

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"PEANUT BUTTER"

by

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COLD OPENINT. BULLPEN - DAY

From their desks, JAKE, CHARLES, ROSA, HITCHCOCK, and SCULLY see AMY hobble in on crutches. Her ankle sports a futuristic-looking inflatable splint.

JAKE

Finally, I'm one step closer to having a robot for a partner!

AMY

Jake, you wanna grab that chair for me, or you just wanna make fun of my sprain?

JAKE

I can do both. Next step in your transformation to Cyborg Santiago: I need you to strengthen your core, so you can start wearing Boyle as a backpack.

ROSA

Please. He weighs nothing. I could wear Charles as a backpack right now.

Charles nods.

AMY

Way to make it weird, guys.

Jake provides a spare chair. Amy sits in her rolling chair and rests her injured foot on the spare chair.

CHARLES

My unsolicited advice to you: Rest, Ice, Compression, Elevation. R-I-C-E. "Rice", Amy. Remember "rice". Make sure you "rice".

JAKE

Thanks, Doctor Boyle.

(to Amy)

Shouldn't you be home on Holt-ordered, Holt-approved bed rest right now?

AMY

I tried, I really did, but I got a little antsy.

INT. AMY'S LIVING ROOM - FLASHBACK - TWO HOURS EARLIER

Bored Amy slouches on her couch, crutches nearby, wearing a fuzzy bathrobe, her hair a mess and her foot in a bucket of ice water, watching TV. A TV MAN speaks.

TV MAN

You are *not* the father.

AMY

(done being sick, gets up)

OK.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

Amy is seated at her desk and resting her leg on a spare chair. Jake and Charles stand nearby. Scully and Hitchcock are seated across the room, at their desks.

AMY

I can do my "rice" here while I work on the Franklin Freebooter case. Yes, it's a terrible nickname. Why do you think I want it off my desk?

JAKE

Don't work too hard. When the time comes to go full robot, I want you in tip-top physical condition, so you can survive the extensive surgery.

SCULLY

Amy, make sure you get up and limp around every hour. Hitchcock knew a guy who had a sprain, but he didn't walk around. Then a blood clot traveled all the way up to his brain, and he died.

Awkward beat.

HITCHCOCK

He died!

AMY

OK!

JAKE

(whispers)

He died.

Amy glares. Jake grins.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake stands before the desk. HOLT is seated behind his desk. LT. MILLER (Internal Affairs; germaphobe from "The Mole" episode) stands beside Holt.

LIEUTENANT MILLER

Internal Affairs received an anonymous allegation that Sergeant Peanut Butter--

JAKE

The Hero Horse?

LIEUTENANT MILLER

The Hero Horse, is involved in smuggling contraband.

JAKE

Who ratted him out, an actual rat?

HOLT

Peralta--

JAKE

Can I even arrest a horse?

(gasps)

Do we have ways of making him talk?

HOLT

You and a partner of your choosing will go undercover and find the *human* who is obviously using Sergeant Peanut Butter to transport illegal goods.

JAKE

No problem, sir. We will bring this horse to justice.

HOLT

Arrest the *human*, recover the goods. And please, be discreet. You know how this precinct loves its Hero Horse.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Hands on hips, Jake stands in the center of the bullpen. Amy, GINA, TERRY, Rosa, and Charles work at their desks.

JAKE
(loudly)
Who wants to help me take down New York's
fattest, hairiest, sidewalk-pooing-est
hero?

Everyone except Charles loudly and visibly disapproves.
Jake withstands a barrage of projectile wads of paper.

AMY
Not Sergeant Peanut Butter!

GINA
You leave that horse alone!

TERRY
This cannot be happening.

CHARLES
(unconvincingly)
Uh, yeah. Innocent until proven guilty!

Holt is standing right behind Jake.

HOLT
Jake.

JAKE
(startles)
Nghaagh!

HOLT
What part of "discreet" do you not
understand?

JAKE
The "discreet" part. I literally do not
know what that word means.

Holt glares.

HOLT
Bring me the smuggler before end of
shift.

Holt heads back towards his office.

JAKE

(calling after Holt)
Can we fit a horse in the elevator? Can a horse climb stairs?

HOLT

It's a human smuggler! Bring me a human!

Holt goes into his office and gestures in apology to Lieutenant Miller. Charles approaches Jake.

CHARLES

I'll help you, Jake.

Jake and Charles do not attempt to dodge the new barrage of paper wads.

JAKE

Whoa, Nelly. I don't know. Your jealousy might cloud your mind.

CHARLES

That's all in the past. I promise you utter professionalism.

JAKE

"Udder." That's some good horse humor there, Charles.

ROSA

(from her desk)
Cows have udders. Not horses.

CHARLES

Actually, female horses *do* have udders--

Rosa sets her jaw and glares at Charles.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(backpedaling)
Or not. I can look it up again.

JAKE

(to Charles)
OK, buddy, you're in. Let's slip into something more comfortable.

CHARLES

Sexy.

JAKE

Indeed.

Jake and Charles head to the storage room. Lieutenant Miller exits Holt's office and heads for the elevator. Holt emerges.

Amy struggles to walk with a file box under one arm and a crutch under the other. She fumbles and drops the box. Holt approaches Amy, and Gina overhears their conversation.

AMY

Sir! I tried staying home, I really did--

HOLT

(picks up the box)
I understand your compulsion to work even when injured. I, too, once disobeyed a direct order to rest.

INT. HOSPITAL - FLASHBACK - DECADES AGO

Holt, in a full body cast save for his head and left arm, lies in a hospital bed, pen in hand, writing notes in a legal pad as he reviews case files piled around him. A NURSE enters.

NURSE

Time to change your catheter.

HOLT

(beat)
I accept this.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

Holt and Amy make unblinking eye contact. At her desk, Gina plays a round of "Kwazy Cupcakes" on her phone.

HOLT

And now I'm ambidextrous.

AMY

(confused)
Okay.

HOLT

The point is, you are able to work, but not at one hundred percent. Gina will assist you with the heavy lifting.

GINA

Ooh, I really want to help schlep boxes, but I just got muh nails did.

Holt places the box on Gina's desk. Gina pouts.

HOLT
Today, you schlep boxes for Amy.
Tomorrow, you may get your nails "re-
did".

Holt walks away.

GINA
Can I expense them?

HOLT
No.

GINA
(*sotto voce*)
That's what you think.

HOLT
I heard that.

GINA
Man, he has ears like a robot!

EXT. NYPD STABLE - DAY

Jake and Charles, disguised as Portlanders (bow ties; button-down plaid shirts; cargo shorts), arrive just in time to join a GROUP touring the NYPD Stable. TOUR GUIDE TILLY (80) slowly leads.

TOUR GUIDE TILLY
Welcome, latecomers.

Jake and Charles wave. Tour Guide Tilly provides accurate facts about the stable's history while Jake and Charles follow the group as it moves inside.

CHARLES
Man, I can't wait to see the look on that horse's face when he sees me.
(off Jake's look)
What? Just another day on the job, bringing down perps. Booyah!

INT. NYPD STABLE, FOYER - DAY

Jake and Charles walk slowly behind the tour group.

JAKE

I hate to say it, but Holt is right. No horse masterminds a smuggling operation.

CHARLES

I don't know. I've been doing some research on horses for a while now--

JAKE

Since the day Sergeant Peanut Butter received the same Medal of Valor as you, and totally upstaged you?

CHARLES

I wouldn't say, "Upstaged."

JAKE

He stole your spotlight by literally standing, on a stage, in front of you.

CHARLES

How do you know "upstage" but you don't know which animals have udders?

JAKE

My mother was very dramatic! Wait. "Animals"? Besides cows?

CHARLES

Horses (as I stated), goats, sheep, deer...

JAKE

How do you know all this?

CHARLES

My childhood home had books.

JAKE

I have heard of these "books".

CHARLES

Now I use the internet. I've learned that horses are extremely intelligent. Studies have shown that our equine counterparts can solve problems, learn to perform tasks, and retain knowledge over time.

JAKE

Have studies shown they can be criminal masterminds?

CHARLES

No. Though to be fair, I'm not sure anyone is checking. We may be the first. I feel like Sherlock meets Darwin!

JAKE

I don't know who either of those people are.

CHARLES

You really need to read some books, Jake.

JAKE

So I've been told, by many, many dates.

CHARLES

Speaking of dates, how's it going with you and Amy?

JAKE

It's not. Santiago's got a boyfriend. She seems happy.

CHARLES

Oh ho! You're jealous!

JAKE

What? Am not.

CHARLES

You are. This whole time you've been accusing me of being jealous of Sergeant Peanut Butter, you've actually been projecting your jealousy towards Amy's boyfriend onto me.

JAKE

Do you want to date Sergeant Peanut Butter?

CHARLES

No.

JAKE

Then your analogy is not apt.

CHARLES

You know "analogy" and "apt"?

JAKE

I failed the SATs, just like everyone else. Look, let's not talk about Amy and her boyfriend, OK?

CHARLES

Fine. We'll just repress our jealousies.

JAKE

Ah ha! You *are* jealous of Peanut Butter!

CHARLES

Granted, I lack his rank, his horse-charisma, his majestic presence... I forgot where I was going with that. Oh yeah, not jealous.

JAKE

Sure, buddy. I'm sold.

CHARLES

Hey, do you think Tour Guide Tilly is our smuggler?

TOUR GUIDE TILLY

Now, do we go left here, or right... Well isn't that the darnedest thing.

JAKE

No. No I do not. Let's keep looking.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Rosa, carrying an open file folder, strides up to Scully's desk, and stabs a finger onto the page.

ROSA

Scully, what the hell is this?

Rosa's finger indicates crayon-drawn stick figures and speech bubbles all over a Witness Interview Form.

SCULLY

I make cartoons to help me visualize details.

ROSA

The judge took one look at this and laughed me and our only witness out of evidence. The perp walked because of your stupid drawings.

Terry notices what's happening.

SCULLY

Gosh, I'm really sorry, Rosa.

Rosa sees Scully's crayons poking out of their coffee cup. She grabs them. Scully's eyes go wide.

ROSA

I'm sorry you don't know an official case file from a doodle pad.

Rosa crushes the crayons in her fist, then drops chunky crayon crumbles all over Scully's messy desk. Scully wails, exchanges looks with unrepentant Rosa, then wails again and runs off towards the men's room, crying.

Hitchcock stands up and glares at Rosa. She glares back. Scared but miffed, Hitchcock goes to comfort Scully.

Disapproving, Terry approaches. Rosa holds up the doodle file. Terry deflates.

TERRY

OK, that's bad. I'll have a talk with him. But Scully's sensitive, you know that. You can't just walk up to the man and crush his crayons.

ROSA

Instead I should cave to my dark impulses, and crush his freakishly giant head?

TERRY

No. Look, Scully's not the most emotionally mature member of the force. If you want him to change, you need to approach him with compassion.

ROSA

(mutters)
Not crushing his head should count.

TERRY

Rosa, I'm giving you a crash course in compassion. Meet me in the break room in five minutes.

ROSA

This is a waste of time.

TERRY

And it's an order.

ROSA

Fine.

Rosa stalks off.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Terry ducks his head into Holt's office. Pen in hand, Holt looks up from a mountain of paperwork.

TERRY

Captain, can you help me with some compassion training for Rosa?

HOLT

Has something occurred?

TERRY

She crushed Scully's crayons.

HOLT

I see.

TERRY

Sir, you are one of our precinct's most compassionate men. I really think you and I can team up and show Rosa how it's done.

HOLT

I appreciate the compliment, and the diversion. I will enjoy a brief respite from this mountain of paperwork.

TERRY

Thanks, Captain. Break room, five minutes?

HOLT

Very well. I look forward to assisting in the emotional development of one of our detectives.

TERRY

Just... Be prepared to show some emotion.

HOLT

Shall I loosen my tie?

TERRY

Yes.

Holt loosens his tie by about one millimeter. Terry gives him a weak thumbs-up.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

With her crutches nearby, Amy reads one of many case files strewn about the room. Gina enters, hauling yet another box.

GINA

Ugh. Do you pick the heaviest cases just so you can dodge paying a gym membership?

AMY

Sorry. Look on the bright side: if I crack the case today, you'll only have to move these boxes one more time.

GINA

What kind of crime generates so much paperwork? A ninja army of invisible serial killers?

AMY

Actually, shoes. The Franklin Freebooter has been stealing footwear up and down Franklin Avenue for the past 30 years.

GINA

Well, that's embarrassing. What has this precinct been doing with its time?

AMY

Homicides, drug busts, hit and runs... Shoe theft is kind of a low priority.

GINA

You monster. Won't someone please think of the shoes?

AMY

Today might be my only day to figure out who the Freebooter is.

Gina walks towards the door.

GINA

Well, you've got my mobile if you need me. I'll be at my desk, praying hard for the safe return of all those missing shoes.

Holt, walking by, overhears this.

HOLT
Stay and help, Gina.

GINA
Aye aye, Cap'n Holt.
(to Amy)
I am your very, very unwilling servant.
How can I grudgingly help as little as possible?

AMY
Can you pull all the witness statements?

GINA
(sighs)
Goodbye, manicure. We had some good times, didn't we? Yeah. Good times.

Gina plunges a hand into a box and begins digging.

INT. NYPD STABLE, OUTSIDE SERGEANT PEANUT BUTTER'S STALL - DAY

As the tour group continues on, Jake and Charles linger at Sergeant Peanut Butter's stall door.

JAKE
Wow. I've never been this close to a horse before, let alone NYPD's own famous hero-horse. He's smelly.

CHARLES
(to Sgt. Peanut Butter)
Sergeant, with all due respect, we're on to you. Tell us everything you know about the smuggling, and we'll go easy on you.

Sergeant Peanut Butter SNORTS.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
He's laughing at us!

JAKE
(frowns)
Charles, you can't interrogate a horse. Help me look around, will you?

INT. NYPD STABLE, IN SERGEANT PEANUT BUTTER'S STALL - DAY

Jake and Charles poke their heads way over the gate and look around. There's nothing but Sergeant Peanut Butter, hay, and tack.

JAKE

Ugh, there's nothing--

Tour Guide Tilly appears behind them.

TOUR GUIDE TILLY

Boys?

INT. NYPD STABLE, OUTSIDE SERGEANT PEANUT BUTTER'S STALL - DAY

Looking like they've just gotten caught with their hands in the cookie jar, Jake and Charles face Tour Guide Tilly.

JAKE

Uh, nothing better than the smell of horse and hay! Am I right, Toby?

CHARLES

Right, Keith!

TOUR GUIDE TILLY

Try to keep up with the group.

Tilly toddles off, looks over her shoulder, and gestures for Jake and Charles to follow. They follow.

JAKE

Ugh! We need to shake Grandma Tilly's Tour Group and search that stall.

CHARLES

Agreed. The horse is hiding something.

Jake shoots Charles a "would you forget about the damn horse" look.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

All the boxes are open; papers are everywhere. Photos of people wearing shoes are tacked to a murder board. Gina sits on the floor, enchanted, at the center of it all. Seated at a table, Amy closes one file and opens another.

GINA

I've never been this interested in a case before. Is it this intriguing every time?

AMY

Pretty much. Though it wouldn't typically be this messy unless a leaf blower were involved.

GINA

What are we thinking? Guy with a foot fetish?

AMY

And/or a profit motive. Selling the shoes would be a lot easier than hoarding them.

GINA

I once had a boyfriend who was into feet. Stu Lewis. Dumb as a box of rocks. I loved him.

(sighs)

Ultimately, I had to ditch him because he was too stupid to stay gainfully employed. Stu got fired from everywhere. He even lost a job renting out skates. Kept misplacing the shoes. Who does that?

AMY

Skates... Prospect Park is right near Franklin Ave. It has a rink...

(digs through files)

Did he rent out ice skates, or roller skates?

GINA

Roller skates. Stu's was a summer firing.

AMY

(finds the file she sought)

Here. "The suspect is also suspected of stealing footwear from unsuspecting roller skaters at Prospect Park." But just for one summer.

Scully shuffles by, sipping a too-full coffee, and stops.

AMY (CONT'D)

Gina, I think you and your dumb boyfriend Stu just cracked this case.

Gina squeaks with joy. Scully smiles

SCULLY

Good work, Gina. I haven't cracked anything this week. But I'll keep trying. Maybe someday you'll be a better cop than I am. You're already a better cop than Amy.

Scully hoists his mug, spills a little, and shuffles on. Gina basks in the compliment. Amy looks aghast.

GINA

How sweet.

AMY

(awkward)

I need a break!

Amy grabs her crutches and plows out of the room. Gina surveys the room and breathes in.

GINA

Oh, Stu, you foot-lovin' fool. What have you done?

INT. NYPD STABLE, FARRIER'S WORKSHOP - DAY

Tour Guide Tilly brings the tour group, including Jake and Charles at the back, to a muscular FRANK THE FARRIER (70).

TOUR GUIDE TILLY

Now, Frank is a farrier. Who knows what a "farrier" is?

CHARLES

(eager)

Ooh! Ooh! A farrier uses a hammer, tongs, and an anvil to shape horseshoes.

TOUR GUIDE TILLY

Correct. Frank here has been shoeing horses since before the War. One of the Wars.

FRANK THE FARRIER

(sighs)

Vietnam. Good times! Too few horses.

JAKE

I'm not feeling Frank as our smuggler. Ugh, this tour is taking forever. Let's get back to that stall before these horse facts push me into a stable coma.

Tour Guide Tilly looks confused and looks around.

TOUR GUIDE TILLY

Next we'll meet up with Hannah, the on-duty hostler. Now, where is she?

CHARLES

(to Jake)

The "hostler" grooms, feeds, and cleans each one of the horses, and--

JAKE

I'm putting my hoof down: no more poop
about horses. Let's bolt. Now.

Charles nods. Still looking at the tour group, Jake and Charles take a few stealthy steps backwards and trot sideways to duck around a corner.

Jake collides with HANNAH THE HOSTLER (40), a strong woman carrying bulging saddlebags over one shoulder. Their collision knocks a small red object out of one of the bags.

HANNAH THE HOSTLER

Oh, I--

JAKE

Allow me.

They both crouch and quickly reach for the red object at the same time. Hannah's hand gets there first, and Jake's hand slaps down onto hers.

They trade looks. Hannah's look says, "Uh oh, he's on to me!" and Jake's says, "Aha! I gotcha!" Hannah glares at Jake, then body-checks him; he falls over, and she runs away from everyone.

CHARLES

(draws his gun)
Jake!

JAKE

I'm fine. Go, go!

Charles runs after Hannah. Jake gets up, pulls his badge necklace out from under his shirt, draws his weapon, and runs back to the tour group. He holds out his badge.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Detective Peralta, NYPD. Tilly, get these people out of here, then seal the building and call for backup.

TOUR GUIDE TILLY

OK.

Tour Guide Tilly slowly ushers the tourists out. Jake shakes his head at Tilly's slowness, then runs around the corner to pursue Hannah the Hostler.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. NYPD STABLE, CORRAL - DAY

Jake catches up to Charles.

CHARLES

I lost Hannah the Hostler.

JAKE

It's OK. We'll split up--

The lights go out.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Or, we'll stick together and protect each other.

Guns out, they skulk and talk.

CHARLES

Jake, this is the perfect opportunity to literally blindside Sergeant Peanut Butter. Horses' eyes need several minutes to adjust to sudden light changes. Once his eyes adjust, though, he'll be able to see better than we do.

JAKE

No more horse facts! To the stalls!

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Amy dries her hands and looks in the mirror.

AMY

I am a good cop, I am a great cop, I am an excellent cop. I am a good cop, I am a terrible cop, I am a worse cop than Gina.

A toilet FLUSHES and Rosa emerges from a stall.

ROSA

What's your problem?

AMY

Gina broke the Franklin Freebooter case and then Scully said she's a better cop than me.

Rosa cups and squishes Amy's face in her hands.

ROSA

Listen.

AMY

You didn't wash.

ROSA

Scully literally uses crayons to fill out reports, and Gina is not a cop. She's Holt's assistant, and she's barely that.

INT. BULLPEN - FLASHBACK - LAST FRIDAY

Holt walks up to Gina, who is sitting at her desk.

HOLT

Gina, what's this I hear about you refusing to hand out paychecks?

GINA

Both of my psychics said--

HOLT

Do it.

GINA

Fine. But let the curse be on *your* head!

Gina pulls a sticky stack of paychecks out of her trashcan.

INT. BATHROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Rosa and Amy stand at the bathroom sinks.

ROSA

You're just feeling insecure because you're injured. Everybody gets like that.

AMY

Even you?

ROSA

No, insecurity is for the weak. Just do your "rice", and in a few days, you'll be yourself again.

AMY

OK. Thanks, Rosa, that was exactly what I needed to hear, sort of.

Rosa grunts and washes her hands. Amy smiles at her own reflection, then frowns and washes her face.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Terry, smiling, and Holt, stonefaced, are facing Rosa as she strides in. She glares at Terry.

TERRY

Rosa, I appreciate you making this effort.

Rosa rolls her eyes and looks off to one side.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You see how I noticed your suffering, and responded with kindness? It's that simple. Just notice someone's pain, and respond with kindness.

HOLT

Terry, my compliments to you. That was a simple, but very effective, demonstration.

ROSA

Great. I learned something. Are we done?

TERRY

Let's try a little role play.

Rosa sighs. Terry positions Rosa and Holt so they are facing each other.

HOLT

What is my role in this role play?

TERRY

Think back to a time when you were in pain. Have you got something?

HOLT

Yes.

TERRY

Show Rosa your pain face.

Holt's face doesn't appear to change at all.

HOLT

Like this?

ROSA

(squints)
I don't see anything.

TERRY

Uh, how about you tell Rosa what caused your pain, and Rosa, you respond with kindness. OK?

ROSA

Let's hear your pain, Captain.

HOLT

Rosa, the day my cocker spaniel got run over by a school bus, I was on that bus.

ROSA

You drove a bus over your dog?

HOLT

No. I was a schoolboy. I witnessed his accidental death. It is a painful memory, and when I recall it, it causes me pain in the present moment. Right now, I am feeling pangs of sadness and loss.

Rosa looks at Terry for a clue on what to say or do.

TERRY

Respond with kindness.

ROSA

I know a guy who can place a gallon of flaming manure on the bus driver's front porch every day, from now, until the thumb of God squishes that dog-killer into a red splotch on the sidewalk.

(off Terry's disapproving looks)

If you want... Sir... I'll pay?... How is that not kindness?

TERRY

Let's try a different approach.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

On crutches, Amy enters the briefing room. Dancing with excitement, Gina almost bowls her over.

GINA

It's him, it's definitely Stu! Look at this surveillance still.

Amy looks. It's a black and white, grainy, unusable-looking shot of a hooded man putting a pair of shoes into a reusable shopping bag.

GINA (CONT'D)

See the shine coming off his toenails?
Only two kinds of people wear open-toed
sandals with a winter coat: homeless
people, and Stu Lewis. The man always has
money for pedicures, and rain or shine,
he got ta be showin' 'em off.

AMY

What do you say we "nail" this guy?

GINA

You made a foot pun!

AMY

I did! OK, but seriously, I have a plan,
and I need your help.

GINA

Do I get a gun?

AMY

Definitely not.

GINA

Dang it!

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Rosa and Holt continue to role play while Terry watches.

ROSA

There... there?

Rosa pats Holt's upper arm too hard and too many times.

HOLT

I don't like that.

Rosa stops. Terry sighs in frustration.

INT. NYPD STABLE, OUTSIDE SERGEANT PEANUT BUTTER'S STALL -
DAY

Guns and flashlights drawn, Jake and Charles creep down the
dark stall corridor, peeking into stalls and clearing them
as they go. Unseen horses make startled horse sounds.

CHARLES

Clear! Sorry. Where is she?

Jake gestures to Sergeant Peanut Butter's stall gate.

JAKE

I bet she's in there.

Jake and Charles take positions on either side of the gate, and quickly poke their heads, guns, and flashlights in.

INT. NYPD STABLE, IN SERGEANT PEANUT BUTTER'S STALL - DAY

Hannah the Hostler looks angry. She has already saddled Sergeant Peanut Butter, and is loading him with several bulging saddlebags.

Jake and Charles swing back into the darkened corridor.

INT. NYPD STABLE, OUTSIDE SERGEANT PEANUT BUTTER'S STALL - DAY

Charles and Jake stand on either side of the gate, with their backs to the stall wall and their guns ready.

CHARLES

She's saddled up for a quick escape with her four-footed partner in crime.

JAKE

Hannah. There's nowhere to run.

CHARLES

Or trot. Or gallop.

JAKE

Would you stop it with the obsessive horse talk? Sergeant Peanut Butter is just a car with feet. Actually, a car with feet sounds pretty amazing.

CHARLES

I'm telling you, he's intelligent and he's complicit in this crime!

JAKE

(to Hannah)

Come out with your human hands up.

HANNAH THE HOSTLER (O.S.)

Leave now, or the hero horse gets it!

Off screen, Sergeant Peanut Butter snorts. Hannah yelps and thuds onto hay. Sergeant Peanut Butter nickers. After a beat, Jake and Charles peek into the stall.

INT. NYPD STABLE, IN SERGEANT PEANUT BUTTER'S STALL - DAY

Hannah is on the floor, stunned and floundering. Sergeant Peanut Butter looks relaxed.

JAKE

Nice work, Sergeant.

Jake and Charles enter the stall.

CHARLES

See? I told you he was smart.

Jake cuffs Hannah while Charles holds his gun pointing down, ready to respond if Hannah makes a move.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(dawning realization)

He probably gave her up just so he can win another medal.

JAKE

Boyle, face it. He's a hero. Now put the gun away, and apologize to this giant, powerful horse who outranks us both.

Charles hesitates, then puts his gun away. Jake helps Hannah to her feet.

CHARLES

Sergeant, I apologize. My jealousy clouded my judgement. It won't happen again, sir.

(leans in)

But I'll be watching you.

Sergeant Peanut Butter snorts.

JAKE

Close enough. Now let's see what all the fuss is about.

Jake opens a saddlebag and removes a red, plastic, souvenir toy horse. Jake examines the toy and fiddles with it.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Ow! It bit me! Sharp edges. Bad horsey!

Jake puts his thumb in his mouth.

CHARLES

(to Hannah)

So that's your evil scheme.

(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Peddling dangerous, knockoff souvenir
horses to unsuspecting Brooklynites?

HANNAH THE HOSTLER

(sensing an opportunity)

What? No. I'm not a monster. I was going
to file down the edges, I swear.

JAKE

Charles.

Jake separates the front end of the souvenir horse from the
rear. A small baggie of brown powder drops out.

CHARLES

Heroin. Also known as "horse". Devious!

HANNAH THE HOSTLER

That's not mine. I don't know how that
got in there.

JAKE

Hannah the Hostler, if that is your real
name, you are under arrest for
trafficking heroin. Say goodbye to your
utterly horse-themed life of crime.

Hannah looks at Sergeant Peanut Butter. Sergeant Peanut
Butter looks away.

HANNAH THE HOSTLER

Sorry I let you down, Sarge. It's not
easy, living in the shadow of greatness.

Sergeant Peanut Butter snorts, clearing his nose of dust.
Hannah looks heartbroken. Charles approaches the horse.

CHARLES

I understand, big guy. I understand.

Sergeant Peanut Butter nickers. They nuzzle.

JAKE

Let's ride!

(off Sergeant Peanut
Butter's look)

In a big dumb car with wheels.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. BULLPEN - DAY

STU LEWIS (45), a calm and happy stoner, walks in. He and Gina make amorous eye contact and drift into each other's embrace, then regard each other with affection.

GINA

Stu Lewis. Just look at your toes.

STU LEWIS

Gina Linetti. Why did we ever break up?

GINA

Yeah, about that...

Gina cuffs one of Stu's wrists.

STU LEWIS

(into this)

All right.

Amy, on one crutch, appears behind Stu. She pulls his wrists behind his back and finishes cuffing him.

GINA

This is my coworker, Detective Amy Santiago.

STU LEWIS

Hot! What size shoe do you wear?

AMY

Stu Lewis, you are under arrest. The charge is theft, of thousands of pairs of boots, shoes, sandals, and flip-flops. We got you, Freebooter.

STU LEWIS

(to Gina)

Baby, no.

GINA

Oh, Stu, you lovable idiot. We can never be together. I'm a cop--

AMY

Administrator.

GINA

And you're a criminal. Also, really dumb.
Did you think you could just walk into
the precinct, and walk back out again?
You've stolen, like, all the shoes.

STU LEWIS

I can change, baby. For you.

GINA

I'm sorry, Stu. Some things just aren't
meant to be. Take him away, Detective.

AMY

(escorting Stu)

You have the right to remain silent.

Stu looks back at Gina with hurt and longing. Gina watches.

GINA

(to self)

I'll miss you, you sexy box of rocks.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

On crutches, Amy makes her report to Holt. Gina reclines on the couch, assessing her damaged nails.

HOLT

Good work closing the Franklin Freebooter
case, Santiago.

AMY

Thank you, sir, but we owe our thanks to
Gina. She sniffed out the perp.

HOLT

Good work, Linetti. How does it feel to
directly assist in bringing a lifelong
kleptomaniac to justice?

GINA

Emotionally, physically, and spiritually
exhausting... yet satisfying. Like
carrying the weight of the world on my
shoulders, but that world is made of
chocolate, and I can just turn my head at
any time, and give it a lick.

HOLT

That is an odd choice of simile. Gina, do
you see yourself applying to join the
force someday?

GINA

No way. Cop work is interesting, but it's work. Like, "work" work. It's not meant for a delicate creature such as myself.

HOLT

I understand. If you ever change your mind, you know where to find the application form.

GINA

I do?

HOLT

Yes. You're in charge of forms.

GINA

I'll get right on finding those after I get my emergency-repair manicure.

HOLT

Please assist Detective Santiago in cleaning up my briefing room. Then, get your manicure.

GINA

See? "Work" work.

Gina departs. Amy approaches Holt's desk.

AMY

Sir, I have to confess. I experienced a crisis of confidence when Gina cracked the case. Rosa talked me through it. She was, well... blunt, and cold, and scary, but talking with her did help.

HOLT

I am glad to hear that Diaz was able to assist you in your time of emotional distress.

AMY

Sir. Do you think I am losing my touch? And if you saw me losing my touch, would you tell me?

HOLT

I would most certainly tell you.

AMY

Are you telling me right now?

HOLT

No.

AMY

Oh. Good. I have trouble detecting when you're being ironic.

HOLT

Many do.

AMY

Was that irony?

HOLT

Yes.

AMY

Oh. I got one!

HOLT

Detective Santiago, you do fine work. If you ever stop doing fine work, I will tell you immediately.

AMY

Thank you, Sir.

HOLT

Now go clean up my briefing room before Gina manages to set it, and or herself, on fire.

AMY

Did you just make a joke?

A smoke alarm BEEPS.

HOLT

I had intended to, but sadly, I did not.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Firelight flickers on the walls. The fire CRACKLES and smoke hangs in the air. Gina aims a fire extinguisher at a BEEPING smoke alarm. The beeping ceases, but the fire still flickers and CRACKLES.

GINA

We good!

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Still on crutches, Amy walks out of Holt's office, followed by Holt. Just then, Jake and Charles stroll up with the handcuffed Hannah the Hostler. Charles carries her saddlebags of contraband.

JAKE

Captain, may I present to you, Hannah the Hostler and her Evil Saddlebags of Evil... Smuggling... Evilness. Sergeant Peanut Butter was merely a pawn in her all-too-human game.

AMY

(accusing Hannah)
Besmircher.
(off Jake's look)
It's a word. Read a book!

CHARLES

(handing Holt a toy horse)
Careful, it's sharp!

JAKE

Heroin-filled horsies.

CHARLES

They're look-alikes. Exactly like the ones for sale in the NYPD stables' gift shop.

JAKE

Except full of heroin.

HOLT

Good work, detectives.

JAKE

Thank you, sir. Request permission to go on disability leave. I got an owie.

HOLT

Denied.

JAKE

Worth trying. But just so you know, I'm going to spend the rest of the day with my thumb in my mouth.

HOLT

How would that make today different from any other day?

JAKE
(thumb in mouth)
Ow. Sick burn, sir.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Gina walks in and drops a fire extinguisher in a trashcan as Jake and Charles regale Amy, Terry, Rosa, Scully, and Hitchcock with the story of their day's events.

CHARLES
And that, my friends, is how Sergeant Peanut Butter brought down the "Souvenir Smuggler".

JAKE
Nah.

AMY
The "Saddlebag Stuffer"?

The team disapproves.

TERRY
The "Hostile Hostler"?

The team makes *mezza mezz* hand gestures and "eh" sounds.

HITCHCOCK
The "Hollow-Horse-Heinie Heroin Hustler"?

JAKE
Much worse! Why are we so bad at this?

CHARLES
Regardless of the perp's nickname, I have newfound respect for our equine Sergeant.

GINA
About time.

ROSA
What took you so long?

Terry whispers to Rosa.

TERRY
It's time to use what you've learned. By my count, three people in this room are currently experiencing pain. Identify them, and show them kindness.

ROSA
On it, Sergeant.

Rosa scans the room, and notices Amy standing, trying to put weight on her injured foot, and wincing. Rosa moves in.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Why are you standing?

AMY
I'm just stretching.

ROSA
(drags a chair)
Park it. I will get you an ice pack.

AMY
(sits)
Thanks, Rosa.

Rosa looks at Terry to see if he approves. He nods. Rosa scans again and sees Jake with his thumb in his mouth.

ROSA
Get a bandage, idiot. And while you're in there, get Santiago an ice pack.

JAKE
(thumb in mouth)
You're not the boss of me!

Rosa steps towards Jake, he flinches.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(trots away)
OK!

Rosa again looks to Terry; he winces but indicates approval. Rosa scans the room. Everyone else seems OK, except Scully, who is moping at his desk. Rosa moves in.

ROSA
I'm sorry I yelled at you. Here. I bribed a pimply kitchen-boy for these.

Rosa tosses a tiny four-pack of crayons onto Scully's desk. He picks up the crayons.

SCULLY
Thanks, Rosa.

ROSA
You're on your own for paper. Don't draw on report forms anymore. OK?

SCULLY

I won't, Detective Diaz.

ROSA

Bye.

Rosa stalks off to her desk and sits, glaring at Terry. He cringes but smiles and rewards her by flashing a thumbs-up. She glares and uses her computer.

Terry sees a single tear on Scully's cheek, and goes to him.

TERRY

You OK, detective?

SCULLY

Rosa gave me crayons, eye contact, and a morsel of respect.

(wipes cheek)

Today is a good day, sir.

Pleased, Terry claps Scully on the back. Scully smiles. Jake reenters, flourishing his bandaged thumb for Rosa. He tosses an ice pack to Amy; she catches it.

JAKE

(to Rosa)

I hope you're happy.

Rosa glowers at Jake. Jake scuttles to his desk.

Amy obediently puts the ice pack on her elevated ankle and smiles a placating smile at Rosa, who glowers. A bit scared, Amy returns to her work.

Scully pulls a wad of paper out of his trashcan, flattens it, and begins to draw with his new crayons. Rosa shakes her head.

ROSA

Idiots.

END OF SHOW