COLD OPEN

EXT. SAMMY'S ELECTRONIX STORE - DAY

CHYRON: "SAMMY'S ELECTRONIX, MIDTOWN SOUTH"

POLICE TAPE blocks off an electronics store, whose windows have been SMASHED. We hear JAKE start to talk intensely...

JAKE (V.O.)
This job is eating me alive. I can't breathe anymore.

INT. SAMMY'S ELECTRONIX STORE - DAY

We start CLOSE on Det. JAKE PERALTA (Andy Samberg). His BADGE hangs on a chain around his neck.

JAKE
I spent all these years trying to be the good guy. You know, the man in the white hat. For what? For nothing. I'm not becoming like them...I am them.

AMY (O.S.)
What are you doing, weirdo?

Reveal Jake was speaking into a VIDEO CAMERA that is attached to TEN TV MONITORS around the store -- all filled with his image. DET. AMY SANTIAGO (30, cute, extremely competitive) watches, annoyed. All around them, UNIFORMED COPS and CRIME TECHNICIANS dust for prints and catalogue the CRIME SCENE.

JAKE
I'm doing the best speech from "Donnie Brasco." Actually--
(points to monitors)
--fifteen of me are doing the best speech from "Donnie Brasco."
(to his own images)
Hello, you handsome devils.

AMY
Keep goofing around -- it'll give me extra time to solve this case before you.
(reading from note pad)
Low-end electronics store: mostly sells knockoffs, cheap crap --

AHMED, the store OWNER pipes up.

AHMED
Quality stuff! Family store!

CONTINUED:

AMY
-- and a shocking number of sex toys.

Reveal a VIBRATING bin of PIXILATED sex toys.

JAKE
Never enough sex toys.

AHMED
Yes. This is what customers say.

Jake's eyes light up as he sees a karaoke machine.

AMY
I need a list of all your employees, whoever had access to the store --

MUSIC STARTS from the karaoke machine, and Jake starts singing to "Bump and Grind" by R. Kelly.

JAKE (O.S.)
I DON'T SEE NOTHING WRONG WITH A LITTLE BUMP AND GRIND --

AMY
Dude, seriously?

JAKE
I know -- not my first choice either, but, it's like, stuck. Are there any other songs, Ahmed?

AHMED
No, is broken. You want it? One-fifty for you. Works perfect.

JAKE
You literally <u>just</u> said it was broken.
(singing to "Bump and Grind")
I THINK THIS ROBB-RY WAS A LITTLE SMASH AND GRAB. / IT WAS A SMASH AND GRAB...

Amy stops the music.

AMY
Really, Bieber? Because I think it was an inside job. Prove me wrong.

Jake puts the mic down and begins explaining his reasoning -- he knows what he's talking about. As he mentions clues, we ZOOM in on them.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
The door was forced, there are crow bar marks on the wall where they tried to find the safe, and they scratched up the register trying to open it. I'd say we're looking for three white males, one of whom goes by the street name "Rock Steady."

AMY
And how do you know that, dare I ask?

JAKE
I found this jammed into the sale bin.

Jake holds up a NANNY CAM TEDDY BEAR. With his heel he turns on the Karaoke machine.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(singing again)
HIS NAME IS FUZZY CUDDLE BEAR! /
HE'S A NANNY CAM AND HE RECORDED IT /
IT WAS FUZZY BEAR! / HE'S A NANNY CAM!

AMY
Dammit. You got lucky.

JAKE
(sings)
I'M NOT LUCKY, I'M JUST AMAZING /
BUT I'D LIKE TO GET LUCKY WITH YOU
BAAAAABY!

AMY
(singing)
YOU CAN GET LUCKY, JAKE. / HERE YA GO!

She hands him a pixilated SEX TOY.

AHMED
Good choice. Number one seller.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

EXT. 191ST PRECINT - MORNING

A castle-like building on a busy New York street.

TERRY (V.O.)
(quietly)
All right. Let's get started.

INT. 191ST PRECINCT - BRIEFING ROOM

SGT. TERRY JEFFORDS (early 40s, built like an NFL linebacker only stronger) stands in front of a roomful of detectives, including Jake, Amy, MEGHAN (30s, somehow simultaneously sexy and incredibly scary), and CHARLES (30s, looks like he has bad allergies). The detectives continue to chatter.

TERRY
(barely louder)
Quiet. Come on, guys, I don't want to have to raise my voice--

MEGHAN
(super loud)
Shut up!

Everyone shuts up.

TERRY
Thank you, Meghan. Where do we stand on the electronics store robbery from last week?

AMY
Thanks to R. Kelly over there, we picked up Rock Steady yesterday.

JAKE
(to Amy)
Would you like to do the honor?

Annoyed, Amy walks up to the blackboard, which has written on it: "JP: 23 / AS: 22." She erases the 23 and writes 24.

AMY
I hate this. I hate this. I hate this.

JAKE
You are so cute when you're getting your ass kicked.

TERRY
JP, update on the Morgenthau murder?

CONTINUED:

Jake hops up. He walks to a BOARD with PICTURES.

JAKE
This morning at seven a.m., the body of food importer Harry Morgenthau --
(points to victim's photo)
-- was discovered in his apartment by his elderly neighbor.
(picture of Latina woman)
During her interview, I deduced that she had something gross on her chin. Here is a picture of said gross stuff.

Close up picture of Rosa's chin, showing that.

CHARLES
I think it was flan.

JAKE
Charles thinks it was flan. I think it was butterscotch pudding. Anyway, the crime techs are there now, we're heading back in a few minutes. First theory: the neighbor poisoned him...
(dramatic)
with her pudding!

CHARLES
Flan.

TERRY
I want all four of you on the murder -- it's gonna be priority one for new C.O.

AMY
What can you tell us about him? You worked with him before, right?

TERRY
Yeah, years ago. Captain Morales will be here soon, and I'm sure he'll introduce himself.

MEGHAN
Screw that, let's gossip about him. Is he nice or a dick? Sub-question: does he have solid abs and a rock hard ass?

AMY
Sub-sub question: is he good? Does he support his detectives?

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Sub-sub-sub question: who gives a crap about the new C.O.?

Amy looks at him, surprised.

CHARLES
Is there gonna be like a “welcome” thing for him? Cause I bought some artisinal “Welcome” cupcakes.

JAKE
(taking two cupcakes)
Kiss ass. I’ll take two.

CHARLES
The cake is bacon-infused and the icing is a sea-urchin reduction.

JAKE
Come on! Ucccch.

He throws them both out.

CHARLES
...And they cost five dollars a piece.

TERRY
Put this murder down, guys. Dismissed.

INT. 191ST PRECINCT - BULLPEN

Eight desks sit in the middle of a busy room, off of which are INTERROGATION ROOMS, BREAK ROOM and the CAPTAIN’S OFFICE. Jake looks at CRIME SCENE PHOTOS on his computer. Charles sits opposite him at his desk.

JAKE
I really like this dead guy’s socks. Are they paisley? Nope that’s blood. Sweet.
(to Charles)
Hear from the coroner yet?

CHARLES
One sec. I’m buying Metallica tickets.

JAKE
Good. That’s way more important.

CHARLES
I’m gonna ask Meghan to go. She loves Metallica, and I now have two floor seats for their show at the Garden.
(squints at screen)
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Or I have ten tickets to the Big Apple Circus in Hartford. This website is super-confusing.

JAKE
Sorry dude, but she's not into you.

CHARLES
How do you know?

FLASHBACK off of Jake to...

INT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - EARLIER

Jake and Meghan look through the interrogation room window at a SMALL ASIAN MAN (30s). Meghan puts on lipstick.

JAKE
Lipstick?

MEGHAN
Two nights ago, I realized I'm really into small athletic Asian men. Sexually.

JAKE
How did you determine this?

MEGHAN
I was watching ESPN Classic and they played this old Michael Chang tennis match, and I was visibly aroused. Wish me luck.

She heads in. Jake is creeped out.

JAKE
(calling after her)
He robbed an ice cream truck!

BACK TO SCENE

CHARLES
Dammit! Once again -- once again I curse the fact that I am not small and Asian.

Amy walks up.

AMY
Hey. You honestly don't care what the new C.O. is like?

JAKE
Why should I? Terry runs the detective squad, and he's great.

CONTINUED:

CHARLES
Terry's an emotional wreck.

In the b.g., Terry sits at his desk and CRIES softly.

JAKE
Yes, but he's our emotional wreck. Look, we've had four Captains in the last five years, and they were all duds.

AMY
Yeah, dummy, that's why it matters. If I'm ever gonna make Captain I need a good mentor.

JAKE
Sorry, dude. This new guy is either gonna be a washed-up pencil pusher who's forgotten how to be a cop, or an uptight politician who's only concerned with --
(robot voice)
-- following every rule in the Patrol Guide, meep morp robot captain engage.

MORALES (O.C.)
Is that what you think?

Jake, unfazed, spins around to see Captain BOB MORALES (tough-as-nails, kicked some ass in his day and clearly still can).

JAKE
(on a dime)
Hey! You must be the new C.O. Detective Jake Peralta. Great to meet you.

MORALES
Don't let me interrupt.
(off Jake's look)
You were describing what kind of person I'm going to be. I'd like you to finish.

Jake stares at him. Decides not to back down.

JAKE
Well, lemme see..."washed-up pencil-pusher"..."uptight politician"...I think I was done, actually.

MORALES
Okay. Now do the robot voice.
(off Jake's look)
The robot voice you were doing, when you were implying I'm a rule-following robot. I'd like to hear it again.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Seriously?
(meekly)
... “Meep morp...zeep...robot...”

MORALES
That’s a terrible robot voice.

He turns to the assembled crowd.

MORALES (CONT’D)
Everyone. I’m your new Commanding Officer, Captain Bob Morales.

CHARLES
Speech! Speech!

MORALES
That was my speech.
(looks at Jake)
The next time I see you, I’d like you to be wearing a tie.

JAKE
That’s not in the Patrol Guide.

MORALES
Yeah, but you know what is? Following a direct order from your commanding officer. Good talk, everyone.
(to Terry)
Sergeant Jeffords, a word?

He heads to his office. Amy throws her hands up in victory.

AMY
Mentor! Finally!

CHARLES
Damn. That guy is not messing around.

MEGHAN
Solid abs, dope voice, seems cool. I get kind of a gay vibe.

AMY
I worry about you sometimes.

Det. DANIELS, an older African-American woman, chimes in.

DANIELS
Wow. That guy’s a real stickler.

CONTINUED: (3)

JAKE
Yes! Thank you! See? Looks like I was right on the money. Guy's got a freakin' tarantula up his butt.

AMY
Ten bucks says JP is suspended without pay within a week. Anyone want that action?

No one does.

INT. MORALES'S OFFICE - LATER

The floor is covered in unpacked boxes. Morales sits at his desk and looks at a clipboard. Terry stands.

MORALES
Sergeant. You were in the 18th with me. Though you were significantly...

TERRY
Fatter, sir. They called me Terry Titties. Because I had...large...

MORALES
Titties. Yes. I remember. I never liked that nickname. Though, it was accurate. Says here you're on Administrative Leave. Why?

Terry shows Morales a picture of his TWIN GIRLS.

TERRY
A year ago, my wife and I had twin baby girls -- Cagney and Lacey.

MORALES
(super intense)
Congratulations. Do they like dollies? I'll buy them some dollies.

TERRY
Not necessary, sir. The point is, I care so much about them, I lost my edge. Clenched up -- afraid to get hurt. There was...an incident.

FLASHBACK:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT - 2010

Terry and Jake, guns drawn, in a deserted store.

CONTINUED:

JAKE
(yelling out)
There's nowhere to run. We're coming in.

TERRY
You go in first.

JAKE
What? You always go in first. Look at you -- those biceps don't go in "second."

TERRY
I'm...feeling a little jumpy.

There's a LOUD BANG. Terry turns and sees a FIGURE with his arm out, and FIRES his gun ten times and SCREAMS. He is shooting a MANNEQUIN.

He and Jake look at it, in pieces, on the ground.

JAKE
I think he's dead.

BACK TO SCENE

TERRY
(shaky)
It was holding a tennis racquet. It's been a year, and I...haven't...

Morales holds up his hand -- no more.

MORALES
Tell me about your detective squad.

TERRY
There's Scully, Hitchcock, and Daniels. They're old, tired, and dumb, not always in that order.

B-ROLL: a MIDDLE-AGED, CHUBBY GUY with a HUGE MOUSTACHE, a TALL, THIN, 60-year-old with a moustache, and Daniels.

MORALES
Okay.

TERRY
Then there's the good ones. Meghan Mallory: tough, opinionated, unpredictable, and scary as hell.

INT. BULLPEN - FLASHBACK

Surrounded by detectives, Meghan pulls a PRESENT out of PILE of presents. She opens it and takes out a nice sweater that looks exactly like the one she's wearing.

MEGHAN
Are you serious? This is the ugliest thing I have ever seen. I'm insulted that any of you think I'd ever ever wear this. You know what? This is over. Everyone take your presents back.

She walks off, passed Amy, who is holding a birthday cake with lit candles. Everyone stares for a beat.

BACK TO SCENE

Terry gestures through the window to Charles, MAKING POUR-OVER COFFEE.

TERRY
Charles Shlybel. He's really into food and coffee and stuff. Smart guy. Not physically... gifted.

Charles SPILLS COFFEE on his hand.

CHARLES
Owww! Gahhhh that hurts!

Terry motions to Amy.

TERRY
Amy Santiago. Got a dad, two uncles, and six brothers on the force. She's the first girl cop in her family, and she's very competitive.

Det. Leah Daniels, in the bullpen, crumples a piece of paper absentmindedly and TOSSES it toward the trash can. Amy FLIES IN our of nowhere and REJECTS it back into his face.

AMY
Boom! Suck it, Daniels!

Daniels sighs and tosses it again, but she rejects it again.

AMY (CONT'D)
Fifty bucks if you can score on me!

DANIELS
(sad)
I just want to throw this away...

CONTINUED:

IN MORALES'S OFFICE: he watches this approvingly.

TERRY
She and Peralta have a bet going over who gets the most collars for the year. They won't say what they're betting, but it's clearly something big.

MORALES
Not sure I approve of that.

TERRY
I'd let it go, sir -- ever since the bet, their numbers have gone way up.

MORALES
Tell me about Peralta.

TERRY
Good detective, but he's a wise ass. Could use some discipline.

Through the window, we see Jake BREAKDANCE for two hookers.

MORALES
They finally gave me my shot, Terry. I'm going to do my damndest to make this the best precinct in New York City. I need your help.

TERRY
Absolutely, sir. Where do we start?

Morales looks at Jake, still flirting with the prostitutes.

JAKE
You ladies take care. I caught a murder this morning, pretty dangerous stuff. Gotta go solve it, keep the city safe, kind of a hero, no big deal. Detective Peralta. Ask for me by name.

He winks at them and walks off.

MORALES
We start with him.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER

A typical loft style New York apartment building.

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Amy, Meghan, and Charles look at the crime scene. A few UNIFORMED COPS are also there. Jake enters.

JAKE
Okay guys, enough messing around. We're gonna find this guy, and then we're gonna buy ourselves new ties.

AMY
Neighbor found the body in the kitchen. I've got blood splatter, broken glass, and some muddy red footprints.

JAKE
Good work Santiago. You get a tie. My theory: the perp broke in and started stealing ties, when Morgenthau surprised him, so he shot him right in the tie.

MEGHAN
The perp actually took: a plasma TV, some jewelry, and a $6500...
(no idea how to pronounce it)
jamon aye-ber...ee-burr...

CHARLES
Jamon Iberico?! -- the finest cured ham in the world. Seriously?!

JAKE
They stole ham? That's perfect.
(intense impression of Morales)
We got ourselves a classic ham heist. How can I sit around polishing my badge when there's been a damn ham heist? I'll have your tie for this!

MORALES (O.S.)
Speaking of ties: where's yours, Meep Morp?

Reveal Captain Morales is behind Jake.

JAKE
You gotta be kidding me. Hi Captain!

CONTINUED:

MORALES
Hello, Detective. Funny -- I'm sure I told you to wear a tie. So why aren't you wearing a tie?

JAKE
I am. See? It's holding up my pants.

He lifts up his shirt and reveals the tie is acting as belt. Morales is not amused.

MORALES
A word, please, Detective.

They step into the BEDROOM.

ELSEWHERE IN THE APARTMENT

Charles sidles up to Meghan.

CHARLES
Hey Meghan, this is a weird coincidence: the victim has a ton of Metallica on his iPod, and you and I both love Metallica, and they're playing the Garden this weekend. You wanna try to go?

MEGHAN
Eh. They're charging like a hundred and fifty bucks a ticket. Only a moron would pay that much.

CHARLES
(miserable)
Yes. I agree.

MEGHAN
I'm not into watching music live. I'd much rather curl up and see an old movie.

CHARLES
Me, too. Like "Citizen Kane."

MEGHAN
I said an old movie, not a terrible movie.

She walks away.

CHARLES
(confused)
...It's every critic's favorite movie.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Captain Morales and Jake square off.

MORALES
I feel as though we've gotten off on the wrong foot.

JAKE
Well, no offense, but I wish you'd just let me do my job. I've been in this precinct for six years, kinda know what I'm doing here.

MORALES
Oh yeah? Seen some crazy stuff, huh?

Off Jake's look...

INT. MIDTOWN APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake points his gun tensely in one direction then another.

JAKE
Put. Your guns. Down. Both of you.

Reveal: a Mexican stand-off between a HASIDIC JEW and a WOMAN DRESSED LIKE A MERMAID.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Don't make me say it again, mermaid.

BACK TO SCENE

MORALES
I want this precinct to have the highest clearance rate in Brooklyn. We're going to start solving more cases, and we're going to do it right. You and Santiago hit up the neighbors.

JAKE
Door duty?!

MORALES
Mallory and Shlybel will check in with the coroner. Report back to me with anything relevant. And when you do, wear a tie around your neck. Is that clear?

JAKE
Yes sir.

Morales and Jake walk out. Morales heads for the door.

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to Meghan and Charles)
I think he likes me!

MORALES (O.S.)
I don't.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Jake and Amy walk down the hallway of the building.

JAKE
Has anyone ever, in the history of police, solved a crime by knocking on the neighbors' doors?

AMY
First of all, yes, many times. But more importantly, my dad met my mom doing door duty in Queens.

FLASHBACK - INT. HALLWAY IN QUEENS -- 1972

Two 1970's COPS knock on an apartment door.

AMY'S DAD
Police! Open the door!

The door opens to reveal a beautiful Mexican woman.

AMY'S MOM
Hola, Señor.

Down the hall, two THUGS pop out and shoot at the Cops. Amy's father's partner turns and fires back, but her parents stare at each other and smile.

AMY'S DAD
Hola, senorita.

The GUNFIRE continues as they smile at each other.

BACK TO SCENE

They arrive at a door.

AMY
The future Mr. Santiago could be behind this door. I'm getting a hot dude vibe.

JAKE
Yeah? I'm getting a cat urine aroma.

CONTINUED:

AMY
Twenty bucks it's an eligible bachelor.
(they shake, she knocks)
Police, open up please.

An 82-year-old man, wearing a stained bathrobe and hooked up to an oxygen-machine answers the door.

OLD MAN
(yelling)
Who's with the knocking?

JAKE
(delighted)
Hello, sir! My name is Detective Right-All-The-Time, and this is my partner, Detective Terribledetective.

AMY
Are you crazy? I totally won this bet!
(to the man)
Do you work out? You look goooood.

OLD MAN
Speak louder! I'm ninety-seven!

AMY
Sir, we were wondering if you heard anything last night --

JAKE
-- which is not possible --

AMY
-- but also, can I ask, are you married?

JAKE
I'm not paying you.

OLD MAN
My liver is broken!

JUMP CUT. At another door they talk to EDNA (50s).

AMY
Did you hear any loud bangs or gunshots?

EDNA
I usually take a Trazadone pill to help me sleep. And then another pill, and some wine and three more pills. And then wine and pills. By six o'clock I'm out like a light.

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE
Are you on anything now?

EDNA
Just a few 'ludes, to take the edge off, and I had a glass of wine and also some other stuff.

Jake starts moving like a Jelly Fish.

JAKE
Have you seen any Jellyfish people? There has been a report of a lot of jellyfish people in the area.

JUMP CUT. They talk to YOOP, a man with an indecipherable foreign accent.

JAKE (CONT'D)
What is your name?

YOOP
Yoop. My name Yoop.

AMY
Where you from, Yoop?

YOOP
Michigan. Ukraine.

JAKE
Michigan Ukraine, sure. Did you see or hear anything strange last night?

YOOP
I see dog on street. Funny small dog, go poop on mailbox. Maybe this help you?

JAKE
Definitely. Huge help.

<u>EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER</u>

Jake and Amy break for coffee.

JAKE
Well, I hate to say "I told you so," but the new C.O. is proving to be exactly he kind of stickler ass-face I told you he would be. I'm done knocking on doors.

CONTINUED:

AMY
Hey, as my grandpa used to say: “cuando escuche el grito de la ubre, la leche de la vaca.” When you hear the udder scream, milk the cow.
(off his look)
It means, you follow orders or else.

JAKE
Your grandpa sounds like a fun guy.

He tosses away his coffee cup.

JAKE (CONT’D)
(thinks)
What about that ham? That seems interesting. Let’s look into that.

AMY
No. The C.O. gave us a direct order. But you go ahead if you want. It’ll give me a head start on solving this puppy.

JAKE
You wish. Oh, and here...in case you see oxygen tank man again.

He tosses her a condom and heads off.

AMY
I’m not unattracted to him! And he wasn’t married, so technically I won the bet!

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - JAKE’S DESK - LATER

Charles feeds Jake and Meghan various cured meats.

CHARLES
Your basic deli has two prosciutto variants.
(laughing)
Jamon Iberico is not one of them. Let’s learn about what makes it so amazing. Try this. What do you taste?

They all eat PROSCIUTTO SHAVINGS on a plate.

JAKE/MEGHAN
Ham.

CHARLES
Good. That’s your basic Indiana corn-fed pig. Now try this. What do you taste?

CONTINUED:

JAKE/MEGHAN
Ham.

CHARLES
Yes, but this pig was fed saffron and barley. Can't you taste that?

JAKE
I don't know, man. I'm not like a foodie or whatever. All I eat is pasta and crunchy rainbow sandwiches.
(off their looks)
White bread with fruit loops and mayo.

MEGHAN
Don't take this the wrong way, but: were you the victim of child abuse?

JAKE
My dad bolted when I was five. My mom worked, so I made myself dinner a lot. Whatever. Crunchy rainbow sammies are delicious.

CHARLES
Well, this neighborhood is a foodie paradise. There's better Albanian food here than in Albania!

Jake thinks, twisting a ring on his right ring finger.

JAKE
Morganthau was a food importer. The perp stole a ham, that only a creepy foodie weirdo would know is expensive.

CHARLES
"Creepy" seems excessive.

JAKE
Maybe he tried to sell that ham to the wrong person. Where would a creepy foodie weirdo buy such a high-end ham?

CHARLES
There's only a few that sell that level of Jamon Iberico.
(light bulb)
One is like three blocks from the crime scene.

JAKE
Boom. Let's hit it.

CONTINUED: (2)

MEGHAN
You gotta brief the C.O. And wear a tie.

Jake sighs.

JAKE
Such a waste of time...

INT. MORALES'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Morales at his desk. Camera walks in BEHIND Jake.

JAKE
Hey, Captain. So, we were reviewing the stolen merchandise and I think we found something.

Morales looks up and STARES at Jake. We can't tell why.

MORALES
Do you have a good explanation for what I'm looking at right now?

REVEAL that Jake is wearing a tie around his neck -- but no shirt. Just his suit jacket.

JAKE
(slapping his belly)
Yeah, I know -- I haven't hit the gym in a while. The ladies don't seem to mind.

Morales walks over slowly.

MORALES
You've clearly gotten pretty far in life by wising off. That ends now.

JAKE
I just don't think that wearing a tie will make me a better detective.

MORALES
I believe it will. And my opinion is the only one that counts. So.
(stern)
You're going to wear a tie. And a shirt. Every day that you work for me. Do you need me to write that down for you?

JAKE
Actually, yeah, could you?

Morales grabs a SHARPIE and WRITES "WEAR ME" on the tie.

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT'D)
Hey! That's my only tie! Awww man!

He hands it back to Jake.

MORALES
There you go. Now. What did you come in here to tell me?

JAKE
...Nothing. Just wanted to show you my sweet abs.

He leaves -- Charles gets up and goes with him.

CHARLES
Are we good? Hey! You're not wearing a shirt.

JAKE
Sweet detective work.

INT. BENEFICIO'S LUXURY MARKET - LATER

Jake and Charles enter the market. They talk to RATKO, a HULKING SERBIAN BUTCHER, who is very nervous.

JAKE
Okay...Ratko. Just a few questions.
(showing picture)
Do you recognize this man?

RATKO
No.

JAKE
Look at the picture first, maybe, Ratko.

He looks at it quickly.

RATKO
I tell you. I no know him. No more questions!

JAKE
Okay, maybe I'll tell you what happened. Morgenthau came by and told you that he had some expensive hams to sell. You knew they were worth a lot of money, so you tried to rob him when he wasn't home. Only he was home, and he fought back, and you shot him. Am I close? Just nod your hulking caveman head and drool if I'm close.

CONTINUED:

Ratko pushes over a display of Italian Tuna and runs.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Oh man, I hate running!
(yelling)
Ratko stop! Stop Ratko!

CHARLES
Careful! That's Italian tuna!

Ratko starts THROWING BOTTLES at them -- Jake gets pegged in the chest by a bottle of JAM.

JAKE
Ow! Ratko, I'm getting mad.

Another bottle of jam smashes on the floor. Charles HOWLS.

CHARLES
That's eighty-dollar marmalade!

Jake draws his gun as Charles goes to taste it.

JAKE
Stop tasting it! I'll flush him out.
You cut him off.

Jake sneaks down the aisle with gun drawn.

RATKO (O.S.)
I not mean to kill. It not my fault.

JAKE
Okay. Okay. I believe you. Be cool.

As soon as he gets to the end of the aisle, a GIANT LEG OF LAMB crashes down on his arm, causing him to drop his gun. Ratko pushes him into a display of OLIVES and TAKES OFF.

JAKE (CONT'D)
He's coming toward you!

CHARLES (O.S.)
I know.

We see that Ratko is SMASHING Charles's head into a vat of potato salad. Jake rounds the corner. Ratko pushes Charles into Jake and they both fall down. Ratko runs off.

Charles's face is covered in potato salad. He tastes it.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Truffled potato salad. 22 bucks a pound.

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Jake and Charles walk in, exhausted and covered in food. They sit down.

TERRY
What the hell happened?

AMY
You've got something on your face.

JAKE
(wipes it off)
That's black forest tapenade.

CHARLES
Ooooh!

He wipes some off Jake's face and eats it. Morales walks in.

MORALES
Where have you been? And why are you eating food off Peralta's face?

JAKE
Well, Captain, good news is, we found the murderer.
(shows picture)
Ratko Slobovich, an Albanian butcher. He was trying to steal Morgenthau's ham, things got out of hand, he shot him.

MORALES
I assume there's bad news.

JAKE
Charles and I may have allowed Ratko to escape. And, in the course of getting away, Ratko mortally wounded... my tie.
(holds up the ripped tie)
It's dead, sir.

MORALES
You're off this case. In fact, you're off the street. Effective immediately.

JAKE
(weird noise)
Whaaaat?

CHARLES
You just made a really weird noise.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. RECORDS ROOM - NEXT DAY

Terry, Amy, and Jake. The room overflows with files.

JAKE
So, this is the records room. I literally didn't know this room existed.

TERRY
I come in here to lift weights when I get tense. I wish I could get assigned here full time like you.
(lovingly)
You could not be farther from the action.

AMY
(gleeful)
Gonna be hard to solve more cases then me when you're stuck in here.
(giggles)
This could not have worked out better. For me.

JAKE
Morales has merely proved my theory that he's a blowhard with a stick up his butt. Guy has no idea how to be a real cop.

TERRY
Wrong, dummy.
(instantly)
I'm sorry, that was mean. Truth is, Morales has forgotten more about being a cop than you'll ever know. In the 70's, he caught the Disco Strangler.

AMY
He caught the disco strangler?

INT. DARK ROOM - 1973

YOUNG CAPTAIN Morales bursts through the door with gun drawn.

MORALES
It's over, Disco Man. Put down the slinky and back away from the whore.

Reveal a 70s white guy with a giant Afro and roller skates, who's strangling a prostitute with a SLINKY.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake looks impressed.

TERRY
The man is natural police. If he tells you to do something -- even this -- you should listen to him.

AMY
Hey, before I leave you to your dusty files, I want to apologize. I should have come with you to the deli.

JAKE
I didn't invite you.

AMY
"El dedo del pie no invita al talón, sólo se presente." The toe doesn't invite the heel, it just comes along. My grandpa.

JAKE
Did he have a mental disorder of some type?

AMY
I feel bad and I'm sorry. I got you something.

She hands him a box containing a nice tie.

JAKE
A tie?! You're taking his side on this? You traitor!

AMY
I wanted you to look good while I was out winning our bet. Have fun with your files.

She and Terry exit.

JAKE
(calling after them)
Well, have fun with your tie-wearing!

He tries to slam the door and it hits a pile of files.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Slam! That was a slam!

INT. BULLPEN - LATER

Charles talks to Meghan.

CHARLES
Hey, so, there's an old movie festival at the Film Forum. If we get out early, you want to go?

MEGHAN
(shrugs)
Sure.

CHARLES
(shocked)
Cool! Awesome. There's a bunch of movie options, so I'll send you...those options, and you can pick an option.

MEGHAN
You just pick.

She walks off.

CHARLES
Great. That's not at all terrifying.

INT. RECORDS ROOM - LATER

Jake sits at the desk, working, wearing the tie Amy gave him. The room is cleaner. Morales enters.

MORALES
I have to say I'm impressed. And I like the necktie. Don't you feel more professional?

JAKE
I gotta say, I was skeptical, but it really does make a difference. Also, filing stuff is interesting. Do you go chronological? Alphabetical? Do you just put them on the shelves totally randomly so they look organized, but are really completely out of order?

MORALES
Is that what you did?

JAKE
At first, yes. But, then I started looking at them.

CONTINUED:

MORALES
A novel idea.

Jake hands Morales a bunch of files.

JAKE
Over the last four months, there've been six cases involving red mud footprints. All different crimes, all within half a mile of McSweeney Park, which has a red, clay playground.
(cocky)
To the untrained eye, six random crimes. To a genius expert awesome-dude eye like mine --

MORALES
--- the murderer may live near the park. See what happens when you follow orders and do your job? You solve cases.

JAKE
Yes, sir. You were right. Shake.

Jake stands up to shake hands. He is completely naked from the waist down. He stands there, arm extended, grinning.

Morales's narrow for a beat, then he barely smiles.

MORALES
You know what? This is such fine police work, I want everyone to see it.

JAKE
(uh oh)
That's not necessary.

MORALES
(calling out)
Santiago, Shlybel, Mallory, get in here. Bring Smith and Wilkins, and Officers Redmond and Hill.

JAKE
(calling out)
Not necessary!

People start to file in, including Amy and Meghan. They all LAUGH as they see him. Jake covers his junk with a file.

MORALES
Peralta just did some excellent police work. He's to be congratulated. Let's give him a hand.

CONTINUED: (2)

Everyone HOOTS and CLAPS.

JAKE
Thank you. That's nice.

MORALES
We're going to stake out McSweeney Park. Mallory, Shlybel, take the north end. We'll take the south.

They all file out.

AMY
Nice tie.

MEGHAN
I don't know. I think it's too short.

INT. CAR - LATER

Morales in the driver's seat, Amy next to him (using binoculars to look around), Jake in the back.

JAKE
Why do I have to be in the back seat? I hate the back seat.
(petulant)
I feel like a kid.

MORALES
You see anything?

She shakes her head no.

JAKE
So. You caught the Disco Strangler, eh? That dude wrapped a lot of slinkys around a lot of hookers. Nice collar.

MORALES
Does he always talk this much?

AMY
I just tune it out. It's like a white noise machine.

JAKE
Here's the thing, though. Young Latino detective...takes down a serial killer...thing I can't understand is, why'd it take you this long to make Captain?

CONTINUED:

MORALES
Because I'm gay.

Jake LAUGHS. Morales does not. He sits there, placidly. Slowly, Jake realizes...

JAKE
...Seriously?

MORALES
I'm surprised you didn't know. I don't try to hide it.

Off Jake's look...

FLASHBACK:

Clues are revealed USUAL SUSPECTS-STYLE: a picture of Morales and his HUSBAND with their arms around each other, a copy of The ADVOCATE peeks out from under other newspapers, a framed newspaper with headline "Gay Captain Appointed" and a picture of Morales, Meghan in slo-mo saying, "I get a gay vibe."

BACK TO SCENE

JAKE
Damn. I am not a good detective.

INT. CHARLES'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Charles and Meghan sit in her car.

MEGHAN
So... what movie did you get tickets to?

CHARLES
Well... just to be safe, I bought tickets to all of them.

MEGHAN
(irked)
"Just to be safe?" What does that mean?

CHARLES
I don't know. I didn't want to mess up, because you're really...opinionated.

MEGHAN
You think I'm opinionated? Okay, here's an opinion for you: in my opinion, you're a bad judge of character, and your sweater is ugly.

CONTINUED:

CHARLES
...So...we could see North by Northwest?

MEGHAN
We are not seeing a movie together.

CHARLES
Sounds good.

INT. MORALES'S CAR - LATER

JAKE
Captain, you have to know that when I...when I had my pants off, in no way was I...I mean, I didn't know about your gay...gayness, about you being gay.

MORALES
I figured as much.

AMY
When did you come out?

MORALES
1986. Turns out, the NYPD was not ready for an openly gay detective. I was held down for thirty years -- had to wait for the Old Guard to die off. Only now are they giving me a chance to prove myself. And I'm not going to screw it up.

There's a beat.

JAKE
(beat)
I feel dumb.

AMY
My God. I have to thank you, Captain, because at this moment, Peralta is feeling humility, for maybe the first time in his life. Aren't you, JP?

JAKE
No. Maybe. Shut up.

MORALES
If you're going to make Captain one day, you have lot to learn. Humility is a good place to start.

JAKE
I don't want to make Captain.

CONTINUED:

MORALES
Sure you do.

JAKE
No, I don't. That's the last thing I want.

AMY
Yeah, if anyone's going to make Captain in this car, it's me. And you, Captain, because you are a Captain.

MORALES
Okay. Guess I was mistaken.
(sees something)
Hey. Over there.

JAKE
(looking)
Hello, Ratko.

We see RATKO walking out of a building.

MORALES
Sometimes, Detectives, you just get lucky. Let's go.

JAKE
Man I love this job!

They pull their guns and CHARGE OUT OF THE CAR--

INT. STEPNIETZ LITHUANIAN BAR - THAT NIGHT

AT THE BAR: Charles and Meghan, who talks to ALAN, the small Asian bartender.

MEGHAN
So, are you good at tennis?

ALAN
I like playing doubles.

MEGHAN
(suggestive)
Yes. Doubles. Get me a beer, and get three for yourself.

He leaves.

CHARLES
You like that guy?

CONTINUED:

MEGHAN
I don't "like" him, Shlybel. I just want to have sex with him.
(hands him money)
Here. I feel bad that you spent all that money on movie tickets.

CHARLES
Why don't you just come to the movies--

MEGHAN
No thanks.

CHARLES
...Man. I cannot figure you out.

Meghan puts her hand on his shoulder, comfortingly.

MEGHAN
I know. You probably never will.

They walk over to the TABLE where everyone else is sitting.

TERRY
How'd it go down? Did he put up a fight?

FLASHBACK - EXT. PARK - EARLIER

Charles, screaming his head off, hangs from Ratko's back as he turns in fast circles. Jake points his gun at Ratko.

JAKE
Ratko! Put Charles down and get on your knees, or else I'm going to --

Amy comes from out of nowhere and takes Ratko down with a blow to the back of his knee. Meghan cuffs him.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Oh come on! I wanted to put the cuffs on. That's the fun part.

BACK TO SCENE

TERRY
Hoo boy. So glad I was not there.

MORALES
I think you would've handled things just fine.

Terry smiles weakly.

CONTINUED:

MORALES (CONT'D)
I'd like to say something. Every cop is different. Every precinct is different. But I run the hundred and ninety-first, now, and I'm going to run things my way. You want to work for me? You grind it. Get cases, work cases, solve cases. The right way.
(raises a glass)
To the detectives of the 191st precinct.

JAKE
And to Captain Morales....'s Best detective, Jake Peralta.

CHARLES
Here here.

EVERYONE ELSE
Booo!

Morales looks at Jake, who raises his glass. Morales smiles, slightly, and we PULL BACK and

END ACT THREE

TAG

INT. MORALES'S OFFICE - NEXT MORNING

Jake at the board, next to the "JP/AS" Chart.

JAKE
Sure... you "cuffed him," but I solved the case. It goes in my column.

AMY
Fine. I'll give you...three-fourths and I get one-fourth.
(she adds .75 to his number)
And I just picked up a dunker -- gonna polish it off in an hour. I'm on your heels, JP.

CHARLES
What did you guys bet on this? Tell me.

AMY
Don't worry about it.

Morales walks in -- Jake hands him some papers.

JAKE
Finished my report, Captain. But... why read it when you can hear it?

He presses play on the KARAOKE MACHINE -- "Bump and Grind" starts playing again.

MORALES
There's no karaoke in my precinct.

JAKE
(singing)
IT WAS A BURGLARY AND A HOMICIDE. /
A GUY WAS ALL SHOT UP!

MORALES
This is the way it's gonna be with us, isn't it.

JAKE
Yeah. Fraid so.
(sings)
IT WAS A BURGLARY AND A HOMICIDE.

END OF ACT THREE