York moment!

CHESTER
Get away from me, weirdo!

The train doors finally open on Charles and Amy as Chester SLAMS into them, seeking refuge inside of the train car. Amy has the advantage and grabs Chester's arms, flipping him onto his stomach for the arrest she's been waiting for.

AMY
Subway Snatcher, you're --

Amy looks to Charles as he slowly gets to his feet. The look of disappointment on his face unmistakable.

AMY (CONT'D)
... You do it.

CHARLES
No. Let's *both* do it.

CHESTER

Whatever! Just get me away from
that guy!

The doors close, leaving Lance alone on the filthy platform.

LANCE

I'll wait for you!

INT. WAREHOUSE ROOM - LATER

Jake is now tied to a chair with his back to Nick's.

JAKE

Rosa was right about you.

NICK

What're you talking about?

JAKE

You've always been nothing but
trouble for me. And now this!

NICK

Shoot him, Marko!

MARKO

Yeah, he's right. You're more
trouble than you're worth for sure.

NICK

Shoot him, Jake!

JAKE

Are you serious? I'm tied up too!

NICK

What kind of detective doesn't have
a secret gun?

JAKE

A real one.

NICK

Where's Rosa at?

MARKO

Rosa? There's another cop here??

NICK

I think I'm gonna be sick.

MARKO

Andre! Go find her, you idioto!

ANDRE, the Thug, cocks his gun and exits the room.

NICK

Hey Jake, if we die here--

JAKE

-We're not gonna die.

MARKO

Well, you might.

NICK

If we do, I just want you to know... I'm sorry, man. About everything.

JAKE

I know.

NICK

No, I mean it, bro. I never should've... I just...

JAKE

I know, Nick.

Jake leans his head back to rest it against Nick's. A tender moment between old friends that's interrupted by the sounds of a heavy SCUFFLE just outside of the door.

MARKO

Andre? Is that you?

The door BURSTS open, allowing in Rosa, Terry, Hitchcock, Scully, and even Holt, all decked out in WAY too much gear.

ROSA

Nope! It's the cavalry!

Marko drops his gun and raises his hands. Game over.

INT. COP BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Jake lifts his glass to make a toast. Everyone is there.

JAKE

To Nick! For helping us put the final nail in the Gigglepig coffin!

HOLT

And let's not forget about Boyle
and Santiago taking down the Subway
Snatcher!

Everyone CHEERS.

ROSA

Jake used to have a crush on Gina!

JAKE

Are you serious?!

GINA

Eww, really? How incestuous. Yet
strangely flattering and completely
understandable.

Jake notices an uneasy look on Nick's face.

JAKE

You feeling okay?

NICK

My stomach's been off ever since I
was at your station. You guys have
some really crappy donuts there.

TERRY

We don't have donuts at the
station. Except for...

Hitchcock SLAMS Nick to the floor and quickly cuffs him.

HITCHCOCK

You have the right to remain
silent! Anything you say or do can
be whatever -- You're under arrest!

NICK

What? Why? Jake, help me!

JAKE

Alright Hitchcock, let's not--

Hitchcock turns to Jake with a fire in his eyes.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Nope, you're on your own this time.

END OF SHOW