

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"The Podcast"

by

Elizabeth Weidner

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COLD OPEN

EXT. FARM, UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

A farmhouse sits on a sunny, pastoral plot of land; pleasant and bucolic save for the police cars parked outside, uniformed officers and CSI walk around the building.

JAKE PERALTA stands in front of a pen filled with young piglets. He leans down and glares at them through the fence

JAKE
(a hardened detective)
Alright you non-kosher bastards.
Nothing you say or do is going to
stop me from doing my job--

A piglet steps up and sniffs at Jake's face through the fence.

JAKE
(gasp)
He kissed me!

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - SAME

The house is musty, grey and ramshackle, obvious blood splatter everywhere. There is little light, and ominous farm tools hang against a wall, brown with dried blood.

CSI photographs the scene; numbered evidence tags are scattered all around.

AMY SANTIAGO and CAPTAIN HOLT stand in the living room as a uniformed officer cuffs a cagey looking FARMER (50's, grizzled, 'overalls sans shirt' couture) and walks him out the door.

HOLT
Where is Peralta?

AMY
He went outside to look for
evidence.

FARMER
Ain't gonna find nothing out there,
done made sure of that. I done got
me the best disposal system in the
world...

The farmer's eyes go crazy. He's pushed out the door by the officer.

AMY
Creepy.

HOLT
Indeed.

EXT. FARM - SAME

Jake is now inside the pig pen, sitting on the ground snuggling with some piglets who are lying up against him, as well as a few large adult pigs nearby.

JAKE
You guys aren't so bad at all, are ya?

He scratches one of the pigs heads.

JAKE (CONT'D.)
You're just like stinky puppies, yes you are, yes you----

He stops. He sees something in the pen. Uh oh.

There's a hand with a watch half-buried in the mud.

A shoe with a gnarled ankle poking out sits near the trough.

A scrap of fabric hangs from one of the pigs mouths.

JAKE (CONT'D.)
Uh oh.

One of the piglets plays with a severed finger.

INT. THE FARMHOUSE - SAME

Captain Holt and Amy start heading towards the door when----

Offscreen Jake SCREAMS

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

Usual hustle and bustle.

Jake sits at his desk as ROSA DIAZ, frustrated but keeping it under wraps, escorts a woman to him.

It's LEAH KERN (late 30's, brown hair, unintentionally mousy), holding a bag with a cord and microphone. She points the mic at whoever speaks.

ROSA

Jake, meet Leah Kern. She was doing a piece on women in the policeforce for her podcast when someone stole her recording equipment from her home.

(pointed)

I thought it'd be good for her to see you and I work a case together amicably.

JAKE

Yeah, sure, but it looks like she's got some recording equipment in her hand-- and my face.

He frowns up at her. Rosa rolls her eyes.

LEAH

This is my travel studio. I'm using it as a backup. Tell me, are you always this combative with your female coworkers?

JAKE

I- uhh...

ROSA

Ms. Kern, he's a good detective. We'll find your equipment.

Leah brings the microphone up to her mouth.

LEAH

(narration)

I wanted to trust Detective Diaz--

ROSA

Umm. I can hear you--

LEAH (CONT'D.)
 She is a beautiful, competent woman, but seems enamoured with her coworker, a boy-man named Peralta

JAKE
 (scoffs)
 Boy-man? I'm clearly a man-man.

LEAH (CONT'D.)
 --and perhaps is even enamoured with the patriarchy that is in every facet of the building here in the halls of the ninety-ninth precinct--

She looks around the bullpen; sees pair of officers - one male, one female - chat pleasantly and drinking coffee.

LEAH (CONT'D.)
 From its uniformed officers--

She sees Terry smile at a picture of his daughters on his desk.

LEAH (CONT'D.)
 To the enforcers of a strict, antiquated code of conduct.

Terry looks up at Leah, Rosa and Jake.

TERRY
 Huh?

Leah looks further into Captain Holt's office.

Captain Holt fills out paperwork nonchallantly.

LEAH (CONT'D.)
 To the leaders wielding unimaginable power over every person here.

Jake and Rosa exchange a look. Leah smiles grimly at the scene around her.

JAKE
 Oh boy.

LEAH
 Yes. You hit the nail on the head.
 'Oh boy' is right.

INT. THE BREAKROOM - DAY

Amy Santiago sits at the table, head in her hands.

CHARLES

Ames, what's wrong? Is it Jake? Is he hurt? What are we still doing here? Let's go get the--

AMY

What? No. Jakes fine. I just-- I have to figure out what we're going to do for our date Friday.

CHARLES

That's easy. I already know the perfect date. A ghost tour of the Romanian District in Brooklyn, couples juggling lessons, dinner at Insect Emporium, a little romp in the records room, and then my signature jellied pig feet before bed.

Amy steps over to Charles. Sips her coffee.

AMY

Insect Emporium?

CHARLES

Yes. They make an entire meal from soup and starters to desserts with dishes using--

AMY

Insects?

CHARLES

Exactly.

AMY

That sounds nice.

(it does not.)

But I think I need something a little more 'Jake'. This date is important. Gotta pull out all the stops, you know?

CHARLES

I get it. If it were me, I'd say calls for jellied goat feet, definitely. Ooh! And a loaf of *drob!* Let me get you my recipe card--

AMY

Wait! No! Jellied nothing. This is the anniversary of the date Jake knew he wanted to marry me. April 28th. I pointed out a typo in my crossword puzzle and that's when he knew. It was the sweetest thing. I want to do something great and--

Charles slams a binder down on the table. Where it came from is a mystery. Did Charles run to his desk to get it, faster than a speeding bullet? Was it stored in the break room?

Amy gasps and picks it up, opens and starts to peruse. In large letters on the front it reads 'JAKE.'

CHARLES

I know exactly what has to happen. I've been preparing for this my whole life.

AMY

(enthralled)

You have a binder? You know how much I love binders! Oh, this has everything! Look at these tabs. God, it looks like you know more about Jake than--

Charles spins in his chair, holding a second binder, whereabouts as mysterious as the first, 'JAKE Vol. 2', smug, delighted.

CHARLES

(finishing her sentence)

--than you. Yes. You may love binders. But I love Jake. I was born for this.

INT. THE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Terry stands at the podium. Scully and Hitchcock sit in the front row. The mood; somber, mournful, pained.

TERRY

We all know what day it is.

SCULLY

I just didn't think it would come so soon.

HITCHCOCK

Can't we do something to postpone,

Sarge? This isn't right.

TERRY

We've done everything we can.
Higher ups are coming down on me
hard. We can't put this off any
longer.

Terry opens a box and pulls out two pairs of NYPD
sweatpants.

TERRY

I'm going to do everything I can to
make this as easy as possible. I
even got you some new sweats.

HITCHCOCK

You think a new pair of sweatpants
will make up for torturing your two
best detectives?

TERRY

(annoyed)

That's enough. Everyone else has to
do this. It's not torture. It's
annual, and you haven't done it in
seven years.

HITCHCOCK

Because it's an affront to god and
all the angels and America.

TERRY

Guys, relax. I know you're dreading
this, but it's just the fitness
test.

Scully and Hitchcock scoff.

SCULLY

Don't even speak its name, fascist.

TERRY

You really can't call me a fascist.
Besides, you don't even know what
it means.

SCULLY

Oh sure. That's the kind of
propaganda a dictator leading an
autocratic government with severe
economic and social regimentation
would spew.

TERRY
(stunned)
Wha--

EXT. LEAH'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

A normal middle-class apartment complex. No signs of a break-in.

Jake and Rosa step up to the apartment and press the buzzer.

ROSA
Thanks for doing this, man. She was getting on my last nerve.

JAKE
No problem. How'd you even meet her anyway?

ROSA
I liked her other podcast, 'Sequential.' When she said she was doing something on the police force I got in touch. If I knew it was going to be like this, I never would've bothered.

The door opens with a loud buzz and the two of them walk up.

INT. APARTMENT HALL - SAME

Jake and Rosa head down the hall, looking at apartment numbers.

JAKE
What did you think she'd be like?

ROSA
Less biased? I don't know. She's been twisting around everything I've been saying. At least with you there I don't feel quite so dumb.

Rosa finds the door and knocks on it.

JAKE
Gee, thanks. Why does everyone think I'm dumb?

ROSA
It's not your fault. It's endearing. Between all the crap you

let Doug Judy pull, your abysmal of self-preservation skills and complete lack of common sense it's pretty clear. I like you, but there's no denying that you're dumb.

JAKE

That doesn't seem fair.

ROSA

It's not like you're not smart or a good detective. It's like moon phases; you go smart and then you go dumb. It's cyclical. Right now, you're in a dumb phase.

JAKE

I am not. Name one example of me being dumb recently.

ROSA

Yesterday, you were trying to eat soup with a fork.

The door opens.

JAKE

I was getting the chunks! There were chunks, Rosa!

Leah stands with her microphone in hand, outfitted with special equipment to hear long-range. She's recorded their entire conversation.

LEAH

(narrating)

At the door was New York's finest, Detective Jake Peralta, the new subject of the podcast.

JAKE

Oh come on!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Leah's apartment decor screams minimalism by pinterest; trendy, impersonal.

The one exception; a small sound booth in one corner with soundproof paneling, a glass window, and conspicuously absent of any equipment or computers.

Leah does not record this interaction.

LEAH

That's is where I do all my editing and recording. The equipment was all in there.

ROSA

And how much would you say the stolen equipment cost?

LEAH

About \$13,000.

JAKE

I'll take a look.

Rosa and Leah move through the apartment, leaving Jake behind to examine the booth. Jake steps in.

He knocks aside a small doorstop.

The door clicks closed behind him. It's locked.

INT. THE SOUNDBOOTH - SAME

Jake knocks on the window to get Rosa's attention.

JAKE

Guys? Guys? Crap.
(shouts)
Hello!

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Any noise Jake makes is completely muted. He waves his arms, knocks on the windows.

Rosa is filling out a notepad with Leah's information about the theft.

ROSA

Do you have any enemies? Anyone who wouldn't want you to have your equipment maybe, or sensitive information?

LEAH

Oh yes, lots. I run a crime podcast, so criminals are part of the gig.

Jake bangs on the window, obviously yelling but unheard.

ROSA

Anyone specific?

INT. THE SOUNDBOOTH - SAME

Jake pulls out his phone.

JAKE

'No service'? Come on!

He looks around. There's nothing; a few sheets of paper, cords that used to connect to the computer, a chair.

Jake's eyes light up.

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Rosa and Leah still go over details.

ROSA

And what time did you get back home?

In the background, Jake stands on the chair, trying to pull the glass window down from the top

LEAH

Maybe 7? 7:30? I came in but immediately went on a walk with Mike.

ROSA

Mike?

On the couch sits Mike, an elderly shitzu, more pillow than dog.

ROSA (CONT'D.)

Ah. Mike. And you didn't notice anything out of the ordinary then?

LEAH

No. I didn't notice anything. But I don't remember actively looking at my booth, you know? It could've happened before I got home, or when I was walking the dog.

INT. THE SOUNDBOOTH - SAME

Jake hops down from the chair, frustrated.

JAKE

Damn it.

He starts to dig through the few small drawers in the booth in hopes that there's a key.

A few more papers, a LETTER.

Jake picks it up and reads it;

JAKE

(reading)

Dear Ms. Kern, We at New York Public Radio would like to offer you the position of Editor in Cheif of our podcast department--

He snaps a picture of it and puts it back.

JAKE (CONT'D.)

Doesn't matter what I find if I die in here.

He looks at the chair once more.

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - SAME

Leah gestures towards the kitchen.

LEAH

Would you like some iced tea?

ROSA

I'm alright, thanks. We've got most of what we need. If you could send us a list of any people who might be holding a grudge against you

that'd be great.

LEAH

Alright.

They start moving back towards the entry.

ROSA

And if you could call your producer and arrange a time when we can go look there to interview some of your coworkers.

LEAH

Yes, I can do that right now.

ROSA

Thank you.

LEAH

You know, I was a little worried about this; Detective Peralta seems a little iffy, but you're being so thorough.

ROSA

I appreciate that. We take this very seriously--

They step around the corner, just in time to see Jake HEAVE the chair at the glass of the soundbooth window. It bounces back and knocks him in the head; he collapses to the ground behind the window.

Rosa and Leah stare.

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - DAY

The cutesy French restaurant is serving brunch. Fairly empty on a weekday, but a few diners sit scattered around the room, drinking mimosas and chatting quietly.

Among them, Amy and Charles consult the binder.

CHARLES

Now, the first thing you should know is that Jake, while lacking in culinary expertise, appreciates the value of a breakfast dish that is both savory and sweet.

AMY

So, something like pancakes with a

side of sausage?

CHARLES

Oh no. If you would turn your attention to item number three under 'specialties'.

AMY

A cranberry sausage croque monsieur? That doesn't sound like him at all.

CHARLES

Trust me, that's what he'll order.

Amy stares skeptically.

Charles waves at the waitress to come take their order with a big smile.

INT. PUBLIC RADIO PODCASTS (PRP) OFFICES - DAY

Rosa and Jake head into the PRP offices. It's minimal, but open concept; paper and computer equipment clutter some desks. A bevy of bicycles stand in one corner.

Employees mill about and work, overserious and trendy.

WALTER LARSON (50's, bearded, long grey hair in a ponytail, a button with a tiny logo is on his chest), comes forward to greet them.

WALTER

You must be the detectives, I'm Walt, I'm Leah's executive producer.

ROSA

Good to meet you. We just need to ask you and some of Leah's coworkers some questions, if that's alright.

WALTER

Oh sure. Let me set you up in one of our conference rooms. We'll give you the ones with the good balls.

JAKE

Balls?

WALTER

(smug, sighs)

Leah was right about you.

JAKE

What?

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A basic, smallish conference room. On a bulletin board there's schedules and assignments, and a few political bumper stickers.

Recording equipment sits on a nearby table. Biographies line the bookshelf.

Around the center table are a few large exercise balls.

JAKE

Ah. Balls.

WALTER

Yes. They're good for your core,
and these are biodegradable...

(knowingly)

For obvious reasons.

JAKE

What reasons?

Walter wags his finger happily at Jake.

WALTER

Ho ho. Leah was right on the money
with you.

ROSA

We'd like to get started.

WALTER

Of course. If it's alright, we'd
like to have some equipment
recording in here as well.

ROSA

That's fine.

JAKE

Is it?

ROSA

We're not taking official
statements. It shouldn't be an
issue.

WALTER

Great!

JAKE

What are you going to do with the recordings?

Walter laughs again, gives Jake a goodnatured punch on the shoulder as he walks out.

WALTER

Wow. When Leah gets it, she really gets it!

JAKE

Gets what?

EXT. THE NYPD TRAINING TRACK - DAY

The training area is filled with numbered obstacles; a climbing wall, a set of stairs, a rope-pull, a running course delineated with cones, a rescue manequin and ending in a firing range.

Terry stands outside with Scully and Hitcock, clipboard in hand. It's a bright sunny day. Scully and Hithcock sweat profusely.

TERRY

How are you sweating? It's only 62°.

HITCHCOCK

We don't usually go directly under the sun. We prefer shade; like a fern.

TERRY

Whatever.

SCULLY

Don't whatever us. We have very sensitive systems. Like ferns.

Terry rolls his eyes and goes over his clipboard.

TERRY

Not even going to ask. Okay.
(reading)

'The NYPD Job Standard test is a timed event, comprised of six stations, and must be completed in four minutes and twenty-eight

seconds.'

SCULLY
Four and half minutes?!

TERRY
It won't take you that long.

SCULLY
That much physical activity should
be illegal.

TERRY
Oh boy...

INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

Jake walks towards his desk, cup of coffee in hand from the breakroom, nods to Captain Holt who is walking towards his office, when Rosa PULLS him out of the room.

JAKE
Hey! What--

He has barely enough time to pass Holt his coffee before he's gone.

Captain Holt sniffs the coffee. Looks around, proceeds to drink it and go into his office.

INT. THE RECORDS ROOM - SAME

Rosa pressed Jake against the file shelf.

ROSA
I know I said I feel less dumb with
you around, but did you have to be
that dumb?

JAKE
What are you talking about?

ROSA
Leah's heard everything we said in
that conference room and in the
interviews. Add that to that dumb
stuff you pulled at her apartment,
and she's got more than enough for
her podcast all about you.

JAKE
What?

Rosa pulls out her phone, turns up the volume. Leah narrates from the podcast app. Dramatic music plays in the background.

LEAH (O.S.)

New York's finest may not be so fine. I took a deep look into one detective's life to see if he was really up to the job of protecting and serving, or if his pale skin and cisgendered male status was protecting and serving him.

JAKE

Uh oh...

Rosa rolls her eyes. Jake frowns at the phone in her hand.

LEAH (O.S.)

Detective Jake Peralta. His broken home, and low IQ didn't stop him from ascending the ranks suspiciously fast. NYPD, you're showing your hand. I'm Leah Kern, and this is 'Patriarchy in Blue'.

Rosa turns the podcast off, fiddles with her phone.

JAKE

Okay, that sounds bad. But we can just ask her to stop at least until the investigation is over, right? Besides, it's not like they have that much bad stuff on me.

ROSA

You don't think so?

She skips forwards, plays a few choice Jake quotes for him to hear--

INT. THE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Jake and Rosa finish interviewing a secretary at PRP. Jake bounces on the exercise ball.

ROSA

Thank you for your time.

The secretary leaves.

JAKE

Hey Rosa, how high do you think I

can--

He CRASHES into the bulletin board.

INT. LEAH'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jake holds a bag of frozen vegetables to his head post-soundbooth lockup.

JAKE

I don't suppose there's anyway you can forget that I nearly concussed myself with a chair after getting locked up in your sound place.

INT. WALTER'S OFFICE - DAY

A small room, a signed picture of Terry Gross hangs on the wall. Rosa nods, and heads out the room to interview someone else.

JAKE

Alright, I think we got everything we need. Rosa's just going to finish up. Thank you again for arranging this, Mr. Larson.

WALTER

Oh no, call me Walter.

He stands up and gestures Jake to come closer.

WALTER (CONT'D.)

You know, you're quite charming.

JAKE

(smug)

Why thank you. I like to think so.

WALTER

Say, are you interested at all in swinging,

(low, sultry)

If you know what I mean?

JAKE

Well, it's been a while; they took out the set at my local park so haven't had a chance to pump the old legs,

(winks, oblivious)

If you know what I mean!

Walter sighs. Pats Jake on the cheek.

WALTER
You are delightful.

INT. THE RECORDS ROOM - SAME

Jake scoffs as Rosa skips through other parts of the podcast.

JAKE
Okay, the first two are
unfortunate, but what's wrong with
swinging on a swingset? Am I what?
Too immature?

Rosa sighs, leaves the room in a huff.

JAKE (CONT'D.)
What? What is it? Rosa?

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

Charles walks Amy up to a spot in the park. The sun is bright, people are sitting on the grass, walking and biking along the paths.

Charles waves to an unseen person, and after a moment, a white carriage pulled by two white horses glides towards them.

AMY
Okay, no, this is so dumb. Jake
would never go for something like
this?

Charles holds out his hand and helps Amy into the carriage.

JAKE
Perhaps not your Jake, but the Jake
I know - Binder Jake - would very,
very much go for something like
this.

They start riding, taking in the scenery. Charles pulls out a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

AMY
Nope. I know this one. Jake doesn't
like champagne before 7--

CHARLES
7 o'clock, yes, obviously. But this
isn't champagne.

He passes Amy the bottle.

AMY
Sparkling cider?

CHARLES
It reminds him of his mother.

AMY
How could you possibly know that?
How do I know you're not just
making this up?

Charles smirks and pulls out one of the binders from his
bag.

CHARLES
If you consult chapter two section
eight, subsection B, you will find
your answer.

AMY
(murmuring)
Chapter two... Section eight...
Subsection A - 'things that remind
Jake of his mom pre-concussion on
sophomore field trip to
Washington', and subsection B -
things that remind Jake of his mom
POST-concussion on sophomore field
trip to Washington'.
(beat)
Oh mama...

CHARLES
That's Mrs. Peralta to you. But she
lets me call her Karen.

AMY
(horrified)
Who ARE you?

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Rosa and Jake sit at Rosa's desk. A few officers nearby give
Jake a grim look. One of them stares at Jake, shaking her
head.

JAKE

Ugh, god, there's no way they could've heard the podcast already.

ROSA

It's out in the open. You're just going to have to go through life as if everyone's heard it.

JAKE

Okay, fine. Let's just find this recording equipment and then get as far away from podcasts as possible. We just have to--

Captain Holt steps into the bullpen.

CAPTAIN HOLT

Diaz, Peralta, my office!

INT. CAPTAIN HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain Holt is bringing up Leah's podcast website on his computer.

Jake and Rosa walk in and sit down.

JAKE

Sir, I can explain--

CAPTAIN HOLT

Explain what exactly? Sabataging the reputation of the precinct with this 'Patriarchy in Blue'? I was tweeted about it multiple times. Tweeted.

JAKE

I had heard of it, yes.

ROSA

Jake is one million percent responsible for it.

JAKE

Hey--

CAPTAIN HOLT

Yes, I assumed as much.

JAKE

That's not entirely fair.

CAPTAIN HOLT

The problem is that this podcast is not only reflecting poorly on Detective Peralta, but on the precinct itself. You need to figure out what happened to Ms. Kern's missing equipment and cease all contact. She cannot do an entire series if she does not see you after you've finished.

JAKE

An entire series? What kind of stuff could she use to fill an entire series.

ROSA

Your relationship with your mother, relationship with your father, relationships in grammar school, relationships in high school--

CAPTAIN HOLT

Your time in prison, your time in witness protection in Florida, your marriage to Sergeant Santiago, the numerous times you have been utterly bamboozled by Doug Judy--

ROSA

Relationships in college, relationships in the force, your relationship with a DA--

CAPTAIN HOLT

That time you--

JAKE

Okay, I get it, I get it. Fine.

CAPTAIN HOLT

So, you do realize what is at stake here?

JAKE

Yeah. Well, let's just find out who took Kern's stuff, and then I will run away to another country where they don't listen to podcasts.

ROSA

Yeah, but we're short on leads.

CAPTAIN HOLT
You interviewed all applicable parties?

ROSA
Yeah, nothing's sticking.

JAKE
And we can rule out something like insurance fraud, on Leah's part. She's super successful; I saw a letter with a job offering from a place called New York Public Radio.

CAPTAIN HOLT
NYPR? That is the biggest radio programming group on the eastern seaboard.

ROSA
Jake, that's not just a job offering, that's the big times.

CAPTIAN HOLT
See, look.

He opens a new page on his computer which reads, 'New York Public Radio; the biggest radio programming group on the eastern seaboard'.

JAKE
Wow, you were right on the money with that description.

CAPTAIN HOLT
Did she not mention this to you directly?

JAKE
No. And none of the interviewees said anything about it either. She must be keeping it on the down low.

He looks at the website again.

JAKE (CONT'D.)
Wait. I've seen that logo before.
(stands, revelation!)
I know who stole the equipment. I'm not dumb!

He rushes out the door, trips on his chair. Hops up and keeps going.

ROSA

Wow.

JAKE

God, that was terrible timing.

EXT. NYPD TRAINING TRACK - DAY

Scully and Hitchcock kneel at the starting line, focused, determined, grim.

Time slows.

Terry waves a handkerchief and the course begins. Scully and Hitchcock run dramatically towards the first obstacle. The music swells.

They jump up to the six foot barrier, strain to get over it.

In real time, Terry watches them struggle to get their feet over the barrier. Winces.

They stand panting. Slow motion again.

HITCHCOCK

Now the stairs! Come on!

They scale the stair-Everest three times.

The small stair set creaks ominously beneath them as they waddle back and forth. Squeek-squeek into the open air.

Next, the rope-pull resistance test test.

They both glare down their respective pullies.

SCULLY

Let's do this. Come on, come on!

HITCHCOCK

Come on, Norm. Show those bastards who's in charge.

SCULLY

Can't. Let. The. Fascists. Win!

They SCREAM as they pull the 35lb resistance bands, eyes wild.

Other officers in the area stare.

A 600 foot run. It's Chariots of Fire. Still screaming.

The victim rescue; they drag the mannequin across the ground; a la the beaches at Normandy. Still screaming, and at this point, wheezing.

The Trigger Pull; pulling a trigger fifteen times while holding a gun within a metal ring; first dominant hand then non-dominant.

TERRY

Alright guys! Almost done.

Each pull of the trigger is brutal. Their arms shake.

But then. Done.

They drop the guns, collapse to the ground. Hug on the ground, sweaty and weird.

Everyone else stares.

SCULLY

We did it, man.

HITCHCOCK

I love you.

SCULLY

I love you too.

Terry rolls his eyes and walks away.

TERRY

Terry does not get paid enough.

EXT. A STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Jake and Rosa step up to a numbered unit with the STORAGE MANAGER who starts to open it with his keys.

STORAGE MANAGER

Okay, Walter Larson, unit 47.

JAKE

Thank you.

ROSA

What makes you so sure?

JAKE

Walter was wearing a pin with the NYPR logo on it when we interviewed him. He has to be the one to have stolen the equipment.

ROSA

Why?

JAKE

We'll find out when we take his statement.

The storage unit door slides up revealing;
Kink related paraphenalia AND the recording equipment.

JAKE (CONT'D.)

Oh god. I was right. But at what cost?

He sees a hanging adult swing-set in one corner.

JAKE (CONT'D.)

Oh no. Is that what he meant by swingers?

ROSA

No, Jake.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CAPTAIN HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Rosa and Jake debrief Captain Holt and Leah. Leah is holding a gift basket.

JAKE

So it turns out Walter Larson both stole the equipment from Leah's home and was convincing her to ruin my reputation on her podcast so the people at New York Public Radio would rescind their offer to her due to slander.

LEAH

Which is a big no-no in the podcasting world.

ROSA

It's actually a big no-no everywhere.

JAKE

Larson is currently in custody and has lawyered up but we've got the equipment in his storage locker and some incriminating emails.

CAPTAIN HOLT

Well, I am glad we were able to clear it up.

LEAH

Thank you again. This is for you two.

She passes the gift basket to Jake.

LEAH (CONT'D.)

It's not much. Just more of an "I'm sorry I called you dumb on a podcast" gift.

JAKE

Don't worry. I'm dumb in phases. Like the moon.

LEAH

I did finish another episode though. You may want to take a

listen.

JAKE
Yeah, sure will.

Leah nods and heads out. When Jake is sure she's gone--

JAKE (CONT'D.)
It will be a cold day in hell if I
ever listen to another podcast
episode.

ROSA
Hey now, don't knock it. Podcasts
are fun.

CAPTAIN HOLT
I am surprised that you are a fan
of them, Detective Diaz. They do
not seem quite your style.

ROSA
I contain multitudes.

JAKE
I am sorry you didn't get to be the
subject of her show though. I know
you liked her.

ROSA
Yeah, whatever. I saw how the
sausage was made, so I think I'm
good.

She pulls out her phone. Opens the podcast app.

ROSA (CONT'D.)
Want to hear what she said?

JAKE
Might as well.

Rosa clicks through and the podcast starts; a musical
introduction and then Leah's voice.

LEAH (O.S.)
You know, I said that Jake Peralta
was dumb. But I was wrong. He's
actually a very good detective--

JAKE
(glee)
I love podcasts.

INT. THE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Terry stands at the podium while Scully and Hitchcock sit, wearing the NYPD sweatpants, grinning and sweaty and gross.

TERRY

So you passed your physical. I've got you all up to date on your certs.

HITCHCOCK

Now we won't have to do it again for another seven years.

TERRY

Or one year? It's an annual test.

SCULLY

Says you. We've only taken it five times now.

TERRY

You've been detectives here since the eighties.

SCULLY

Exactly.

HITCHCOCK

Look around. We're the oldest guys here. Everyone else who's taken it annually has retired out, they've got bad knees and bad backs and we're sitting pretty in our new sweats feeling fine.

TERRY

Seriously?

SCULLY

Oh yeah, baby. Your fascist system ain't got nothing on good old, American street smarts.

TERRY

Why do you keep bringing up fascism?

SCULLY

I started listening to a podcast about it. I think I've got the idea of it pretty well understood.

TERRY

Maybe you should keep listening.

SCULLY

You're probably right. I'll let you know what I learn.

TERRY

You do that.

INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

Amy and Charles are walking over to the clump of desks. Charles holds the binders, and Amy has her notebook out.

AMY

Okay, what's next? What else do I need to know about Jake?

CHARLES

Well, there's one thing that Jake loves more than anything else.

AMY

Die Hard? Pizza? Pizza shaped like Nakatomi Plaza from Die Hard?

CHARLES

Nope.

He reaches for a picture on the desk. It's Jake and Amy being extremely cute.

CHARLES (CONT'D.)

It's you. So you're going to end your date by going back to your place and cuddling and concieving a child in your womb so I can fulfil my role as that baby's godfather.

AMY

Aw. That was really nice until it was really creepy.

CHARLES

Yes. That is usually how it goes with me. Anyway. Here.

(he hands her the binders)

You can have these. I know how much you love binders.

AMY

Thanks. I'll take good care of
them.

CHARLES

Considering all the information I
have on you, that's wise.

He wallks off.

AMY

Charles? What? Charles!

END ACT THREE

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TAG

INT. FRENCH RESTAURANT - DAY

Jake and Amy sips their drinks, ready for someone to take their order. Jake is decked out in merch from Leah's podcast - a hat, a shirt, a pin.

JAKE

God, I'm still not over how cool that carriage ride was. Like, it feels faster when you're actually in it, you know? And there's that whole "I'm better than you because I'm emulating royalty" aspect!

AMY

I'm so glad. I wasn't sure.

JAKE

No, it was super cool. And I liked having the sparkling cider instead of champagne. You know, cider kind of reminds me of my mom. It's weird.

AMY

(strained)

It just felt like a good guess.

She looks around, and sees a handful of waitresses glaring at her and Jake.

JAKE

Honey, you alright?

AMY

Yeah, fine. The waitresses are giving me weird looks.

JAKE

Should I talk to them? See what's up?

A waitress walks up to take their order.

WAITRESS

(disdain)

What can I get for you?

JAKE

Woah now. What's with the 'tude?

WAITRESS

Look, Charles is a good guy. We're all really upset that you would just come here with someone else and play with his heart like that. I think you should leave.

JAKE

What? Charles?

AMY

I'll explain later. We should go.

WAITRESS

Yeah. You should.

They get up and leave the restaurant while the waitresses continue to glare, along with some of the other patrons, and the hostess.

EXT. FRENCH RESTAURANT SIDEWALK - SAME

Jake and Amy zip up their coats and start walking down the sidewalk.

JAKE

Well that was super weird.

AMY

Yeah, I'm sorry. We can find somewhere else to eat.

JAKE

It's alright. How about we head back home and order in?

AMY

Alright. Sounds good.

Jake wraps an arm around Amy's shoulders.

JAKE

Kind of a shame. I was really looking forward to that cranberry-sausage croque monsieur. It sounded super bomb. What were you going to order?

AMY

(under breath)
He was RIGHT!

END