

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"A Flash In The Pants"

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COLD OPEN

INT. 99TH PRECINCT - BULLPEN

Amy, Rosa, Charles and Jake crowd around Amy's desk. Terry sits at his desk in the background.

AMY
Alright, your turn, Jake. What are you afraid of?

JAKE
Um, Tuna.

AMY
Tuna?

CHARLES
Oh, Jake, you haven't lived until you've had a fresh albacore tuna baked in a brick oven.

Jake makes a grossed out face.

JAKE
I'd rather be dead.

Jake turns to Rosa.

JAKE (cont'd)
Diaz?

ROSA
Old people. Always dying. Freaks me out.

JAKE
Alright.

ROSA
How about you sergeant?

Terry perks up.

CHARLES
The Ebony Falcon isn't afraid of anything.

AMY
Come on, everyone's afraid of something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Terry SCREECHES in the background and jumps on his desk.
Everyone turns to him.

JAKE
What's wrong?

TERRY
There's a rat.

He points to the worlds smallest rat on the floor.

JAKE
So?

TERRY
Get rid of it! Get rid of it!

Terry practically cries. Jake picks up the rat.

JAKE
It's just a small rat, but I guess
I'll --

Jake THROWS the rat at Terry, Terry SCREAMS like a little
girl.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. 99TH PRECINCT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

CHYRON: "99TH PRECINCT, MORNING BRIEFING, 8:30 AM"

Terry stands behind the podium in the center of the room, he's surrounded by the detectives.

TERRY
Let's get started.

TERRY (cont'd)
An Asian male has been flashing his
privates to women.

Terry clicks a remote, the TV next to him changes to a photo of a man in a trench coat flashed wide open.

AMY
Gross.

ROSA
What's the problem? Sounds like a
good laugh.

The room CHUCKLES.

TERRY
These women have been scarred for
life, including the mayors daughter.

CHARLES
I was scarred for life once. Was
wrestling my uncle and fell on a
lamp, split my butt cheeks wide open.

JAKE
Was that the only time you've split
open your butt cheeks?

CHARLES
You know, it seems like every time my
uncle came around I split my cheeks
open again.

JAKE
Your uncle sounds like a wonderful
man.

TERRY
Enough. Amy, Diaz, this ones yours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Amy looks visibly sick.

ROSA
What?

AMY
Why me? Why not Jake?

TERRY
Peralta's just going to make penis
jokes all day.

Jake shrugs, nods.

JAKE
He's right.

TERRY
Dismissed.

INT. 99TH PRECINCT - BULLPEN

Terry sits at his desk in the bullpen. Amy, Rosa and Charles gather around Jake's desk.

The door to Holt's office swings open, Holt appears.

HOLT
Sergeant, a word?

TERRY
Yes, sir.

Holt steps into his office, Terry stands up.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt settles into his chair, Terry appears at the door.

TERRY
Yeah, Captain?

Terry closes the door as Holt walks to his chair and sits down.

HOLT
You've been doing great work around here. I'm very glad you're back in the field.

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TERRY
Thank you, sir.

HOLT
The Convention for the International
Association of Police is this
weekend. I'm attending.

TERRY
You can trust me to hold down the
fort, sir.

HOLT
Actually, I wanted you to accompany
me.

TERRY
Oh, no that's alright, sir.

HOLT
Why not?

TERRY
It's just...

Terry waivers, then breaks --

TERRY (cont'd)
The guys from the one-eight will
probably be there.

Terry looks like a teased kid on the playground.

HOLT
You can't let some bullies keep you
from advancing your career. I've
spent my life fighting adversity.
Besides, you were much heavier then,
why not show off your new...
(he gestures at Terry)
...physique?

Terry nods.

HOLT (cont'd)
We leave in two hours.

INT. 99TH PRECINCT - BULLPEN

Holt and Terry walk out of his office.

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HOLT
Attention, everyone.

Jake, Charles, Rosa, Gina, Amy and the rest of the bullpen looks up.

HOLT (cont'd)
Sergeant Jeffords and I will be out of town attending the annual Police Conference this weekend.

JAKE
Sweet, no parents!

Jake HIGH FIVES Charles. Rosa rolls her eyes.

JAKE (cont'd)
Party in Holt's office.

ROSA
Who's our C.O. while you're gone?

JAKE
No one. That's the point.

HOLT
There will be no parties. You will act like civilized detectives. Am I clear?

Holt turns to leave, Amy RUSHES to Holt and Terry.

AMY
Sir, I would be honored to act as Captain Pro Tem while you are away.

Holt thinks.

TERRY
Peralta could use a baby sitter.

Holt nods.

HOLT
Alright, the job is yours, Santiago.

AMY
I'll make you more proud than your future children will.

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CONTINUED:

HOLT
(emotionless)
My husband and I don't want children.
We're happy with our dog.

AMY
Then I'll make you equally as proud
as your dog.

Terry shakes his head.

HOLT
Just don't let Peralta burn the
building down.

Holt turns to the bullpen.

HOLT (cont'd)
Everyone! Amy will be your acting
superior while Terry and I are at the
conference.

Amy is BEAMING.

JAKE
What? Oh come on, Captain.

AMY
My first order as interim captain is
to reassign the flasher case to Jake.

JAKE
No way. Captain, she's just doing
this to get out of this case.

HOLT
You'll do as she says Peralta. Catch
the flasher by the time I get back.

Holt leaves.

GINA
You'll need a sergeant. Who's it
gonna be?

TERRY
She's right. Your call.

JAKE
Oh, oh! Right here.

Jake perks up, points at himself obnoxiously.

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