

Brooklyn Nine-Nine

"Home Security"

Written by

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COLD OPENINT. BULLPEN - DAY

JAKE sits at his desk while AMY stands near him.

JAKE
It was just so weird.

CHARLES appears behind Jake.

CHARLES
What was weird, Jake?

Jake cries out, grabs Amy and puts her between Charles and himself. Jake cowers behind Amy, like a shy child hiding behind his mother.

Charles looks at Amy with concern.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Did I do something wrong?

AMY
Not at all. Jake had a bad dream
last night and you were in it.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - DREAM SEQUENCE - NIGHT

Jake rocks gently in a rocking chair while holding his swaddled son, MAC. Jake smiles down at his boy.

Mac lets out a small cry that builds in intensity. Jake shushes Mac.

JAKE
Is my little officer "hungwy"?

CHARLES (O.S.)
(baby voice)
Yes, daddy.

Jake's face falls. He looks down at the child in his arms.

Looking up at Jake is the swaddled face of Charles. He makes the kissy-sucky lips of a suckling newborn.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(baby voice)
I'm so hungwy.

Suddenly, Jake is naked in the rocking chair. His face twitches as his mouth involuntarily forms a permanent smile. His panicked eyes dart around the room.

JAKE
(through his frozen smile)
Amyyyyyy...

Charles' suckling noises get louder.

CHARLES
(baby voice)
Pwease feed me.

Jake slowly raises the swaddled bundle to his naked chest. His neck muscles twitch. Sweat beads on his brow. From his fear-filled eyes, thin tears stream down his cheeks.

Jake lifts the bundle to his nipple.

Charles makes sucky lips as milk sprays his swaddled face.

Jake screams through his frozen smile. The scream and the suckling noises meld into a growling burst of STATIC.

INT. BULLPEN - BACK TO SCENE

Charles, his expression inscrutable, stares at Amy.

Amy, standing between Charles and Jake, shrugs.

Jake, sits in his chair, cowering behind Amy.

JAKE
(whispering mantra)
Make me a bird so I can fly far,
far away. Make me a bird so I can
fly far, far away.

Charles' face lights up.

CHARLES
Well, I loved it!

Jake scream-cries into Amy's back.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEINT. HOLT'S OFFICE - MORNING

HOLT sits at his desk, smiling. Amy sits in a chair buzzing with excitement. Jake enters, holding a coffee.

JAKE

You wanted to see --

(to Amy, confused)

I thought you were working with the Federal Task Force this week.

Amy grins.

AMY

I still am. But...

Amy nods to Holt. Jake takes a seat.

HOLT

Sergeant Santiago was deputized this morning into the U.S Marshals.

AMY

Thanks to Title twenty-eight, Code of Federal Regulations, Chapter I, Part zero, Subpart T, Section zero, Subsection one-twelve, I'm now Special Deputy Marshal Santiago!

Holt and Amy beam with pride.

JAKE

No fair! Why wasn't I made one?

HOLT

You're paperwork is reprehensible.

AMY

You're paperwork is atrocious.

JAKE

Good point. So, why am I here?

HOLT

The white nationalist march happening later today attracted the notorious group "The Strong Sons" and its leader, Odin Mills.

JAKE

What, does he run a viking themed Olan Mills? Are all the photography backdrops just villages on fire?

(MORE)

JAKE (CONT'D)

(off Holt and Amy's glare)
I'm sorry. Low sleep, high coffee.
Please, continue.

HOLT

He's wanted by Federal authorities
for questioning and was spotted in
our precinct last night. Peralta,
you're to assist Special Deputy
Marshal Santiago serve the arrest
warrant and bring Odin to a safe
house for retrieval.

AMY

(to Jake)
The march means delays in uniformed
officer response times. That's why
I asked if you could be my second.
I need someone I trust completely.

JAKE

Aww, you love me.

HOLT

I still think you would be better
off with Detective Diaz...

Jake gasps.

HOLT (CONT'D)

(serious)
Be vigilant, you two. That's an
order.

JAKE

One angry white dude, coming up!

Jake leaves. Amy and Holt share a concerned look.

INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

HITCHCOCK, SCULLY, ROSA, and Charles sits at their desks.
TERRY walks up to Charles and hands him a file.

TERRY

Got a missing person case that
needs following up. She's the host
of an online cooking show. I
figured you'd love that.

CHARLES
 (off the file)
 Sally Pritchard aka Psilocybin
 Pizza. Never heard of --

Hitchcock erupts out of his seat.

HITCHCOCK
 Sil is missing!?
 (to Terry)
 Put me on the case. I beg you.
 (to Charles)
 Please?

CHARLES
 Fine by me. I get lonely
 investigating missing people.

TERRY
 (to Hitchcock)
 Looks like you're on the case.

HITCHCOCK
 (to Charles)
 Don't just sit there. Let's go!

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Jake drives. Amy rides shotgun. Staring at them from behind the plexiglass partition is ODIN MILLS, 30s, white male, an undercut haircut, ripped like Terry, tall as a horse jockey.

Odin, in handcuffs, KNOCKS on the partition. Jake reaches for the partition.

AMY
 You know he's the leader of a neo-fascist organization, right?

JAKE
 Pshaw, "Special Deputy Marshal"
 Santiago, I got this.

Jake slides the partition open.

JAKE (CONT'D)
 Do you need something, Odin?

ODIN
 Aren't you Detective Peralta, the one that was in that real life Die Hard situation a few Christmases ago?

Jake glances at Amy and smiles.

JAKE
Guilty as charged.

ODIN
I was surprised to find out you're
a Jew. Ashkenazi, right? I can spot
your kind --

Jake closes the partition.

JAKE
Aaaaand I'm closing the window.

Jake shudders. Amy puts a hand on Jake's arm. Odin smiles smugly from the backseat.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Scully stands in front of the bumper pool table, holding a pool cue. Terry walks in and refills his coffee. Scully takes his shot and burps when he strikes. He sinks it and fist pumps to himself.

TERRY
I had no idea you played.

SCULLY
I've been playing for years.

TERRY
Really? Are you good?

SCULLY
I'm sorry but I can't teach you. I
tried to teach Hitchcock once.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM CORRIDOR - FLASHBACK - DAY

Scully lays on his belly on a gurney. A sheet is draped over a pool cue sticking out of Scully's butt. Two NURSES wheel the gurney down the corridor while Scully weeps. Hitchcock, also crying, holds Scully's hand.

HITCHCOCK
I'm sorry! I didn't know what you
meant by "center pocket."

INT. BREAK ROOM - BACK TO SCENE

Terry and Scully stand in front of the bumper pool table.

TERRY

I'm really sorry...that I just listened to that.

SCULLY

That's what I get for trying to teach someone with stiff wrists.

TERRY

Fortunately, Terry already knows how to play. And get this, Shaw's is holding a doubles bumper pool tournament tonight.

SCULLY

I know. I'm looking for a partner.

Terry gets excited.

TERRY

Would you want to partner up?

Scully sucks his teeth.

SCULLY

First, I need to see you shoot.

TERRY

With pleasure.

Terry takes a pool cue from the rack. He aims and, as he strikes, he lets out a barbaric yawp. Scully squeaks, startled by the loud noise. Terry sinks his shot.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Terry's been playing for years too. Now it's your turn.

Scully puts on his game face. He takes aim and shoots, farting loudly as he strikes. Scully sinks his shot. Terry waves the smell away.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You're good. No doubt. But Terry thinks our play styles aren't very compatible.

SCULLY

I completely agree. Your style's embarrassing.

TERRY
And yours is disgusting.

SCULLY
Hey, I have a medical condition --

TERRY
Look, we'll just have to find
different partners is all.

Scully locks eyes with Terry and puts out a hand.

SCULLY
May the best team win?

Terry relaxes.

TERRY
Terry loves friendly competition.

Terry shakes Scully's hand. A cloud of powder poofs into the air, leaving Terry's hand coated in it. Terry sniffs it.

SCULLY
It's Bacon Powder. I use it instead
of chalk. In case I get snacky.

Scully licks his palm. Terry frowns and leaves.

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Charles and Hitchcock are alone in the elevator.

CHARLES
Why were you so adamant about being
put on this case?

HITCHCOCK
You see Psilocybin Pizza, or Sil to
her true fans, like me, has a
topless cooking show on OnlyFans.

CHARLES
Ugh. Gross.

HITCHCOCK
Awesome, right? Anyways, she hates
cookbooks. Instead, she comes up
with all her recipes during orgasm.

CHARLES
Ridiculous. Cookbooks are the
foundation to a culinary education.
(MORE)

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I have a substantial collection of
out of print volumes at ho --

HITCHCOCK

Sil is beyond anything you could
read in a cookbook.

Hitchcock spits like he was warding off a hex.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

She created a recipe especially for
me. After all three of my two-
hundred twenty-two dollar payments
cleared, of course.

CHARLES

(sarcastic)
Of course.

HITCHCOCK

It's called...
(really selling it)
Road Baloney.

CHARLES

That sounds familiar...

INT. HIDENBURG FALCON'S OFFICE - DAY

At the end of the room, opposite of the doors, is a pair of
beanbag chairs and a desk. Seated at the desk is HIDENBURG
FALCON, 20s, white male, with dyed red hair and face tattoos.

The office doors open and Charles and Hitchcock walk in.
Hitchcock scans the room like he's just entered Wonka's
chocolate factory. Charles scowls at the decor.

HIDENBURG

Dick-tectives, please, pop a squat.

Hitchcock plops onto a beanbag chair. Charles misjudges his
bag and rolls awkwardly onto the floor.

HITCHCOCK

Apologies for my clumsy partner,
Mister Falcon. And might I just add
that I don't for a second believe
all those haters on the internet.
There's no way you're a cult
leader.

HIDENBURG

Thanks, Boomer. Preesh.

Charles plops onto his bean bag. He smirks at Hitchcock.

HIDENBURG (CONT'D)
What desire can I fulfill today?

CHARLES
We just had some follow-up questions.

HIDENBURG
You may ask me two questions. I'm very busy.

HITCHCOCK
Can I get a selfie with you?

HIDENBURG
No. That's one question.

HITCHCOCK
That's fair.

Charles glares at Hitchcock. He turns back to Hindenburg.

CHARLES
How were Sally's numbers? Was she struggling with money? Is there any reason she would want to disappear?

HIDENBURG
Tsk-tsk, naughty dick. That's more than one question. So, I'll respond with a question of my own. Even though her numbers were trending flat, why would Sil leave behind her thousands of giving fans?

HITCHCOCK
Yeah, Charles, answer the man!

Charles scowls. He tries to get up but tumbles to the floor.

CHARLES
(from the floor)
Thank you for your time today,
Mister Falcon. We'll be in touch.

Hitchcock shakes his head, embarrassed.

INT. BULLPEN - DAY

Rosa sits at her desk wearing earbuds and doing paperwork.

Terry approaches cautiously. Terry's hand slowly reaches forward and tap-taps Rosa's shoulder.

Rosa twists Terry's hand into a single-handed thumb lock. She plucks out the earbuds with her free hand.

ROSA
What's up, Lieutenant?

TERRY
(in pain)
I just wanted to ask you if you'd like to partner up for a bumper pool tournament tonight at Shaw's.

Rosa release Terry's hand. Terry rubs his wrist.

ROSA
Don't know how to play.

Rosa replaces one ear bud.

TERRY
(tantalizingly)
You get to hit things with sticks?

Rosa, about to replace her second ear bud, pauses.

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - DAY

Holt's at his desk. Scully knocks on the open door.

HOLT
Come in. How can I help you?

Scully slides into a chair and starts his pitch.

SCULLY
Shaw's is having a doubles bumper pool tournament tonight and I was hoping you'd be my part --

Holt's smile drops.

HOLT
I don't have time for such trivial diversions. If that's all...

SCULLY
(feigning defeat)
I understand. Probably involves too much math for you anyways.

Holt perks up.

HOLT
 "Too much math," you say?

Scully grins.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

A line of cars are parked along the curb, including Jake and Amy's unmarked police car.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Jake wiggles and squirms in the driver's seat. Amy sits shotgun with her phone to her ear. She hangs up. Jake's face contorts with discomfort.

JAKE
 (strained)
 What's the word?

AMY
 The white nationalist march was confronted by a massive counter protest. The Marshals are stuck in traffic because of it. We just have to sit tight and --

Jake moans.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Are you okay?

JAKE
 That fourth cup of coffee is going right through me. We're pretty close to home. If we have to wait, I'm gonna go --

A loud POP followed by a steady HISS of air.

Jake checks the driver side mirror.

A PROTESTER, 20s, white male, wearing a paintball mask and a backpack ducks behind the car.

Another POP followed by a HISS. Jake jumps out of the car.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Amy surveys the tire damage of the unmarked police car.

Jake jogs up to Amy, slightly winded.

JAKE

Paintball gave me the slip. How's it looking?

AMY

Bad. Both tires are flat.

(beat)

If Odin's buddy knows we're here...

JAKE

I think we need to get off the street. But it's your call. What do we do -- ohhh...

Jake bends at the waist, pressing his hands into his bladder.

Amy eyes Jake, the flat tire, then Odin in the back seat.

AMY

Get the leg cuffs.

Jake nods, waddles to the trunk, and opens it.

Amy opens the rear door of the car.

AMY (CONT'D)

Legs out. Let's go.

Odin puts his legs out.

ODIN

Car trouble, Officer?

Jake waddles up to Odin and puts on the leg cuffs.

JAKE

(to Odin)

That's Special Deputy Marshall to you, little fella.

(to Amy)

Where are we taking him?

AMY

(sheepishly)

A safe...house...close by.

Jake lets out a long sigh of relief.

JAKE

Oh good, because I, uh --

Jake stands. His pants are wet. Odin points and laughs.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Terry hands Rosa a pool cue. Rosa twirls it in one hand.

ROSA

Is this my weapon?

TERRY

No. It's an extension of your body.

Rosa two-hands the pool cue like a longsword. She swings it. Terry snatches the cue from her. Rosa scowls.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Maybe, I should you show you the proper technique first. Observe.

Terry takes his stance in front of the bumper pool table.

TERRY (CONT'D)

To get the most power out of my shot, I name all of the balls after people that picked on me when I was a lonely fat kid.

Terry takes his shot, giving his powerful yell as he does. Terry hands Rosa the cue.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Now, you try.

Terry cautiously adjusts Rosa's grip and backs away.

Rosa locks onto her target. She frowns, then scowls, then her face becomes a silent mask of pure rage. She strikes the ball with great ferocity.

The ball arcs up into the air. Surprised, Terry watches as the ball reaches its apex and then descends. It lands on the pool table and rolls into a pocket.

TERRY (CONT'D)

You're a natural!

Rosa shrugs, playing it cool.

ROSA
Your technique kind of helped.

Terry smiles at the compliment. He resets the table for Rosa.

TERRY
Try another shot?

Rosa twirls the pool cue and takes aim.

INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

The CRACK of Rosa's shot rings out through the open break room door. The pool ball flies out and rolls along the floor.

A RECORDS CLERK, 30s, male, carrying a large stack of paperwork, steps onto the ball and trips, sending his stack of paperwork into the air.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Terry winces. Rosa laughs. Terry closes the break room door.

TERRY
That was just a fluke. Try again.

Rosa lines up.

INT. THE BULLPEN - DAY

The Records Clerk stands holding a sloppy stack of paperwork.

The break room door window shatters. The pool ball hits the Records Clerk hard in the back. Paperwork cascades through the air.

INT. BREAK ROOM - DAY

Terry is shocked. Rosa grins with delight.

TERRY
You're not a natural. You're a natural disaster.

Rosa smiles. She readies herself for another shot.

TERRY (CONT'D)
That wasn't a compliment.

Terry snatches the pool cue from Rosa but she keeps her grip. The two lock eyes. Their hands squeeze the cue. Terry flexes. The pool cue snaps in two. Rosa chuckles and tosses her half of the cue onto the pool table.

ROSA

I win.

Rosa leaves.

TERRY

(calling out)

That's not how you win!

Terry frowns at the half pool cue in his hand.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jake, wearing fresh clothes, sits on the bed tying his shoe. Laying on the bed is a pile of framed photos and pictures of Jake, Amy, and Mac. Amy enters carrying a picture of Mac's ultrasound. She sets it on the bed with the others.

AMY

Feel better?

JAKE

Certainly feel less wet. We can leave this part out of our report, right?

AMY

I promise to keep your secret.

ODIN (O.S.)

I don't! I'm gonna tell everyone I know about Detective "Pee-Pee Pants" Peralta!

JAKE

(to Amy)

Excuse me a sec.

Jake leaves.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - DAY

Odin is handcuffed to a rocking chair. Jake pokes his head inside the open door.

JAKE

May I remind you that you are the one handcuffed to a rocking chair surrounded by stuffed animals.

ODIN

(mocking)

Wait. Is this your apartment? Am I in your bedroom? That explains all the diapers.

JAKE

(scoffs)

No, that's ridiculous. This isn't our -- my -- anyone's apartment. This is a safe house for battered spouses with babies.

ODIN

Uh-huh, sure. So, which baby powder do you prefer, talc or cornstarch?

Jake huffs and slams the door. Odin laughs.

INT. SALLY PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - DAY

The small apartment is cheaply furnished and sparsely decorated. The front door opens.

In the hallway stands the BUILDING MANAGER, 50s, female, holding a metal ring with a lot of keys on it. Behind her are Charles and Hitchcock. Hitchcock eagerly pushes past the Building Manager and enters the apartment.

CHARLES

(to Building Manager)

Sorry. My partner loves his work. Thank you for your assistance.

Charles closes the door and locks the deadbolt.

Smiling broadly, Hitchcock moves about the room, sniffing the air, like a puppy set loose in a new backyard.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

(confused)

Are you sniffing for clues to help us find Sally?

Hitchcock raises his nose high, takes a big sniff, and smiles. He dashes away giggling.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
(calling out)
Remember, we're here for evidence!
(sotto)
Bringing him along may have been a
mistake.

INT. SALLY PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

A dresser, an end table, and a bed with black satin covers furnish the room.

Hitchcock stands in front of the dresser and lifts a perfume bottle. He sprays it into the air and inhales deeply. He grins. Then he sprays it into his mouth, savoring the taste, and sets the bottle down.

Hitchcock turns and leaps, belly flopping onto the bed. He wraps himself up in the satin covers, slides off the bed, and onto the floor. He chuckles a moment, then stops.

Reaching under the bed, Hitchcock pulls out a small book. He opens it. His face lights up.

HITCHCOCK
Sil, you naughty little vixen.

INT. SALLY PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is fully stocked with appliances, cooking utensils, and spice racks. The majority of the cabinets are open, as are the drawers.

Charles opens the pantry. Something on the top shelf catches his eye.

CHARLES
Well, what do we have here.

Charles reaches for the item.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Jake sits on the end of the bed, playing a Nintendo Switch.

Amy enters. Jake stops playing.

AMY
Okay, got two unis bringing us a
backup car. They'll be here in
forty-five minutes.

JAKE
Why so long?

AMY
Traffic is a nightmare. There's two groups of white males with AR-15s blocking the Brooklyn and Manhattan Bridges.

JAKE
Probably Odin's friends.

AMY
(worried)
Probably. The sooner we can get Odin out of here, the better.

JAKE
Agree --

A loud KNOCK at the front door startles them.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Jake and Amy take position by the front door. Jake peers into the peephole.

JAKE
It's dark.

Amy nods to Jake, then yanks open the door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Jake steps out. The hallway is empty. Jake stands down.

JAKE
Clear.

He examines the door. A piece of gum is smooshed over the peephole. Jake makes an "eww, gross" face as he peels it off. Amy, standing in the doorway, hands Jake a tissue.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(about tissue)
Yep. You're a great a mom.

Movement at the end of the hallway draws Jake's attention.

The Protester with the paintball mask stares at Jake. The Protester takes off down the stairwell.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Freeze, Paintball!

Jakes gives chase.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(over shoulder to Amy)
Stay with Odin!

Amy moves into the apartment, shutting the door.

INT. SHAW'S BAR - DAY

Holt and Scully are in the gaming area, standing in front of the bumper pool table.

SCULLY
...And that's the basics of bumper pool. What do you think?

HOLT
I'm thinking: Why am I in a bar before the Queen's tea?

SCULLY
Home field advantage.
(beat)
What do you think about the game?

HOLT
I think it's nothing more than a simple trigonometry problem. Hit the ball and it will travel...
(traces a path)
...here to here and then here.

Holt ends on a pocket. Scully laughs and hands Holt a cue.

SCULLY
In that case, take the shot.

Holt sighs. He aims, shoots, and badly misses.

HOLT
That's odd. I --

Holt's thumb rubs across the rounded blue tip of the pool cue. Holt squints at the tip. He snatches a ball off of the table and holds the ball and the tip of the cue in front of his eyes, studying them.

Holt drops the ball and pool cue unceremoniously. He darts to the table and rubs his hands across the felt. Holt closes his eyes and bites his bottom lip.

Scully leans close to Holt's ear.

SCULLY
What do you think now?

Holt opens his eyes. A tear streams down his cheek.

HOLT
Teach me. I beg of you.

SCULLY
The training has already begun.

Holt, filled with relief, laughs.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Amy opens the front door. Jake walks in.

JAKE
He gave me the slip. Again!

AMY
How do you think he found us?

JAKE
I was wondering the same thing. He could have followed us after slashing our tires. But before that, while we were driving...

Jake suddenly dashes down the hallway. Amy follows.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - NURSERY - DAY

Odin's in the rocking chair. Jake busts into the room and drops to his knees in front of Odin.

ODIN
You look good on your knees.

JAKE
You just grab the lowest hanging fruit because that's all you can reach.

Jake unties Odin's boot. He searches it. Nothing. Odin grins.

ODIN
Try the other one.

JAKE
I was going to, with or without
your permission.

Jake removes Odin's other boot and searches it. Jake pulls out a small radio transmitter.

JAKE (CONT'D)
(to Amy, worried)
Paintball must have the receiver.

ODIN
Wow, "Pee-Pee Pants," you should
become a detective.

Jakes drops the transmitter and stomps it.

ODIN (CONT'D)
Too late, globalist. My Sons will
be here real soon to come rescue
their father.

Jake steps over to Amy.

JAKE
(serious)
I don't want to shoot someone where
Ma -- I mean, a beautiful, perfect
child sleeps at night.

AMY
(voice thick with emotion)
Me either. So, no guns?

Jake takes Amy's hand.

JAKE
Special Deputy Marshal Amy
Santiago, I think this is our *Home
Alone* moment.

ODIN
Oh my god, you idiots are so fu --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY**

Jake struggles to lower Odin, hands cuffed behind his back, belly down into the empty bathtub.

JAKE

You're as heavy as you are short.

ODIN

And you peed your pants in front of your girlfriend.

Jake finishes lowering Odin and closes the curtain. Jake moves to the sink. A lamp sits on the counter.

JAKE

Special Deputy Marshal Santiago is my wife. And pee-pee pants could never ruin our relationship.

Odin laughs.

Jake pops a pocket knife and cuts the cord. Jake wraps the cord's exposed wires around the metal doorknob and plugs it into a light socket.

JAKE (CONT'D)

But then, how could a person whose life is filled with so much hate ever hope to understand true love?

In the tub, Odin scowls.

Jake, smiling smugly, steps into the hallway and carefully closes the booby-trapped bathroom door.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - DAY

Amy lifts a thick binder and tucks it into a pillowcase.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Above the window with the fire escape access, Jake tests a booby trap. A baseball rolls along a shoe horn, drops, and knocks over a series of books stacked like dominoes.

The final book lands on the nozzle of a can of WD-40. A burst of fire erupts with a WHOOSH as the spray ignites the blue flame of a portable Bunsen burner. Jake smiles.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - DAY

Amy lifts a sheet tied around the binder filled pillowcases and swings it like a heavy pendulum. Amy smiles.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - DAY

Jake ties the bedsheets and loaded pillowcases to a railing in the stairwell.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Outside of the bedroom door, Amy sets up a chair with a can of pepper spray and a mousetrap duct taped to it. She tapes a piece of twine to the door and attaches it to the mousetrap.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING LOBBY - DAY

Over the elevator's call buttons, Jake tapes a sign that reads: Out of order. Please use stairs.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY

Amy stands in the hallway holding a jar of thumbtacks. Jake is on his knees in the hallway, scooping a heaping handful of petroleum jelly from an industrial sized container.

JAKE

Who knew Hitchcock's baby shower
gift would actually be useful?

Jake drops the glop of jelly onto the floor and spreads it. Amy tips the jar, scattering thumbtacks across the goop.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Jake and Amy place the dining room table onto a mound of furniture in front of the apartment door, forming a blockade.

They examine their work. Jake beams with pride.

JAKE

And now, we wait to see who gets
here first, Odin's Sons or our
backup.

(beat)

You did call for backup, right?

AMY

Of course. They'll be here in a few minutes... I hope.

JAKE

Well, I for one hope they're late.
Hate for all this to go to waste.

Amy smiles nervously at Jake. Jake is oblivious.

INT. SHAW'S BAR - DAY

Holt and Scully stand by the pool table. Holt sinks a shot.

SCULLY

Keep playing like that and we got this tournament in the bag.

HOLT

I think you mean "in the pocket."

They both laugh.

HANK, Shaw's bartender, approaches.

HANK

You guys interested in our bumper pool tourney tonight?

HOLT

May as well give us the prize now because there's no way we can lose.

HANK

Love the confidence. So, which is the stick and which is the balls?

Holt and Scully are confused.

Hank points to a poster that reads: Doubles Bumper Pool Tournament. The poster shows two people playing the "Helping Hands" game, with the one in the front being the eyes and the one in the back using the pool cue.

HOLT

(to Scully)

...As long as I'm upwind of your medical condition, I have no issue being the balls.

SCULLY

Deal!

HANK
Excellent! I'll get the sheet.

INT. SALLY PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen's cabinets and drawers are opened. Charles holds a hardbound book. Hitchcock walks in reading Sally's diary.

HITCHCOCK
Why'd you call me? I'm busy.

CHARLES
Look at this.

Charles holds out the book. The title reads: Truck Stop High Cookery. Hitchcock glances at it and returns to the diary.

HITCHCOCK
So what?

CHARLES
It's a cookbook...in Sally's kitchen...

Hitchcock twirls a finger in the air. Charles frowns.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
There's another reason. Here, read.

Charles takes Sally's diary and puts the cookbook in Hitchcock's hands. Perturbed, Hitchcock reluctantly reads.

HITCHCOCK
Road Baloney. There you hap --

Hitchcock double checks the book.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)
It -- it can't be. Sil lied to me.
(indignant)
She's a fraud! My life is lie!

Hitchcock sits on floor and leans against the counter.

CHARLES
If it's any consolation, this
cookbook is extremely rare. I would
know, I'm an expert-level amateur --

The deadbolt on the front door CLICKS and the door OPENS and SHUTS quickly. Charles ducks behind the counter with Hitchcock. Hitchcock sniffs the air. He gasps.

SALLY PRITCHARD, 20s, green hair, wearing cat ears, walks in. She notices them and screams. Charles screams too.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
Detectives Boyle and Hitchcock!

SALLY
You guys are cops?

Sally glances at her diary in Charles' hand.

SALLY (CONT'D)
(nervous)
Great. Just who I wanted to see.

Hitchcock stands. He's fuming mad. He opens his mouth --

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

The front door is open enough for a person to squeeze through. A blockade of furniture prevents it from opening further. Jake stands next to the door. Amy paces nervously.

Jake chuckles. Amy stops pacing.

AMY
What?

JAKE
We are going to have so many cool stories to tell Mac.

Amy loosens up and smiles.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Also, don't be worried. We're an unstoppable team, remember?

Loud VOICES carry from outside the door. Jake perks up.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Looks like it's time to defeat some criminal scum.

AMY
Be careful.

JAKE
Don't know the meaning of the word!

Jake squeezes out through the front door.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Jake squeezes his way back inside. Jake and Amy push the furniture blockade against the front door, shutting it.

AMY
How'd my binders do?

JAKE
Took out three of 'em. Two more are on their way up though.

Glass SHATTERS from another part of the apartment.

AMY
(whisper)
Fire escape.

Jake nods and they both tilt their heads, listening.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

An INTRUDER, 30s, white male, has one leg through the broken window. The baseball rolls into the books stacked like dominoes. The Bunsen burner flame burns blue. The nozzle of the WD-40 is aimed right at the Intruder's crotch.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

Jake and Amy cock their heads. A WHOOSH of flame and a male SCREAM ring out. Jake and Amy grin.

They watch the chair at the end of the hallway with the mousetrapped pepper spray. The twine tied to the bedroom door snaps tight. The pepper spray fires. Someone THUDS onto the floor, crying and coughing. Jake gives Amy an approving nod.

POUNING on the front door startles them.

The front door pushes open a crack, sliding the furniture barricade back.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Ooofficers, come out to plaaaay.

Four hands wrap around the edge of the door and push. The barricade moves a couple inches.

Jake gets a running start and shoulder checks the barricade. The door SLAMS shut. SCREAMS from the other side of the door make Jake grin.

JAKE

No more five finger discounts for you guys.

AMY

(hushed)

Jake!

Amy points down the hallway. The Protester with the paintball mask stops the pepper spray trap and stares at them.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Odin, handcuffed behind his back, is on his belly in the tub.

ODIN

I'm in here, boys!

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - ENTRYWAY - DAY

As Jake and Amy watch, the Protester down the hall jerks his head toward the bathroom. A COHORT, 30s, white male, passes behind the Protester and reaches for the bathroom doorknob.

JAKE

(sotto)

Please work. Please work.

A CRACKLE of electricity flings the Cohort backwards. The Protester looks toward his fallen friend, then glares at Jake and Amy.

Jake pulls down his eyelid and sticks out his tongue. Amy blows a raspberry and does a thumbs down gesture.

The Protester draws his knife. He charges. Two steps into the hallway, his foot slips on the petroleum jelly and he falls hard onto the thumbtack covered floor. He tries to scurry away but slips, adding fresh thumbtacks to his collection.

JAKE (CONT'D)

This time I gave you the slip!

Jake smiles and looks to Amy. She shrugs. Jake gasps.

VOICE (O.S.)

(outside front door)

Freeze! NYPD!

JAKE

And there's our backup. I've gotta say, Special Deputy Marshal Santiago, today could not have gone any better.

The "Sons" MOAN painfully. Jake and Amy smile proudly.

INT. SALLY PRITCHARD'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

In the turned out kitchen, Charles stands between Sally and Hitchcock. Hitchcock pouts. Sally hangs her head.

CHARLES

I'm sorry about that, Miss Pritchard, my partner's an overly passionate fan. Now then, do you know the current whereabouts of your abductor? Are you safe?

Sally takes moment before she answers.

SALLY

Is anyone ever really safe? Do you think I could get my diary back?

CHARLES

(suspicious)
Not yet...

Sally frowns, then shrugs. She strolls past Charles to Hitchcock. Charles opens the diary.

SALLY

So, you're a fan? What's your subscriber name?

HITCHCOCK

(pouty)
X X Pizza Filthy X X.

SALLY

Filthy!? Is it really you?
(full flirt mode)
I didn't expect you to have such seasoned good looks. You're even sexier now that I can put a face to the dick pics.

Hitchcock's pouty anger melts away like hot lard.

HITCHCOCK
 Why'd you lie to me about Road
 Baloney, Sil?

SALLY
 I didn't lie. It really was the
 recipe I thought of during my --

CHARLES
 Oh-ho!

Charles lifts the diary.

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 (reading)
 "Hindenburg's plan kicks off
 tomorrow. Time for Sil to lay low."

Charles smirks. Sally face drops. Hitchcock is concerned.

SALLY
 Keep reading.

CHARLES
 (taken aback)
 Okay... I will. "Hindenburg and his
 cult are forcing me to do the
 missing thing. I don't know what to
 do. I'll never escape his reach."
 Oh, Sally, I'm so sorry.

HITCHCOCK
 Hindenburg runs a cult!?
 (beat)
 The Internet is always right.

CHARLES
 If you let us, we can provide
 resources to help keep you safe.

HITCHCOCK
 I'm gonna go back to Hindenburg's
 and flatten his scrawny ass.

SALLY
 (touched)
 You know, for a couple of bastards,
 you guys are all right.

Charles pulls out his cuffs and approaches Sally.

SALLY (CONT'D)
 Wait, what are you doing?

CHARLES

You filed a false police report.
But electing to testify against
Hindenburg will help your case.

Sally is shocked. Charles raises the cuffs.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

This is how you escape his reach.

Sally hesitates, then nods and holds out her arms.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - DINING AREA - DAY

The furniture barricade is gone. Two U.S. MARSHALS, 40s, bland suits, stand with Jake and Amy. Jake holds a Ziploc container filled with ice. Odin and all of his "Sons" are zip-cuffed and tied together with extension cords and shoelaces.

U.S.MARSHAL #1

Special Deputy Marshal Santiago, we are impressed. We will be noting your resourcefulness in our report.

Amy glows with pride.

AMY

Thank you. I had a great partner.

JAKE

That's me. I'm her great partner.
Oh, here...this is their fingers.

Jake hands the Ziploc container with ice to U.S. Marshal #2 and points to two of Odin's "Sons" with their hands wrapped in gauze. Jake then points to the Protester.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Be careful, he's a slippery one.

Odin and his "Sons" groan loudly.

ODIN

(to Marshals)

That guy peed his pants taking me into custody. Make sure you put that in your report.

JAKE

(scoffs)

No I didn't. He's a no-good liar!

Jake smiles awkwardly at the Marshals.

INT. SHAW'S BAR - NIGHT

Terry sits at the bar alone. Rosa sits down next to him. Terry glances at Rosa. He hangs his head and sighs.

TERRY

I'm sorry I let my competitive side get the better of me.

ROSA

There, was that so hard?

TERRY

Hold on, you never apologize!

ROSA

That's because I'm never wrong.

Terry chuckles. Rosa points to the Doubles Tournament poster.

ROSA (CONT'D)

Really, "Helping Hands?" I would've dropped out the moment I saw that.

TERRY

Yeah...all Terry saw was bumper pool tournament.

ROSA

Speaking of, you want to go watch Holt and Scully look ridiculous?

TERRY

More than anything.

INT. SHAW'S BAR - LATER - NIGHT

Sitting in a big booth, Charles, Hitchcock, Terry, and Rosa snack on bar food. Holt and Scully walk up. Scully, huge smile, holds an award certificate in front of him that reads: Third Place - Shaw's Doubles Bumper Pool Tournament.

TERRY

You two lost in the first round. How did you come in third?

HOLT

Five teams showed up. Two dropped out after learning about the "Helping Hands" requirement.

Rosa elbows Terry.

SCULLY

I'm just happy to have won, even if
it was by default.

(looking off)

Oh, my wings are ready.

Scully leaves.

CHARLES

(to Holt)

So, do you like bumper pool now?

HOLT

Yes, immensely. I'm actually going
to have to apologize to Kevin
tonight. He paid for several
semesters of college using his
billiard skills. I mocked him
mercilessly for being a thick-
necked jock...

By the gaming area, Scully drops one of his chicken wings. He
bends over to pick it up. Behind Scully, at the pool table, a
MAN aims his shot. A WOMAN distracts him. The man loses
control of his stick.

Back at the booth, Hitchcock jumps up.

HITCHCOCK

Scully, look out!

(off Scully's SCREAM)

No, not again!

Everyone collectively gasps.

INT. JAKE & AMY'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jake and Amy sleep in their bed. Suddenly, Jake sits up,
breathing heavily. He puts a hand over his nipple and let's
out a sigh of relief. He turns to look at Amy. She's sound
asleep. Jake turns back, smiling.

Charles' face is inches away from Jake's.

CHARLES

Bad dreams again, Jake?

Jake pulls the sheets to his chest and screams.

END OF SHOW