

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"Águila"

Written by

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COLD OPEN

INT. BULLPEN - JAKE'S DESK - MORNING

CHARLES walks up with a covered serving tray and places it before JAKE while sounding a trumpet flourish.

CHARLES
My liege.

JAKE
Um, thanks? What's this?

CHARLES
Breakfast, fit for a king. The king needs an heir.

Charles pulls the cover off the tray to reveal a variety of foods on small plates. One plate has its own cover, and it's still on. TERRY, ROSA, SCULLY, and HITCHCOCK gather around.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Here we have: Naked Cowboy oysters...

JAKE
What?

CHARLES
Slow-growing, wild ones, with a high mineral content and a beautifully briny, yet softly umami flavor profile. Hungarian paprika-dusted deviled quail's eggs, sprinkled with finely diced Great Siberian chives. I mean, no mere common chives for my B.J.!

JAKE
For your what?

CHARLES
For my *Buddy Jake*! Pan-seared watermelon steak with feta cheese and drizzled with balsamic glaze, and finally, the trifecta of dark chocolate-covered almonds sprinkled with nutmeg.

Terry reaches for an oyster. Charles slaps his hand away.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
You're not the king!

TERRY

All this chef talk made Terry hungry!

JAKE

Why are you emptying a Whole Foods dumpster onto my desk?

CHARLES

I'm helping you keep your promise to make a baby with Amy.

(off Jake's look)

These are all foods that enhance your virility!

JAKE

Maybe... an egg.

CHARLES

Ooh, eat the watermelon while it's hot. It's Nature's viagra! It's high in citrulline, which increases blood flow to the penis.

JAKE

Please stop talking, Charles. My junk's fine.

CHARLES

But how do you know that?

HITCHCOCK

I've been happily firing blanks for years.

ROSA

Thank God.

CHARLES

Sorry that I couldn't find any donkey meat.

JAKE

That's quite alright.

CHARLES

But wait until you see my pièce de résistance.

Charles pulls the cover off the remaining plate to reveal a PIXELLATED penis-shaped piece of meat. Terry, Rosa, and Jake recoil in horror.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. HOLT'S OFFICE - MORNING

HOLT sits at his desk. Jake stands across from him.

HOLT

I received an unusual request this morning.

JAKE

J.J. Abrams called. They want to model the next Star Wars droid after you.

HOLT

I barely recognize that as English. There was a break-in at the offices of the Zenith Fund last night. Jean Munhroe, its Executive Director, asked specifically that you, Peralta, and Sergeant Santiago, be the lead investigators.

JAKE

Ew, um, awkward.

HOLT

Awkward?

JAKE

Her foundation is like the Mother Teresa of sending rice to hungry kids around the world, and --

HOLT

The Zenith Fund is like a controversial, dead, Albanian-Indian missionary and Roman Catholic saint?

JAKE

No. Maybe more like Santa Claus, then -- with rice. The point is, she's really nice. But, the last time Amy and I saw her, we had to tell her that her fiancé, The Vulture, was cheating on her.

HOLT

She obviously made the request because she trusts you, Peralta.

JAKE

Being truthful is so much more work than lying politely. Fine. I'll see if Amy can make herself available for this.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

Terry stands in front of Charles, Rosa, Scully, Hitchcock, and the remaining SQUAD.

TERRY

Alright, listen up. It's that time of year again. The Nine-Nine is going to help raise funds for the Policemen's Benevolent Association. I need volunteers.

Everyone looks around, at the floor, at their fingernails.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Guys, this year it's for families of fallen first-responders.

More of the same response. Charles coughs. Scully appears to be asleep.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And -- they've got incentives this year. A contest.

ROSA

Like what?

TERRY

Like a free ten-day trip for two to Paris, donated by a local travel agency for the highest fundraiser.

ROSA

You should have lead with that.

CHARLES

Oh, it's on. I'm in. I'm going to go out there and make a bunch of widows happy. And I'm gonna eat like *Ratatouille* all over Paris when I'm done, bitches.

Charles mimes eating like a rat. Rosa snorts.

ROSA
Charles, you're too beta dog to
make that happen.

CHARLES
Really? Watch me.

ROSA
You're on. I have perfected my
people skills.

Rosa smiles awkwardly. Terry and Charles recoil at the sight.

TERRY
That freaks Terry out! Scully?
Hitchcock? What about you two?

HITCHCOCK
Do we have to leave the precinct?

SCULLY
They're rotating some new snacks
into the vending machines, and we
have the day kind of mapped out.

TERRY
I suppose you two can tele-market,
yes. So, Rosa, you can go "wow"
businesses with your people skills.
Charles, you do residential.

ROSA
(to Hitchcock and Scully)
While you two trolls moisten your
chairs, I'm gonna go charm people.
Get out of my way.

She pushes past Scully and Hitchcock. Charles remains in her
path and smiles, but Rosa stares him down until he breaks eye
contact and steps aside.

ROSA (CONT'D)
Ha! Beta.

INT. BULLPEN - MORNING

GINA reads a text message. She makes exasperated sounds, then
raises her phone as if to slam it down in a tantrum.

TERRY
Gina! Don't do something you'll
regret.

Gina looks at the phone in her hand, places it down, and gives it a loving pat. She grabs the desk phone receiver and slams it multiple times into its base.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Gina, I get the feeling that something is bothering you.

GINA

Terr-bear, you know me so well. I think my psychic might be broken.

TERRY

Carlene?

GINA

One and the same. She gave me bad news last night.

INT. CARLENE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

CARLENE lays the last tarot card down and exhales loudly. She shakes her head no.

GINA

What? Dish! Is it amazing?

CARLENE

It's nothing. Let's start over.

GINA

No, bitch, do your thing. Don't hold out on me. Tell me my magical future.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

Gina puts her head down on her desk.

GINA

Carlene predicted that Enigma is going to grow up to hate me.

She picks her head up and looks at Terry hopefully.

GINA (CONT'D)

Do you think I'm a bad mother?

TERRY

Gina, I've never even seen you with your daughter.

GINA
Wrong answer.

Gina gets up from her desk and walks away in a huff.

INT. ZENITH FUND - JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

JEAN MUHNROE stands up from behind her desk to greet Jake and AMY, dressed in plain clothes. She shakes their hands.

JEAN
Amy, Jake, thank you both so much
for coming.

JAKE
Anything for the rice queen. See
what I did there? I came up with
that on the way over.

JEAN
Yes, very funny. I don't mind jokes
at all, especially if it means that
the Zenith Fund can keep providing
rice to children suffering from
famine and civil war in global
hotspots everywhere.

JAKE
Cool. Cool. Cool. I forgot how
intense you are.

AMY
I apologize for him. What can you
tell us about the break-in?

JEAN
Our security system's motion
sensors set off an alarm last
night.

JAKE
Is there any security footage?

JEAN
Yes, but I couldn't see much. Maybe
you can do something with it.

Jean swivels her computer screen. Shadowy footage reveals a man in black, wearing a ski mask and a head-brace with three LED flashlights on it, triangulating his face. As the man turns to the camera, the screen goes completely white.

JAKE
That's no amateur.

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Charles walks up to the front door.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - DAY

Sounds of MUSIC, LOUD CONVERSATION, and BABIES CRYING, echo in the hallway. Charles KNOCKS loudly on a door.

CHARLES
Police! I need to ask for money!

Dead silence. Then, toilets FLUSH.

EXT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Windows open up at two locations, and MEN flee from each.

EXT. BROOKLYN HIPSTER COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Rosa walks up and opens the door.

INT. BROOKLYN HIPSTER COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Lone and clustered hipsters are scattered at tables throughout. A BARISTA, male, late-20s, stands at a long wooden counter and looks up.

BARISTA
Good morning! What can I get for you today?

Rosa flashes her badge.

ROSA
I want to talk with the owner. Is that you?

BARISTA
Yes.

Rosa smiles. The barista grimaces.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
How can I help you, officer?

ROSA
Detective. You've been in this
location for three years, right?

BARISTA
Yes.

ROSA
And you've never had a robbery in
all this time?

BARISTA
Never.

ROSA
That's because Brooklyn's finest
keep you safe, right?

BARISTA
I suppose.

ROSA
You suppose? We bust our butts out
here every day, man.

BARISTA
Of course.

ROSA
I'm collecting donations for the
Policemen's Benevolent Association,
for families of fallen first
responders. How much should I put
you down for?

BARISTA
I don't know, ten bucks?

ROSA
Ten bucks?

BARISTA
Sorry, I meant a hundred.

Rosa smiles.

BARISTA (CONT'D)
Per... month?

ROSA
Awesome.

EXT. BROOKLYN HIPSTER COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Rosa walks out, check in hand.

INT. BROOKLYN HIPSTER COFFEE SHOP - DAY

The barista puts his checkbook away.

BARISTA

I think I just got shaken down by a
cop.

INT. BULLPEN - SCULLY AND HITCHCOCK'S DESKS - DAY

A large monitor screen in the bullpen displays the
leaderboard for the fundraiser. Scully hangs up his phone.

SCULLY

I got another donation! Fifty
bucks!

Scully types at his computer and the leaderboard updates.
Hitchcock hangs up his phone.

HITCHCOCK

Me too! I'm calling all my Tinder
matches. The hat-fishing is totally
working, by the way.

Hitchcock types at his computer and the leaderboard updates.

SCULLY

Hat-fishing? What's hat-fishing?

HITCHCOCK

It's when you wear a hat or bandana
to hide your baldness on a dating
site. Look.

INSERT - HITCHCOCK'S PHONE SCREEN

Hitchcock scrolls through photos of himself in various,
awful, suggestive poses, all with hats on.

INT. BULLPEN - SCULLY AND HITCHCOCK'S DESKS - BACK TO SCENE

Scully WHISTLES.

SCULLY

Those are keepers. Hey, look at the
leaderboard. Who's Águila?

HITCHCOCK

They've got entries from all over
the NYPD. Whoever it is, Águila's
raising a lot of money.

SCULLY

Yeah. So, time for a snack break?

HITCHCOCK

Good thinking.

SCULLY

Jake's desk is closer than the
vending machine.

HITCHCOCK

Right you are.

They wheel their chairs over to Jake's desk.

INT. BULLPEN - JAKE'S DESK - DAY

Charles's tray of food is still there. Hitchcock and Scully
chow down.

HITCHCOCK

I've never had quail eggs before.
I'm getting horny already.

SCULLY

Wait til you try some of this ox
penis.

INT. ZENITH FUND - JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jean, Jake, and Amy sit around a small conference table. Amy
has a pad and pen in her hands.

AMY

Is anything missing?

JEAN

No. We don't keep cash or anything
of material value here.

JAKE

Any disgruntled employees?

JEAN
Definitely not.

AMY
(aside to Jake)
I say we send the video footage to
forensics and head back to the
precinct. I'm not sure what else
there is to do here.

JAKE
Forensics will only get a clearer
image of a dude in a ski mask. We
need to figure out what El Señor
Lite Brite was after.

AMY
Not if forensics manages to get us
an identity first.

JAKE
I have serious doubts. I'd like us
to interview the employees anyway.

AMY
The employees love her. I think
it's a dead end.

JAKE
But my Spidey-sense is tingling.
Besides, how long can it take?
(to Jean)
You'd be surprised how often the
criminal is someone close to you.
Please gather your staff.

Jean presses a button on an intercom.

JEAN
Zoya, can you please gather all the
employees in the hall outside my
office?

ZOYA (O.S.)
Of course, Ms. Munhroe.

JEAN
It'll be a few minutes. So... how
was your wedding?

JAKE
(uses finger-quotes)
Our '*nups*' could have been
'*toiter*.'

AMY
(off Jean's look)
He means we hit some snags, but it
was really nice.

JAKE
A little 'un-toit-ened,' but
'noice.'

AMY
Jake, you're making it worse.

They sit in awkward silence.

JEAN
Can I offer you some rice?

AMY
Rice? No, thank you.

JAKE
Actually, yes, please. If only to
get the taste of breakfast oysters
out of my mouth.

There is a KNOCK at the door. It opens, and ZOYA, 20s, pokes
her head in the room.

ZOYA
Everyone is here, Ms. Munhroe.

Jake and Amy exchange glances.

INT. ZENITH FUND - HALLWAY ADJOINING JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

A queue of diverse EMPLOYEES in traditional dress from around
the world looks like a United Nations conference. Jake leans
his head out the doorway into the hall.

JAKE
Hoo boy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. ZENITH FUND - HALLWAY ADJOINING JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Jake scans the gathered employees. A YOUNG AFRICAN MAN, 20s, in African robes steps forward.

JAKE

Good morning. Name, please?

YOUNG AFRICAN MAN

Kkwazzawazzakkwaquikkwalaquaza...

The man clears his throat.

YOUNG AFRICAN MAN (CONT'D)

...Zzabolazza.

JAKE

Wow. Maybe... let's start with just your first name.

YOUNG AFRICAN MAN

That was my first name.

JAKE

Wait, that thing where you cleared your throat -- was that part of your name?

YOUNG AFRICAN MAN

I did not clear my throat.

JAKE

Well, then, I loved your name. The clicks and the not-clearing-the-throat sounds were awesome. How do I write that down?

YOUNG AFRICAN MAN

It cannot really be written down. Just call me Gus.

JAKE

Cool. Cool. Cool. Come on in, Gus.

EXT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - DAY

Charles knocks on the door. The door opens to reveal LINDSAY, fit, attractive, 60s.

CHARLES

Good morning, ma'am. I'm here raising funds for the...

LINDSAY

Lindsay.

CHARLES

Sorry?

LINDSAY

You called me ma'am. I'm Lindsay.

She reaches out her hand like a queen. Charles takes her hand as if to shake it, then almost kisses it, then bows down on one knee like a knight. She laughs.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)

Please, do come in.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charles enters a posh living room. In the corner is a workout area with a "Century B.O.B. - Body Opponent Bag," a martial arts wooden training tree, police tactical gear, etc.

CHARLES

So, as I was saying, I'm raising funds for the Policemen's Benevolent Association.

Charles glances at the workout area and points to the B.O.B.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Hey, we have one of those at our precinct. In our break room.

Lindsay walks over to the B.O.B. and pets it on the chin.

LINDSAY

I love him.

CHARLES

We love ours! Are you NYPD?

LINDSAY

No.

CHARLES

Is your husband?

LINDSAY

I'm not married.

CHARLES

Huh. Then, why do you have all this training gear?

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Terry walks in to find Gina eating yogurt at a table.

TERRY

Gina, is that my yogurt?

GINA

There is no trust in this world. I thought I was going to be Enigma's goat emoji, but I'm just going to be her avocado.

TERRY

I really don't understand.

Gina sighs. She kicks the chair beside her away from the table. Terry sits on it.

GINA

Even emojis are betraying me. Ugh! Goat means "Greatest of all time."

TERRY

Oh. Got it. Makes sense, I guess. And the avocado?

GINA

The avocado is the most basic of all the fruits. It's already trending down.

Gina's hand shoots up and then down like a falling bomb, the arc ending with a sloppy RASPBERRY instead of an explosion.

GINA (CONT'D)

Motherhood has made me an avocado.

TERRY

I could, maybe, give you some tips?

GINA

If anyone else had made me that offer, I'd kill them where they stood. But. You are the best Dad I know. Let's go.

Gina stands abruptly.

TERRY
Wait, what? Where?

GINA
We're going to my daycare place.
You can see me interact with
Enigma.

TERRY
Now?

GINA
Knife emoji, Terry! Knife!

Gina strides out of the room.

TERRY
That sounds bad.

Terry finishes the yogurt and follows after her.

EXT. BROOKLYN ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

Rosa walks up just as a YOUNG THIEF, male, early 20s, bursts from the door, with the STORE OWNER, female, 50s, in pursuit.

STORE OWNER
Help! Stop him!

Rosa uses the thief's forward momentum: she grabs him by the collar as she thrusts out her leg to trip him. With him face-down on the pavement, she twists his arm behind his back and cuffs him, all in one graceful motion.

YOUNG THIEF
Ow! What the hell? Ease up!

STORE OWNER
Oh, my god, you're an angel! He was about to get away with about twelve hundred dollars.

ROSA
Sweet. I'm raising money for the Policemen's Benevolent Association, for families of fallen first responders. How...

YOUNG THIEF
Um, I'm still down here.

ROSA
You have the right to remain
silent.

The young thief rolls over to get a better look at Rosa.

YOUNG THIEF
Are you about to hit her up for
money?

ROSA
Shut up. No one's talking to you.

Rosa puts her foot on his back to force him back down.

YOUNG THIEF
Hey!

ROSA
Hey, yourself. Do you want a
benevolent cop or a malevolent cop?

YOUNG THIEF
Benevolent!

ROSA
Good choice. You don't want to see
me when I'm angry.

STORE OWNER
You're not angry?

ROSA
No. You said this idiot tried to
steal twelve hundred bucks from
you?

STORE OWNER
You know, actually, it might have
been more like four hundred.

YOUNG THIEF
It was definitely at least a grand.

Rosa smiles, and the store owner takes a step back.

INT. PRECINCT MENSROOM - DAY

Two pairs of shoes and unclasped slacks are visible below
closed toilet stall doors. A shirt is slung over one of the
doors.

SCULLY (O.S.)
That watermelon steak isn't sitting
right with me -- gotta be the feta.

HITCHCOCK (O.S.)
You'll be fine. Shush now, it's
ringing.

INT. PRECINCT MENSROOM - HITCHCOCK'S STALL - DAY

Hitchcock, shirtless, has his cell phone in hand.

HITCHCOCK
Hi, Karen, it's Michael. Thanks for
swiping right. Yes, I'm the
detective. Wanna grab drinks
tonight and go back to my place for
some... undercover work?

A loud FART emanates from Scully's stall.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
Shut up, Scully! That's just my
partner. Great. Oh, while I have
you on the phone...

The bathroom fills with the sound of FOOTSTEPS, followed by
trousers UNZIPPING, strong URINATION, and a SIGH.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
...my precinct is doing a
fundraiser today for the
Policemen's Benevolent Association.
I know, cops are awesome. I happen
to have the highest arrest record
in the precinct.

Scully's toilet FLUSHES, echoed by a COUGH, trousers
REZIPPING, and a FLUSH from the urinals. Another round of
FOOTSTEPS is followed by RUNNING WATER.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
Really? Mmmm. Thanks, Karen. Which
will get you to donate more: if I
play the good cop, or the bad cop
tonight? Oooh, you're naughty.

INT. ZENITH FUND - JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake eats rice at the conference table with Amy, as she runs
her hand through her hair and sighs.

AMY

We've interviewed twelve people so far. How many more do we have?

JAKE

Another six. We can bang these out by the end of the day -- title of our sex tape.

Jake smiles and waits for a reaction from Amy. Nothing.

AMY

This is going nowhere -- title of your sex tape. I should be back at the precinct by now.

JAKE

I know. I'm sorry this is taking longer than I thought. If only having an unpronounceable name could be a crime.

Jean enters with MR. OSSAS, 20s, in African dress. Amy picks up her pad and pen.

JEAN

I'd like to introduce you to...

MR. OSSAS

Uvuvwevwevwe Onyetenyevwe
Ugwemubwem Ossas.

AMY

Pleased to meet you. Let me see if I heard correctly. You said your name is Uvuvwevwevwe Onyetenyevwe Ugwemubwem Ossas?

Jean and Jake both do a double take.

AMY (CONT'D)

Oh, no. Did I pronounce that wrong?

MR. OSSAS

Not at all. You must be a musician. You hear the melody in the name.

AMY

Well, I do play the French Horn.

JEAN

Very impressive. That's one of the trickiest instruments to play well.

Amy sits up straight and smiles.

AMY
It's all about controlling...

JEAN
The embouchure, right!

AMY (CONT'D)
...the embouchure.

AMY (CONT'D)
Wait, you play?

JEAN
Flute. I played in orchestras for years.

Amy smiles, blushes, and adjusts her hair.

JAKE
I don't know why you both just said "I'm a shirt," but we need to keep moving. Mister...

Jake moans nervously.

MR. OSSAS
Please, call me Uvu.

JAKE
Thank God. Uvu, what do you do here?

MR. OSSAS
I am a donor retention specialist. I maintain our donor list and track our contacts with them.

JEAN
Uvu takes care of our most prized possession.

JAKE
And boom! There it is. Finally. You do have something valuable here.

AMY
Your donor list.

JAKE
And Amy gets to say that it was the right call to stay.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. ZENITH FUND - JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jean types at her computer. Amy stands from the conference table and goes to look over Jean's shoulder.

MR. OSSAS

I personally accounted for all the hard copies of the donor list this morning. None are missing.

JEAN

But... a digital copy of the donor list was made from this computer last night. Dammit. Dammit. This is all my fault.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Scully and Hitchcock are at their desks and on their phones. Rosa enters with the young thief in cuffs. She sees her own name at the top of the leaderboard, and makes a victorious gesture.

Through his office window, Holt sees Rosa enter. He exits his office and intercepts her.

HOLT

Diaz. I understand that you have had an eventful day.

ROSA

Yeah, I did. I'm in the lead -- and I made an arrest. I'm only here to drop off this trash. Then I'm heading back out.

HOLT

I am afraid that I have to take you off the volunteer effort. I received several complaints from local business owners about their encounters with you today.

ROSA

What? No way! I busted my butt out there today -- and worked on my people skills. People suck so hard.

RECEPTIONIST
Welcome to Sprinkle City!

GINA
I know where I am.

RECEPTIONIST
Sorry, but I have to say that.

GINA
And you know who I am.

RECEPTIONIST
Yes, you're Ms. Linetti, Beyoncé's
choreographer.

GINA
Exactly. I'm here to visit with
Enigma. I want to introduce her to
my friend here.

TERRY
Hi.

RECEPTIONIST
Oh, is this the father?

GINA
I wish.

RECEPTIONIST
Too bad. Follow me, please.

INT. KWAZY KUPCAKE DAYCARE - PLAYROOM - DAY

The receptionist leads Gina and Terry into a brightly decorated room. Pink and white striped curtains, star-shaped ceiling fans, and cupcake-shaped play tables give the impression of being inside the Kwazy Kupcake video game. CHILDREN play or nap throughout the space.

Gina's baby daughter, ENIGMA, is off to the side, asleep. Gina picks her up. Enigma cries. Gina rocks her.

GINA
Shush, honey.

Enigma cries louder.

GINA (CONT'D)
Oh-em-gee, Terry. It's not working.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lindsay strokes B.O.B.'s chin, then drapes her leg over its pedestal base.

LINDSAY
I have a bit of a...

She licks its cheek.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
...fetish. For all things...

She thrusts her pelvis into B.O.B.'s side.

LINDSAY (CONT'D)
...cop. Tell me again why you're here.

CHARLES
To raise money for families of fallen first responders.

LINDSAY
Oh, that's tragically sexy.

CHARLES
(aside)
My damned animal magnetism!

LINDSAY
I'd like to make you an -- indecent proposal.

CHARLES
Stop right there. I'm in a committed relationship. Sorry. A younger me would have jumped at the chance, Lindsay. But, let me make you a proposal of my own.

INT. ZENITH FUND - JEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jean sighs loudly and starts to cry. Jake hands her a USB stick. Amy gives Jake a hard look and hands Jean a tissue.

JAKE
(whispers)
Please make copies of the donor list and the security video for us.

AMY

Jean, take your time. Uvu, would you please excuse us?

Mr. Ossas nods and exits. Jean inserts the USB stick into the computer slot and takes the mouse.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're going to have to contact everyone on your donor list to let them know that their personal information has been compromised.

JEAN

The donors are going to be really upset with me.

Jean sniffs. Amy puts a hand on her shoulder.

JAKE

How many people have the password to your computer, and what is it?

JEAN

Oh, God. Keith always called me a dummy. He's right!

Jean crawls under her desk and sobs. Amy looks at Jake and shrugs.

AMY

Jean?

JEAN

I don't want you to see me crying. My fiancé was a cheater, my foundation has been robbed --

AMY

Burgled.

JEAN

What?

AMY

Technically, it was burglary -- entry into a building or residence with the intention to commit theft. Robbery requires person-to-person interaction.

Jean pops her head up from beneath the desk.

JEAN
 (sarcastically)
 Oh. Thanks. I was burgled!

AMY
 I'm sorry. I can't help myself
 sometimes. And you're not a dummy.

Jean stands and blows her nose. Amy hugs Jean.

JEAN
 (on Amy's shoulder)
 I am a dummy, and it's all my
 fault. Children will starve now
 because I was too lazy to make a
 good password!

She sobs and collapses onto her chair. She puts her head on
 her desk.

JEAN (CONT'D)
 My password is...

JAKE
 Ooh, wait! Lemme guess. Is it *Jean*?

JEAN
 No.

JAKE
 Is it your birthday?

JEAN
 No. You're actually starting to
 make me feel better.

JAKE
 Is it *Keith sucks*?

Jean chuckles and wipes away a tear.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Just kidding. Is it the word, *rice*?

Jean sobs and disappears under the desk.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. BULLPEN - DAY

Jake and Amy rush in. Rosa is at her desk.

AMY

Rosa, how's the fundraiser going?

Rosa points to the leaderboard. Águila is in first place. Rosa is in second. Amy stares at the names. She and Jake exchange looks. Amy smiles.

AMY (CONT'D)

Are you thinking what I'm thinking?

JAKE

You want to go smoosh booties in the Evidence Room real fast?

AMY

Wow, you really misread that. Does the name Águila ring any bells?

JAKE

Wait. I got it. It took me a sec.

Jake grabs his desk phone and dials.

INT. KWAZY KUPCAKE DAYCARE - PLAYROOM - DAY

Gina kisses and rocks Enigma, but Enigma cries louder.

GINA

Terry, what do I do? She hates me already.

TERRY

Just because she's upset doesn't mean she hates you. Try singing to her.

Gina takes a second to think of a song. She closes her eyes and sings the opening to Beyoncé's *Pretty Hurts*:

GINA

Pretty hurts / We shine the light
on whatever's worst / Tryna fix
something / But you can't fix what
you can't see / It's the soul that
needs a surgery.

Enigma coos contentedly, while Terry weeps.

TERRY

You have nothing to worry about,
Gina -- and neither does Enigma.
You just gave Terry all the feels.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Rosa taps on the open door and enters.

ROSA

Captain, I called all the whiners.

HOLT

And? How did they respond when you
apologized to them?

ROSA

They were actually pretty cool. All
but one of them said we could keep
their donation. That puts me in
second place now.

HOLT

By how much?

ROSA

Three hundred dollars. How much did
you donate?

HOLT

I, uh, did not donate. Yet.

Rosa smiles. Holt takes out his wallet.

HOLT (CONT'D)

You know what? I should. It is for
a good cause. Here's three hundred -
- no, four hundred dollars.

ROSA

I have mad people skills. Thanks.

Holt hands over the cash as Jake and Amy enter. Rosa exits.

JAKE

Captain, we have disturbing news.

HOLT

I am listening.

JAKE

We think that the break-in last night was done by The Vulture.

HOLT

Captain Pembroke? This is a very serious allegation. What proof do you have?

AMY

Video surveillance came back from forensics without an ID.

JAKE

Like Jake knew it would.

AMY

Yes. We only have circumstantial evidence. The Zenith Fund had their donors list stolen. And --

JAKE

And the leaderboard out there has had Águila's name at the top of it almost all day. I crosschecked the names on the Zenith Fund's donor list against those who donated to Águila. It's a perfect match, sir.

HOLT

So? Is there a connection between Águila and Captain Pembroke?

THE VULTURE taps on the door, startling Jake and Amy.

PEMBROKE

Hey there, dummies. Talking about me?

JAKE

No. Yes. Where were you last night?

PEMBROKE

Banging your Mom -- and I'm taking her to Paris when I win this contest. I just came here to gloat.

HOLT

Wait. You're Águila?

PEMBROKE

Damned straight. Mister and Missus Weiner here can call me "The Vulture" all they want, but I am America personified. I am a god-damned, majestic, eagle winner. And I'm flying the hell off to Paris.

AMY

Captain, *Águila* is Spanish for *eagle*, and Captain Pembroke here was using it as a pseudonym.

HOLT

(to Pembroke)

But you are not Spanish.

PEMBROKE

Do you know the Irish word for eagle? Because I sure don't.

HOLT

I believe it is *iolar*.

PEMBROKE

Whatever.

JAKE

But seriously, I need to ask you where you were last night. The Zenith Fund had its donor list stolen, and your donors match that list perfectly.

The Vulture eyes Jake hard, then Holt.

PEMBROKE

Someone put on his big boy pants today.

AMY

He did.

PEMBROKE

Simple explanation, jack-off. I met all those rich turds at one of Jean's charity benefits...

He gets right in Jake's face.

PEMBROKE (CONT'D)

...and I have a long memory.

HOLT
You still did not say where you
were last night.

PEMBROKE
At home, in bed.

HOLT
Alone?

PEMBROKE
Why, Holt? You and your husband
break up?

HOLT
Never. Please answer the question.

PEMBROKE
I was alone. But that doesn't mean
anything. Besides, it sounds like a
victimless crime. Even if it were
true, it's all for a good cause, am
I right?

AMY
I'm pretty sure that Jean Munhroe
doesn't see it that way.

Charles pokes his head into the room.

CHARLES
The fundraiser is about to close.
The final tallies are coming in.
I'm so excited! Come on!

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Everyone gathers around the leaderboard. Dollar amounts
change, along with the positioning of the names. Several
people cheer. The Vulture scowls.

CHARLES
Yes! Genevieve and I are going to
Paris. I'm going to eat my beta
derrière off! One cheek at a time.

ROSA
Congratulations, Charles.

PEMBROKE
Wow, the weirdo won. Unbelievable.
I'm outta here.

(MORE)

PEMBROKE (CONT'D)

(turns to Holt)

You got a problem with that?

Jake, Amy and Holt exchange tense glances. Holt shakes his head no.

PEMBROKE (CONT'D)

I thought not. Alrighty then. Catch you a-holes another time.

The Vulture saunters off. Jake grimaces.

JAKE

That was extremely unsatisfying.

HOLT

Agreed.

AMY

Yup.

JAKE

What is satisfying is that Charles won. How did you do it?

CHARLES

I owe it all to an eccentric woman I met today -- and to Hitchcock.

JAKE

Hitchcock?

CHARLES

Yeah, I met this super rich lady with a cop fetish, who totally wanted to do me.

ROSA

Gross, Charles.

CHARLES

I whipped her up a delicious batch of Nana Boyle's meatballs instead -- and then I set her up with Hitchcock. He's there now.

INT. BROOKLYN BROWNSTONE - BEDROOM - DAY

Hitchcock, red-faced and shirtless, with a ball-gag in his mouth and a cop's hat on, faces a mirror. Lindsay stands behind him with a crop in her hand. Hitchcock lets out a muffled scream as Lindsay CRACKS the crop across his backside. He cries a little, then smiles.

END OF SHOW