

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"Desk Duty"

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**TEASER**

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A prototypical bad guy hide out-- dank, dark, dirty. Crates stacked high to the ceiling. Shadows everywhere, hiding... anything.

JAKE, dressed in tactical gear, sneaks a peak around one of the crates, then ducks back out of sight. He's super excited to be here.

JAKE

This is awesome.

REVEAL AMY, tense in her NYPD vest, gun drawn, standing right next to him.

AMY

No, it's not. Not even a little bit.

JAKE

C'mon! Late night raid, dark warehouse, bad guy could be anywhere?

AMY

Those are all reasons it's not awesome. Am I supposed to argue your side, now?

JAKE

Psh. Boyle, this is awesome, right?

REVEAL CHARLES, also in tac gear, next to Amy, gun ready.

CHARLES

I hate to disagree with you, Jake, but the last time I was in a place like this, I got shot in the butt.

JAKE

Yeah, awesomely.

Amy and Charles exchange a dubious look. Jake looks past them.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Rosa, you're with me.

And ROSA is last in line. Her gun is also drawn, covering their backsides. She looks incredibly badass in her body armor.

ROSA

No, I'm not. There's a difference between being badass and being flippant.

JAKE

Is there?

Behind her, we can see more uniformed cops in body armor darting to and fro outside.

TERRY (O.C.)

(over the walkie)

Quit your yammering and fan out!

Jake starts to speak, but Amy puts a finger up to her lips in a shushing gesture. She taps her earpiece, as if to say, "Terry just told you to shut up."

She points at Jake, then down the row of crates, then points at her eyes, taps her own chest, and waves her hand in front of her face.

JAKE

I don't know what any of that means. Do you want me to steal third?

Amy sighs, repeats the gestures one by one--

AMY

You go down that way and look around. I will cover you.

JAKE

That could have been clearer.

AMY

It could not possibly have been.

CHARLES

It was pretty clear.

ROSA

Crystal.

TERRY (O.C.)

I just heard her vest rustling and I knew what she meant.

Amy nudges Jake, and he takes off down the row. He rounds a corner, and spots--

A THUG in cargo pants and a tank top, carrying a sawed-off shotgun. Jake raises his weapon.

JAKE

FREEZE!

As the Thug whirls around, everything goes into SLOW MOTION. The sound DROPS OUT.

Jake aims down sights. The Thug raises his shotgun.

Jake wraps his finger around the trigger...

The Thug glares with murderous intent...

Jake FIRES!

The shotgun GOES OFF.

The others run to Jake, terrified.

Jake turns towards them, still in SLOW MOTION. There's something in his wide-eyed expression...

Fear?

Remorse?

Blood lust?

And then he smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Who wants to high-five me first?

AMY

Oh my God, are you okay?

JAKE

I'm fine! I got him in the--

THUG (O.C.)

My leg! [bleep]! You shot me in my [bleep]ing leg!

ROSA

Nice. Non-lethal, but still painful.

THUG

[bleeeeeeeeeeeep]!

JAKE

Oh, wow, that's a lot of blood. We should probably do something about that.

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

The entire squad of detectives and uniforms gather around to applaud Jake. He walks triumphantly through the room, receiving high-fives from everyone...

Hitchcock and Scully throw candy and shredded paper--

CHARLES

Ooh, candy! It's like a parade!

Jake comes face-to-face with Captain HOLT.

JAKE

Ah, the inevitable, but still very much appreciated, praise from my mentor and father figure!

Holt holds out his hand.

HOLT

Your badge and gun, please.

Off Jake's confusion--

**END OF COLD OPEN.**

**ACT ONE**INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake stands in front of Holt's desk, hands on his hips.

JAKE  
This is bullcrap, captain!

HOLT  
This is standard procedure,  
detective. We do this by the book.

Terry sets a MASSIVE book of regulations on his desk.

JAKE  
Wait, there's an actual book?

Holt flips it open to the relevant page.

HOLT  
Thank you, Terry.  
(reads from the book)  
"In the case of any officer-  
involved shooting, the officer  
shall be assigned only duties that  
can be performed from within the  
precinct headquarters, until such  
time as the Internal Affairs Bureau  
and a Citizen Review Board..."

Jake SNORES loudly, mouth agape, swaying gently on his feet.

HOLT (CONT'D)  
Are you implying, by your facetious  
snore, that the regulation manual  
is boring?

Jake doesn't respond.

TERRY  
I think he's actually asleep. He  
crashed after the adrenaline high.

He taps Jake on the chest. Jake tips over backwards onto the couch with a THWUMP, startling him awake.

JAKE  
Huh? Wha-?  
(sees Holt)  
This is bullcrap, captain!

HOLT

Get some sleep. You're on desk duty  
for at least a week.

EXT. 99TH PRECINCT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

CHYRON: 8:07AM

JAKE (PRE-LAP)

I am so boooooored!

INT. BULLPEN - MORNING

Jake spins around in his chair, staring at the ceiling, while  
the rest of the squad settles in for the day.

TERRY

You've been here for three minutes.

Holt, in the doorway to his office, checks his watch.

HOLT

Which means you were... four  
minutes late.

JAKE

Oooh, four minutes late for what?  
Desk duty.

CHARLES

Heh, "doody."

JAKE

Real mature, Charles.

ROSA

If you'd shot the perp in the face  
instead of the leg, you could be on  
administrative leave at home,  
instead of desk duty.

JAKE

Heh, "doody."

Charles shoots him a look. Jake shrugs.

HOLT

This isn't a punishment, Peralta.  
It's just a way to give Internal  
Affairs Bureau time to investigate.

TERRY

And they'll clear you, don't worry.

JAKE

I'm not worried. Why would I be worried? I'm bored!

HOLT

If you're bored, why don't you write up the report on last night's raid?

JAKE

Because I'm trying to get un-bored. Besides, Charles always writes my reports.

The others turn to Charles.

CHARLES

He used to just ask me to proof read them, but that was actually harder than writing them myself.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY - FLASHBACK

Jake throws a piece of paper on Charles's desk.

JAKE

Check that for me, would you?

The report, crinkled and covered in food crumbs, looks to be written in crayon.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

JAKE

See? Let Charles write it.

TERRY

He can't.

(crosses to Charles)

Found a body under the Brooklyn Bridge. Boyle's up.

He hands a note to Charles, who gathers his things as he reads the details.

JAKE

Ooh! Can I come?

CHARLES

You hate floaters.

JAKE

Even that is better than my job.

HOLT

Sit down. Boyle, take Diaz with you.

ROSA

(smiles like a weirdo)

I hope it's all bloated and gross.

As Charles and Rosa leave--

JAKE

Fine, I'll write the stupid report.

(looks at his keyboard)

Hey! My keyboard's busted! The keys are all out of order. Who puts Q next to W?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

Amy stands at the podium, doling out assignments to a room full of patrolmen--

AMY

Mike and Ian? I need you down on 23rd. There's been some car break-ins this week, and the neighborhood council is requesting an increased police presence to...

She realizes that MIKE and IAN (two rookie, meathead patrolmen) are whispering to each other, and pointing to Jake at his desk in the bullpen.

AMY (CONT'D)

AHEM.

MIKE

Oh, sorry, sarge. I was just telling Ian how awesome Detective Peralta was during the raid.

IAN

How awesome was he?

MIKE

Very awesome!

They high five. Amy crosses her arms, unimpressed.

AMY

Would you rather watch Jake all morning than do real police work?

MIKE

Can we?

Off Amy's glare--

EXT. 99TH PRECINCT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

CHYRON: 10:37AM

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Amy helps Mike and Ian book a suspect.

Charles and Rosa return. He looks horrified; she's excited. Jake looks up from his desk, desperate for anything interesting--

JAKE

How was the floater?

CHARLES

It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen. It must've been there for weeks.

AMY

(to Rosa)

That bad?

ROSA

(smiling)

It was the most disgusting thing I've ever seen! It must've been there for weeks!

CHARLES

(to Jake)

Did you finish your report?

HOLT (O.C.)

I'll say.

Holt enters, flipping through a ream of single-spaced pages.

HOLT (CONT'D)

This is the longest report you've ever written, Peralta.

JAKE

Yeah, well--

HOLT

It might be the longest police report anyone has ever written.

JAKE

Well, now you're just exag--

HOLT

It begins with the phrase...  
(flips to the front)  
"Call me Ishmael."

JAKE

I thought a literary allusion would give it some gravitas.

Amy raises an eyebrow.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(defensive)

Yeah, I read Moby Dick...  
(off Amy's skepticism)  
... 's Cliff's Notes.

AMY

(sighs)

And the world makes sense again.

JAKE

(to Holt)

You wanted a thorough report, I wrote a thorough report. What now?

HOLT

You'll have to occupy yourself while I...  
(flips through the pages)  
...process this.

Holt returns to his office.

TERRY

Your desk is a mess. You should take this time to finally clean it up.

CHARLES

I wouldn't mind a little more room.

He pushes some of Jake's mess off his desk back onto Jake's.

JAKE

What? No. What kind of detective has a clean desk?

AMY

I have a clean desk!

JAKE

Yes, exactly. Thank you.

TERRY

Either clean up your desk, or re-organize the records room.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - SAME TIME

HITCHCOCK and SCULLY opening and closing drawers, seemingly at random.

HITCHCOCK

Where would I find the Meyers case file?

SCULLY

Check the drawer marked Q thru Orange.

Hitchcock pulls open a drawer, and a BAT flies out! They scream like little girls.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

JAKE

Fine! I'll clean my desk. Amy, you're a nerd. You'll help me, right?

AMY

Sorry, Jake. I've got my hands full keeping my patrolmen on task, instead of hero-worshiping you.

Mike is holding an autograph book while Jake signs it.

JAKE

(under his breath)

..I...K...E...

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(looks up at Amy)  
What do you mean?

ROSA  
Jake, they love you a little too much.

CHARLES  
There's no such thing.  
(hands Jake an autograph book)  
Boyle is spelled with a "Y."

JAKE  
I know!

AMY  
Rosa, will you help me?

ROSA  
Sure, I love kicking rookies' asses.

AMY  
That's not what I--

Rosa GROWLS at Mike. He recoils fearfully.

AMY (CONT'D)  
On the other hand, maybe ass-kicking is what they need.

She and Amy herd the patrolmen out.

TERRY  
Boyle, get back to your case, so Jake can clean his desk.

JAKE  
Amy, wait! Where's the... desk cleaner? That's a thing, right?

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

CHYRON: 11:56AM

Amy returns, carrying a manila folder, which she drops on Terry's desk. Terry flips through it.

TERRY  
This is great, Amy. The new recruits are really falling into line.

AMY

I can't take all the credit.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - SAME TIME

Mike and Ian are doing push-ups. Rosa sits on Mike's back, her feet up on Ian's, reading a book.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

AMY

I should've asked for Rosa's help way sooner.

(pauses, sniffs)

Do I smell pine?

Jake gestures proudly at his perfectly neat and clean desk.

AMY (CONT'D)

I'm impressed! You cleaned your desk.

CHARLES

And mine.

TERRY

He cleaned the whole squad's.

Hitchcock, at his desk, points at his now-shiny, bald head.

HITCHCOCK

He even polished my head.

Scully, behind him, leans over and waves at his reflection.

AMY

Yeah, well, my desk was already...

She puts her palm on the desk, and melts with pleasure.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's somehow even cleaner.

JAKE

What can I say? I'm the best best at everything, if I just focus. Hey, is it twelve?

Jake jumps up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

LUNCH!

TERRY

Jake, you're still--

JAKE

On desk duty, I know. But I can leave my desk for lunch, right?

TERRY

I guess, but--

JAKE

Great! You guys sit tight. Lunch is on me!

He runs to the stairs, vaults the banister (clicking his heels as he does so), and disappears down the stairwell.

ROSA

The last time he bought lunch for the entire squad, he got one six-inch sub for everyone to share.

CHARLES

It was from a chain restaurant. Two thirds of an inch was more than enough for this palette.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

CHYRON: 1:15PM

Charles holds his stomach, looking miserable.

CHARLES

I am so hungry. I haven't eaten anything since that blueberry compote en cocotte.

JAKE (O.C.)

Who's hungry!

Jake enters, lugging several bags of take-out.

CHARLES

I just said--

JAKE

And you stepped on my entrance. But I accept your apology.

He passes the food out to each of the squad--

JAKE (CONT'D)

I got everyone's favorite food. A Hawaiian slice for Rosa. A plate of lasagna for Hitchcock, with plenty for Scully to mooch.

SCULLY

Thanks!

JAKE

Whey protein for sarge...

He hands over one of those giant jugs of protein powder. Terry looks at the other defensively.

TERRY

It really is my favorite.

JAKE

Chicken noodle soup for Amy, naturally the most boring selection.

AMY

It's not boring! It's practical!

JAKE

Which is another word for boring. And for Charles, venison quinoa wraps in satay sauce.

CHARLES

All this time, I thought you weren't listening when I told you about quality quinoa.

JAKE

I was totally listening. Don't confuse not listening with not caring.

(looks around)

Hey, where's Captain Holt? His unbuttered toast and dry salad are getting cold.

ROSA

(eating)

He's in the interrogation room with I.A.B.

JAKE

What? They're here? Why didn't you tell me?

ROSA

My mouth was full.

JAKE

This is why I should always feed  
you last.

The door to the interrogation room opens, revealing HOLT.

HOLT

Ah, Peralta, you're back. I thought  
I smelled dry lettuce.

LT. MILLER of Internal Affairs steps out from behind Holt. He  
sees everyone eating the food Jake brought.

MILLER

Jake Peralta. You didn't bring me  
lunch? Good. I wouldn't want to  
think you were trying to bribe  
and/or poison me.

JAKE

At least one of those hadn't  
crossed my mind.

MILLER

Ready to tell your side of the  
story?

By Jake's wide-eyed expression, we can tell he's not.

JAKE

Call me Ishmael?

**END ACT ONE**

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

Jake sits across from Lt. Miller.

JAKE

So this is how you're going to take down the great Jake Peralta. Gonna pin me with a bad shooting.

MILLER

No, actually. It looks to be totally clear.

JAKE

Really?

MILLER

Yup. This is just a formality, as far as I'm concerned. Why? Are you worried?

JAKE

Me? Worried? Pfft! What would I be worried about?

INT. BULLPEN - EARLIER

As Miller walks to the interrogation room, Jake whips around to Amy--

JAKE

I am so worried he's going to find something wrong and kick me off the force and throw me in jail.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

MILLER

You'll be fine. Assuming Mr. Spencer survives.

JAKE

Who-? Oh, right, the guy I shot. Wait, he might not survive?!

MILLER

You shot him in the leg, gave him first aid, and got him to the hospital in plenty of time. That's why I'm assuming he'll survive.

JAKE

That has got to be the worst way you could have phrased that.

MILLER

Are you worried about him?

JAKE

What? No! He deserved worse than getting plugged in the leg.

MILLER

Why didn't you shoot him in the chest? He was pretty close.

JAKE

I don't know. You ever shoot anyone?

MILLER

Not yet.

JAKE

Also very poor choice of words.

MILLER

Okay, just to get everything in the report, I'm going to ask you and your colleagues about the assault on the warehouse.

JAKE

Fire away!

MILLER

Was that bad phrasing?

JAKE

Not when you do it on purpose. So, we got this tip that a known gun runner--

MILLER

Anthony Spencer?

CUT TO:

Rosa is now sitting in the interviewee spot, answering Miller's question--

ROSA  
Tough Tony, yeah. Dumb name.

MILLER  
Why did you bring so many officers  
for one suspect?

CUT TO:

Now Amy is in the hot seat.

AMY  
Um, did you hear the part where  
he's a gun runner? We didn't know  
how many guns and what kinds he  
had.  
(proudly)  
Also, I just got promoted to  
sergeant, so it was really easy to  
get my squad in on the raid.

MILLER  
And why was Detective Peralta  
taking point?

CUT TO:

Charles is excited to give his report.

CHARLES  
Because he's awesome!

MILLER  
"Awesome?"

CUT TO:

Mike, in uniform, is even *more* excited.

MIKE  
Yeah! Totally awesome!

MILLER  
You want me to write "because he's  
awesome" in an official police  
report, which will be reviewed by  
your superior officers and a  
civilian oversight board?

MIKE

What did Detective Boyle say?

CUT TO:

CHARLES

Absolutely write that down!

MILLER

After the shooting, what was detective Peralta's emotional state?

CUT TO:

Finally, Terry takes a seat.

TERRY

He seemed... gleeful.

MILLER

Gleeful?

TERRY

To be fair, he does everything gleefully.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Jake and Terry pee at neighboring urinals. Jake shakes his hips while whistling a jaunty tune.

Terry turns to give him a bemused look.

JAKE

What?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

We cut freely from one interviewee to the next--

MILLER

Did he say anything after the shooting?

MIKE

Something badass.

MILLER

What, specifically?

AMY

That. He literally said, "something badass."

Miller cocks an eyebrow.

JAKE

I couldn't think of anything.

MILLER

And who administered the first aid?

ROSA

Jake.

CHARLES

Jake.

AMY

Jake.

MIKE

Detective Peralta.

TERRY

Jake.

HITCHCOCK

I don't know. I wasn't there.

MILLER

Why are you here?

HITCHCOCK

Scully told me you wanted to interview me.

MILLER

I didn't want to interview him, either!

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Rosa marches back and forth like a commanding general, listening carefully to the men recounting their interviews--

IAN

...and I told him I didn't like talking to Scully, either.

Amy watches from the back, enjoying the show.

ROSA

Did he ask you anything else?

IAN

Just if I had anything to add.

ROSA

And did you?

IAN

I said no, ma'am.

(off Rosa's confusion)

I said "No, sir." ...Ma'am? I  
didn't say anything to the sir,  
ma'am.

ROSA

You sure use a lot of words to not  
say anything.

Ian opens his mouth to reply, but Mike shakes his head.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But you were on the right track.

(to everyone)

We call that the "Blue Wall of  
Silence."

Amy suddenly sits up, can't quite believe her ears.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Never rat on a fellow officer, even  
if you know he didn't do anything.

AMY

Wait, what?

She jumps up, heads to the front of the room.

ROSA

I know Jake didn't do anything, but  
IAB are pieces of crap. They'll  
twist your words around and--

AMY

No, no, no! She's kidding,  
everyone! Tell them you're kidding,  
Rosa.

ROSA

What, you want me to tell them IAB  
are just like real police?

AMY

Yes!

ROSA

Why?

AMY

Because they are!

They stare down for a second.

AMY (CONT'D)

Okay, you know what? Get out.

ROSA

What?

AMY

Thank you for your help, Rosa, but you're done, now.

Rosa glares at her, then steps out. Amy turns to her men--

AMY (CONT'D)

You have to respect IAB, and more importantly, the truth. Internal Affairs Bureau is what makes us different from a gang. Jake didn't do anything wrong, and I'm glad you told Miller that, but if you ever encounter a bad cop, I expect you to treat him like any other criminal and bust his ass!

She's getting real worked up, now.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're my squad, so do me proud!  
Get out there and CATCH SOME  
CROOKS!

The men whoop and holler as they stampede out of the room.

After they clear out, Rosa steps in and leans against the door jam, smiling.

AMY (CONT'D)

What are you smiling at?

ROSA

You, getting them all riled up.

AMY

You're not mad at me for calling you out in front of everyone?

ROSA

The men needed to see you in charge, not me.

AMY

You didn't believe all that Blue Wall of Silence stuff?

ROSA

No, dummy.

She punches Amy on the shoulder.

ROSA (CONT'D)

But I knew you really wouldn't let me get away with telling rookies that.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Miller passes a report folder over to Holt.

MILLER

Everything seems to be in order. I'll pass a copy of this to the civilian oversight board, and he'll be back on duty in no time.

HOLT

Good. He tries to hide it with his immature shenanigans, but Jake was worried all day.

MILLER

He didn't need to be. He did everything right.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Amy and Rosa hang out by Terry's desk.

TERRY

Terry thinks you both did great today. It's not easy being a new sergeant.

AMY

It was a tough day, but  
everything's worked out.

Holt and Miller emerge from his office.

HOLT

Yes, everyone acquitted themselves  
admirably. And Lt. Miller has just  
informed me that Jake should be  
back on duty shortly.

WHOLE SQUAD

HURRAY!

The whole squad, except... Jake?

CHARLES

Hey, where is Jake?

Everyone glances around uncomfortably. They hear soft  
SOBBING.

Amy approaches Jake's desk, and squats down to peek  
underneath. Jake is curled up in a fetal position, sobbing.

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

CHYRON: 9:00 AM

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

A quiet room with soft lighting. Bookshelves line the wall, some filled with books, some with knickknacks. The furniture is comfy and inviting: a couple of chairs and a couch.

The PSYCHIATRIST (50's, pleasant and plump in a flower dress) leads Jake into the room. She's carrying a pen and yellow notepad.

Jake looks around, considering.

JAKE

This is like a psych test, right?  
If I sit on the chair, it means I'm  
depressed, but if I lay on the  
couch, I hate my mother. Well,  
let's get something straight right  
now: I do not hate my mother.

(beat)

I hate my dad.

He considers a moment, then sits in the chair.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So how does this work? Do I just  
talk for an hour, while you take  
notes and go "Mmm. Mmmhmm. Mmmm?"

She jots a note.

JAKE (CONT'D)

No! Don't write that down! Can I  
just sit here for an hour, and  
you'll sign my sheet?

She shrugs, waving her hand-- *whatever you like*.

Jake nods definitively. He braces himself for the silence.

EXT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY - ESTABLISHING

CHYRON: 9:01 AM

JAKE (PRE-LAP)  
Okay, you win!

INT. PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake throws up his hands. Dr. Rosen remains placid.

JAKE  
It's too quiet. I'll talk. What should we talk about? Not the shooting, because I'm fine with that. Lt. Miller's fine with it. Everyone's fine with it. Why should we talk about that?

He stares out the window.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I'm only here because it's department regs. You shoot a perp, you see a psych. Why do they do that? I guess some people can't take that kind of...  
(searches for the word)  
Awesomeness! I shot a bad guy! And it was awesome! Some people can't handle being awesome like me.

He holds up his hands to Dr. Rosen.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I know that sounds crass. But what I say in here stays here, right? Doctor-patient confidentiality? I'm not dumb, I know how some people see cops. But I'm not trigger happy. The guy was a dirt bag. He was smuggling guns or booze or... possibly condoms? The crates said "magnum" on the side. Ooh! Maybe ice cream bars. Those are awesome, too! But it doesn't matter, 'cause he had his shotgun out, and he was going to shoot me, or my friends. It was completely justified.

He stands up, getting a better angle out the window. (We don't actually see what he's looking at, though.)

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I wonder where that guy's going? He looks like he's up to something.  
(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

You gotta scan your surroundings, when you're a cop. Situational awareness. Like when I said the guy had a shotgun? I saw that. I was totally justified in shooting him. I.A.B. cleared me. Lt. Miller called it a "righteous shooting," which is a bit old-school, if you ask me. I think "awesome shooting" sounds better.

Points down in the street.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I don't know if I could shoot that guy. I mean, he's not holding a gun, so there's that. But he looks like a nice guy. I don't think I'd like shooting him. Spencer looked like a jerk. I felt awesome shooting him. Is that weird to say?

He turns away from the window, meanders over to the knickknacks shelf. He picks up a tiny figurine.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Okay, fine, I don't feel "awesome" or whatever. But it's not like I'm shaking or anything.

He sets the figurine down. It taps a little, in his shaking hand.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I'm not- That's not me shaking. I'm just thinking of a song. Tapping out the beats. Do-d'do0 dooo. Lots of people do it.

Jake ponders a moment/tries to come up with a lie.

JAKE (CONT'D)

It's Shoot to Thrill. You know, AC/DC? In five-four time. Yeah, I can tell I'm not fooling you. It's the theme from *Halloween*. No, it's not! I'm not scared. Who's scared? You're scared.

He throws the figurine at the psychiatrist. It smashes on the wall behind her. She doesn't even flinch; she's seen this before.

JAKE (CONT'D)

No, I'm not! I'm not. Maybe a little. Maybe. Okay, yes. But I shot him first! There's nothing to be scared of, right?

He looks at his hand.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Then why is my hand still shaking?

He crosses to the couch, lies down.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Why can't I sleep? How come every time I close my eyes, I see the guy with his finger on the trigger, and this time, I freeze? But I didn't freeze. This time, I didn't freeze. What about next time? This is part of my job! I'm going to see a bad guy with a gun, and if I freeze, he'll shoot me! Or Amy! Or anyone on the squad. I don't think I'll freeze. But I don't know! I don't have all the answers!

He pauses, taking a breath.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I don't want to be in that situation again. But I can't guarantee that. I'm a cop! Danger is my middle name. Actually, Sherlock is my middle name. I had it legally changed. But Sherlock gets into shoot outs, too. I assume.

He crosses and uncrosses his legs, trying to get comfortable.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I don't feel bad about shooting a smuggler in the leg when he was going to shoot me. But I don't know if I can do it next time. The only way there can not be a next time is if I'm...

(dawns on him)

Not a cop.

He rubs his temples.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I mean, that's out of the question, right? What kind of guy has "Sherlock" for a middle name and is not a detective? I could be a private investigator, but I still might get threatened with a gun. Magnum P.I. does. It's really a shame how much of my knowledge of the world comes from TV. The only other jobs I know about are doctor and lawyer. I'm pretty sure you have to type with more than just your pointer fingers to do those jobs.

He sits up, folding his hands on his knees.

JAKE (CONT'D)

That's not the point. I'm a cop. I've only ever wanted to be a cop. If I'm not a cop, what am I?

He looks up at the psychiatrist. She sets her pencil down and regards him.

PSYCHIATRIST

Whatever you want to be.

Jake jumps.

JAKE

Oh, my god, I forgot you were there!

(then)

But you have given me a lot to think about.

**END ACT III**

**ACT IV**EXT. 99TH PRECINCT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

CHYRON: 11:15 AM

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Terry, Amy, Hitchcock, and Scully are working at their desks. Rosa and Charles come up the stairs.

CHARLES

Is Jake back, yet?

TERRY

Terry hasn't seen him.

CHARLES

His appointment was finished over an hour ago! He should be here by now!

AMY

Maybe the psychiatrist gave him something to think about. For instance, why do you know Jake's appointment schedule?

CHARLES

I handle his calendar. Jake's a popular guy.

SCULLY

Wait, Jake's gone?

HITCHCOCK

Yeah, dummy! He's been gone for months!

TERRY

Jake was here yesterday! He bought you guys lunch.

HITCHCOCK

Oh, yeah. I was thinking of Gina. I always get those two confused.

SCULLY

They do look a lot alike.

The elevator dings, and Jake steps off the elevator.

CHARLES

Jake, are you okay? I've been worried!

JAKE

What are you worried about? It's not like I'm going to make a drastic life decision after meeting with a psychiatrist for one hour. Amy, can we talk in private?

Off Amy's surprised look--

OMITTED

Jake lets Amy in, then shuts the door behind them. She leans against the table; he stays by the door.

AMY

How was your appointment?

JAKE

Good. Good good good. Can't believe we talked for a whole hour.

AMY

I can. You once spent ninety minutes explaining to me why "Now I have a machine gun" is the funniest line ever written.

JAKE

"Ho ho ho, now I have a machine gun!" You can't forget the ho ho ho!

AMY

Jake, we were in line for a ride at Disneyworld.

JAKE

Well, Disney bought Fox, so...

AMY

Is this why you wanted to talk to me in private?

Jake exhales, unsure what to say for once.

AMY (CONT'D)

Listen, you don't have to tell me anything you said in there. That's between you and your doctor.

JAKE

No, it's not that. I was just worried... that you'd be worried I was talking to a psychiatrist.

AMY

You had to. It's regulations. And you know how I feel about regulations.

He finally comes over to her, gives her a kiss.

JAKE

I know. But I talked to her about what was going on, instead of you. And you're my wife.

AMY

I am your wife, and I love you. But you needed to talk to a professional. You were curled up under your desk and sobbing like...

JAKE

Like John McClane pulling glass out of his feet?

AMY

Sure. I'm here as your wife, not as your doctor. If you need more time on desk duty to process what happened, that's okay with me.

JAKE

Heh, "doody."  
(resets)  
Okay, sorry. I do want to talk about *Die Hard*.

AMY

If you're not going to be serious...

She goes for the door, but he intercepts her.

JAKE

No, I am. Really. Just listen. The first *Die Hard* is so great, they should've just stopped making movies after that.

AMY

Yeah. There are, what, five of them?

JAKE

No, I mean, movies generally.  
What's the point? See, it's  
possible to be so good, there's no  
reason in continuing on.

AMY

Jake, what are you saying?

JAKE

What if I wasn't a detective  
anymore?

AMY

What would you do? That's all  
you've ever wanted to be.

JAKE

I wouldn't give up on the force. I  
could be... Captain Holt's  
assistant.

AMY

I mean, you guys would be closer  
than ever.

JAKE

And it's not like I couldn't still  
help!

AMY

You could solve crimes from behind  
a desk!

She smiles reassuringly, but they both know he wouldn't be  
into it.

AMY (CONT'D)

You've been on desk duty for one  
day, and it's already driving you  
crazy.

She lightly touches his face.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're not like *Die Hard* the  
series, which gets your hopes up  
and then disappoints you every  
time. You're like *Die Hard* the  
movie, which is better every time I  
see it.

JAKE

Awww, that's the sweetest thing  
you've ever said to me.

AMY

Baby, whatever you want to do, I'll  
support you. But make sure it's  
what you want.

Jake smiles gratefully.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Jake and Amy step out of the briefing room, hand in hand. The  
squad wait expectantly.

Captain Holt steps out of his office.

HOLT

Jake?

Holt holds out his hand, much like he did at the beginning of  
the episode.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Your badge and gun?

This time, he's offering them.

Jake hesitates.

**TO BE CONTINUED...**