

BROOKLYN NINE-NINE

"Not Today, Bill Clay"

Written by

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COLD OPEN**INT. SHAW'S BAR - NIGHT**

AMY sits with two empty glasses and one half full in front of her. ROSA, annoyed and impatient, sits across the table.

TWO MEN sit at the table next to them. They carry on an animated conversation. Amy looks at Rosa and points to them.

AMY
Watch and learn, Rosa.

Rosa, vexed, leans back and fakes distraction.

ROSA
Learning is not fun.

Amy leans closer to the men's table and almost topples over.

AMY
A good husband does not forget his anniversary. A good husband --

MAN
A good wife doesn't complain about a few beers with a buddy.

AMY
You want to know about a good wife?
I'll tell you about a good wife.

Rosa picks up her phone and holds it to her ear. Impatient, she smirks and holds up three fingers. Amy goads the men.

ROSA
Yeah. Three drink Amy. Well, two point five so far, but she's arguing with a couple of guys, so --

AMY
A responsible husband knows all the important days and shows his wife just how special those dates are.

Rosa nods and sets the phone down. The nearby men ignore Amy as she pulls a small flip notebook from her bag.

AMY (CONT'D)
First date, first kiss, wedding.

She points to a list in the notebook.

AMY (CONT'D)

First time, well, you don't need to know that one.

Rosa pulls the half-full glass away, sly as a fox.

Without missing a beat, Amy takes the glass from Rosa and gulps the beer. With her other hand, she signals the waitress for another round, then slams the glass down.

JAKE walks in the door followed by CHARLES. They intercept the waitress and each take a drink off her tray.

In one suave motion, Jake grabs a chair from a nearby table, spins it around against Amy's table, and sits.

Charles attempts the same but stumbles, hits one of the men with his elbow, turns his chair, spills his drink, then settles down.

Rosa acknowledges Charles' antics with a head shake.

JAKE

Amy?

With puppy eyes, Amy looks at Jake.

AMY

Jake! Tell me you remember.

She waves her notebook in front of him.

AMY (CONT'D)

Tell me you remember all our dates.
The special days. Every single
moment. Just tell me you remember.

CHARLES

I once had a date with my father.
We picnicked in the park, then he
took me to see *The Way We Were*.

Rosa moans with disbelief.

JAKE

I miss the way we were.

Charles looks at Jake as if he's a god. Amy tosses the notebook and snuggles with Jake.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE**INT. BULLPEN - DAY**

Jake moves papers into various stacks on his desk. Charles stands next to Jake's desk and waits with anticipation.

JAKE

There! Done! I have filed the last of my paperwork from last year.

Charles pats Jake on the back and beams with pride. Rosa sits at her desk and TAPS her pencil.

ROSA

Congratulations. Did you take the training wheels off your trike too?

Jake pulls out a large legal notepad and checks off a task.

ROSA (CONT'D)

You know we all finished last year's paperwork, right? When it was still last year.

Amy steps off the elevator giddy with excitement.

AMY

Jake! I have exciting news.

JAKE

Me too!

HOLT carries a crate from his office.

HOLT

Everyone. I'd like your attention.

Everyone stops. Holt sets the crate down on Charles' desk.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I've caught rumor of a surprise inspection tomorrow. You will all need to stay late and organize. I won't be caught off guard.

SCULLY and HITCHCOCK sit at their desks surrounded by fast food wrappers. They each balance pencils on their noses.

JAKE

Sorry, Captain, hate to miss fun, but no can do. Amy and I have plans of the romantic kind tonight.

Amy looks at him, inquisitive.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Dinner reservations, a show. You
know, typical date stuff.

Amy glares, clear she has no idea what he means.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Yeah, tickets. Can't give 'em up.

AMY
Ohhh! Dinner and a show.

JAKE
Yep. It's our anniversary.

Amy gives a look of surprise.

JAKE (CONT'D)
The anniversary of the first time
you flirted with me.

Amy bounces with excitement.

JAKE (CONT'D)
You had news?

AMY
Yeah. Oh, it's nothing really.
First flirt is so much better.

JAKE
You're right. My news is better. I
am better.

HOLT
Well, I suppose congratulations are
in order. You two have fun. A
worthy celebration, I'm sure.

ROSA
Captain, I think the rest of us can
handle a surprise inspection.

HOLT
We have some serious preparation.

ROSA
(under her breath)
Thanks to Jake's filing abilities.

Hitchcock stands balancing two pencils on his nose. Scully
stands next to him. He holds three pencils in his hands.

SCULLY

Twenty-three, twenty-four --

Holt clears his throat. The pencils fall.

HITCHCOCK

Personal record!

HOLT

Everyone except Peralta and
Santiago will work on Operation
Inspection Preparation.

Holt knocks on Scully's desk. A donut rolls to the floor.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Start with your desks.

ROSA

Start with clean pants.

Hitchcock drops his pencils and looks at his pants.

SCULLY

I told you not to spill the wing
sauce. I smell it. Now I'm hungry.

HITCHCOCK

I didn't spill wing sauce.

SCULLY

Oh. Right. I did.

HOLT

Now that we're clear.

Charles steps off the elevator with a carafe and coffee cup.

CHARLES

Sorry I'm late. I had an important
stop this morning.

Holt walks toward his office, then turns toward Charles.

HOLT

Boyle. There you are. You all will
need to organize paperwork out here
and crate it for records.

TERRY slams down his desk phone and mumbles.

TERRY

Sharon has only slept six hours
every night for the past two weeks.

Charles walks to Terry's desk and sits on the edge. He opens the carafe and pours coffee into his cup then sets the carafe down. He wafts the steam from his cup to his nose.

CHARLES

Since bringing Nikolaj home, I only sleep six hours when I sleep under his bed.

Terry picks up a book titled "THE GIVING PARTNER" and waves it in the air for all to see.

TERRY

According to this book, I've failed as a husband.

CHARLES

The Academy of Pediatrics says most parents average less than six hours each night until their children are grown and out of the house. Then we sleep less because we are old.

TERRY

Sharon isn't most parents. She deserves better. She deserves more sleep. And a better husband.

Charles sips and slurps his coffee. Amy comforts Terry.

AMY

You're a good husband and a great father. I'm sure Sharon is happy.

TERRY

Did you know grocery shopping and meal preparation are the most difficult tasks for mothers to do?

Charles agrees. Jake and Amy look on inquisitively.

TERRY (CONT'D)

I never do those things. That's why Sharon lacks sleep.

Rosa carries a file box to Terry's desk.

ROSA

That and the six hours you spend at the gym. Maybe. What is that stench? Boyle, your coffee stinks.

Charles beams and sits taller.

CHARLES

This is my annual cup of Kopi Luwak. A rare coffee made from the undigested coffee berries from the civet cat in southeast Asia.

Rosa looks disgusted.

TERRY

From the what?

CHARLES

I get one cup a year. They are fifty dollars a cup. But this morning, my dealer told me he had a customer no-show, so they gave me another cup at a discount.

Charles holds up his carafe.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Anyone want to try? It's on me.

ROSA

You couldn't pay me to drink that.

Scully holds up his dirty coffee cup.

SCULLY

The coffee I brewed this morning from yesterday's grounds was good.

HITCHCOCK

I thought so too.

SCULLY

Double-double brew.

HITCHCOCK (CONT'D)

Double-double brew.

They high-five.

CHARLES

I could help you buy groceries for this week and plan some easy meals for Sharon and your girls.

Charles begs like a puppy then hugs his open carafe.

TERRY

No, Boyle. I've got this. Drink your fancy coffee. I just need to go get some groceries. You know, mac and cheese and hot dogs.

Charles continues to beg.

TERRY (CONT'D)

No, Boyle.

(pause, then)

If you make this more difficult
than mac and cheese --

Jake pats Charles on his back.

JAKE

Charles the errand boy.

Charles jumps with excitement and spills coffee on his shirt.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Well, there's always next year.

Charles looks defeated.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Charles is helping Terry buy food!

INT. JUNGLE THEME RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jake and Amy, dressed for a night out on the town, sit at a two-top table. CHILDREN run rampant around them. JUNGLE ANIMAL SOUNDS come from speakers behind Amy.

A WAITER navigates the crowd and bumps into Jake's chair.

AMY

This place required a reservation?

Jake nods and tries to hide a smirk.

A DAD, bitter and frustrated with a baby in one arm and a toddler in tow, stops at their table.

DAD

Are you two going to be here much
longer? The wife wanted me to ask
if we could use your table.

He nods toward a DISHEVELED WOMAN and THREE CHILDREN crammed at a nearby two-top table. The children toss sugar packets at one another and squeal. Parents look the same all around.

Jake waves the dad off.

JAKE

Yep. I reserved this place weeks
ago. It wasn't easy to get in here.

AMY

It's not easy to move in here.

Amy looks at her cell phone then places it on the table. She glances at it several times, distracted.

TWO YOUNG KIDS run into the table and laugh.

JAKE

Tonight is just for us.

He looks around at the chaos with wide eyes.

Amy's cell phone VIBRATES. She grabs it and looks. Jake's phone DINGS. He pulls it out of his pocket and looks at the screen. Excitement spreads across his face.

AMY

It's nothing. Don't read the text.

Jake leaps up from his chair.

JAKE

Amy! Robbery in progress. Perp --
Bill Clay. Market Jewelers. Bill
Clay, Amy! Bill Clay!

Amy acts surprised.

AMY

Oh?

Jake sits back down, places his phone on the table, and leans close to Amy who sits back and looks around nonchalantly. Jake stares her down from across the table.

AMY (CONT'D)

My guys are fully capable of
handling it. It's just a small
jewelry theft.

JAKE

We should -- you should -- wait a
minute. You knew, didn't you?

AMY

You put so much time and effort
into this date tonight.

JAKE

Amy, this is my destiny! Hans
Gruber is on the loose.

AMY

Bill Clay is on the loose. Hans Gruber is fictional. And neither of them are your problem.

Both cell phones VIBRATE. Amy looks at her screen.

AMY (CONT'D)

(reading)

Bill Clay just seen at Tom's Family Jewels. Alarms sounding.

Jake practically leaps over the table.

AMY (CONT'D)

I swear, Jake, if you go look at Tom's Family Jewels --

JAKE

Are you kidding me? Tom's Family Jewels is under our nose.

AMY

Tom's Family Jewels Are Under Your Nose, title of your sex tape.

Children run amuck around them.

JAKE

Good one! It's a block from here.

AMY

You promised a date night. You know, to celebrate that first flirt. That's a big thing, Jake.

JAKE

(chants)

Bill Clay. Bill Clay. Bill Clay.

The waiter stops and stares with his order pad at the ready.

AMY

I'll have the number three.

JAKE

Uh, yeah. I'll take whatever looks like a child didn't make it.

Jake's phone DINGS and VIBRATES on the table. He grabs it and looks at the screen.

AMY

We are on a date. I'll give you ten words to tell me what you learned. Then we are back on our anniversary of my first flirt date.

JAKE

(counting on his fingers)
The perp was last seen running through the back door --

A RUCKUS stirs in the restaurant.

BILL CLAY, 30s, wears a black beanie on his head but not over his face, runs through the dining room. Children run.

Clay knocks down the waiter who carries a tray of food. Food falls to the floor and SPLATS. Amy leaps up and pulls her badge. Clay darts out the front doors.

AMY

Freeze!

Jake pulls his badge.

AMY (CONT'D)

Wait. Is that my dinner?

Jake looks at the food mess and shrugs.

JAKE

Maybe we got lucky. Freeze, Hans!

They both run out the door.

EXT. OUTSIDE JUNGLE THEME RESTAURANT - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Amy stand on the sidewalk. Muffled NOISE comes from the chaos inside the restaurant.

AMY

Which way did he go?

JAKE

I don't know, but I feel healthier out here. That child infested playpen --

AMY

That playpen is where you reserved dinner to celebrate a big day.

GLASS BREAKS and an ALARM SOUNDS.

JAKE
Hammered and Stoned.

AMY
What? You're hammered and stoned?

JAKE
He went from Tom's Family Jewels to
Hammered and Stoned.

AMY
Where is that?

JAKE
No, he's got to be at Wrapped in
Chains. I think it's this way.

Clay runs at them. Amy sticks her foot out. He trips.

AMY
Not today, Bill Clay!

JAKE
Good use of those shoes, Amy.

Jake grabs Bill who struggles and fights.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Look! He's not wrapped in chains.

Jake holds Clay's arms behind Clay's back with one hand and
with the other, pats his back pockets with disappointment.

JAKE (CONT'D)
Amy? Cuffs?

AMY
You don't have cuffs?

Jake looks as if the dog ate his homework.

JAKE
These pants are too tight.

AMY
I'm wearing a nice dress!

Clay kicks Jake. Jake lets go, grabs his shin, then reaches
back out to clutch Clay again, but Clay runs.

JAKE
Cool. Cool cool cool. He got away.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. OUTSIDE DARK THEATRE - LATER**

Jake, on the phone, and Amy, bored out of her mind, stand outside on an empty street.

JAKE

Terry. Tell me you know where Hans Gruber is. What's the latest?

Jake impatiently hurries the conversation.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I know. I know.

(air quotes)

Bill Clay. Whatever. This is my chance to be John McClane. My destiny, Terry. My destiny!

Amy, irritated, paces.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Good news, Amy! They lost him.

AMY

That's good news?

JAKE

(faking sad)

I mean they lost him. Now we have to go find him ourselves.

Amy checks out the dark theatre. There is a closed sign in the window and the marquee is blank.

AMY

Jake? Is this where our first flirt anniversary date night show is?

Jake looks around but is nonchalant.

JAKE

The show? Yeah. This is it. This is the place all right. The show.

AMY

And you have the tickets?

Jake pats his pockets.

JAKE

Tickets? Yep. Check. Check.

Amy starts to walk toward the theatre but stops.

AMY
Tell me about it.

JAKE
About it? About what?

AMY
That first flirt.

Jake takes her hand as he scopes out the street, distracted.

JAKE
Oh, you remember that day. The sun,
the birds, jogger with the dog --

AMY
Dog?

JAKE
No. No dog. Of course, there wasn't
a dog. Why would there be a dog?

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT

Scully and Hitchcock exchange papers from one desk to another. Rosa sits on the floor and sorts papers.

ROSA
You two moving papers from desk to
desk isn't helpful.

SCULLY
Yep. We know.

Hitchcock tosses several papers onto Scully's desk.

HITCHCOCK
Score!

INT. HOLT'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Holt sits at his desk with his phone to his ear.

HOLT
I see. I hadn't thought of that.

He pauses in acknowledgement but remains stoic.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Yes. That is the funniest thing I have heard in quite some time.

He pauses, more eager.

HOLT (CONT'D)

So, you are telling me you got them to organize and clean your entire precinct. And there was never a surprise inspection?

He sits back relaxed.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Thank you, Captain Mancini. I will enjoy the upcoming organization. I'm all for a good hoax.

He hangs up the phone and heads to the Bullpen.

INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Rosa sits at her desk almost hidden by boxes and balls of paper. Scully sits in his chair across the room and balls up papers then tosses them towards Hitchcock's trashcan.

Holt walks in with a smirk.

HOLT

Everyone. I'd like your attention.

Everyone stops. Rosa stands up just over towering boxes.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I need you to stop the paperwork. It seems the inspection team coming to inspect at first light only cares about cleanliness.

Holt gestures at the boxes and papers.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Scully. Hitchcock. Pack this all up and store it in the evidence room.

Scully and Hitchcock pile boxes on their chairs and wheel them over toward the evidence room.

Terry and Charles hover over several notepads. Terry points to the list as Charles writes.

TERRY

Easy meals, Boyle. I need easy.
Remember, mac and cheese and hot
dogs easy. Maybe some sandwiches.

Charles nods eagerly as he writes.

TERRY (CONT'D)

And this list will give me easy
meals to help Sharon all week?

CHARLES

You'll be set with meals for the
girls, and if you and Sharon want a
romantic meal, you can turn Nuggets
de Poulet into romance.

TERRY

Romance with ease. Now we're
talking. Terry loves romance.

They high-five. Charles grabs his jacket from the back of the
chair, clicks his heels together Dorothy style, and skips to
the elevator with the list in hand.

CHARLES

With ease! When I return, Sharon
will get more than seven hours of
sleep, and you will be the god of
husbands.

The elevator doors open, and Charles gets on.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

I can't wait for you to try Dugasse
Fromage Teszta.

TERRY

Boyle! Easy meals! Boyle, do you
hear me?

The elevator doors close.

TERRY (CONT'D)

The god of husbands.

Coming from the evidence room, Hitchcock sits in an office
chair with Scully pushing from behind. Scully piles boxes on
top of him and pushes the chair back. Papers fall below.

Holt watches them and barely cracks a smile.

HOLT

Lieutenant Jeffords. Diaz.

Rosa and Terry, both at their desks, stop and look up.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I spoke to Captain Mancini moments ago and learned the surprise inspection is a fraud.

TERRY

Oh?

ROSA

Figures.

HOLT

I've decided on a prank of sorts.

ROSA

Now you have my attention.

HOLT

It seems Mancini used the opportunity to get the mess in the precinct cleaned up.

TERRY

You mean --

HOLT

I mean Scully and Hitchcock are going to clean indeed.

ROSA

The kitchen from their spaghetti explosion two weeks ago?

HOLT

Exactly.

TERRY

This is perfect. Now I can take more notes from my book.

He holds up "THE GIVING PARTNER."

TERRY (CONT'D)

Terry is going to be the god of husbands.

ROSA

Our kitchen won't smell like the entire mafia died inside the microwave after tonight.

HOLT

And Hitchcock and Scully will be
the ones to clean it. For a change.

Rosa celebrates then composes herself as Scully and Hitchcock
roll back in, Scully in the chair this time.

HOLT (CONT'D)

Oh! Scully. Hitchcock. There you
are. We have a change of plans.

Hitchcock stops. The chair with Scully rolls into a desk.

SCULLY

Ouch.

HITCHCOCK

Change of plans? We get to go home!

HOLT

Not quite. You can go clean up your
phreatomagmatic eruption.

SCULLY

Oh good. I thought you were going
to say spaghetti.

HOLT

Yes. Clean up the spaghetti.

Scully uses his feet to Fred Flintstone out of there.
Hitchcock looks like a kid caught with a hand in the cookie
jar. Holt beams in victory.

EXT. OUTSIDE SWANKY THEATRE - LATER

Jake and Amy pace the street back toward the dark theatre and
stop. Jake pats his pockets.

JAKE

I'm sure I had them. Did I give the
tickets to you?

Amy gestures no. A YELLING startles them both. TWO UNIFORMED
OFFICERS run past.

AMY

Thank God!

Amy reaches out to OFFICER ARROWHEAD.

AMY (CONT'D)

Officer Arrowhead.

He stops short, surprised. OFFICER RUSSO stops and waits.

OFFICER ARROWHEAD
Sergeant, uh -- um -- uh --

AMY
Arrowhead. Russo. What's going on?

OFFICER ARROWHEAD
Did you see a guy run past here?

JAKE
(in quick succession)
Bill Clay? You're after him. Aren't
you? He's close. I can feel him. He
is my destiny.

Amy glares at Jake. Jake bounces like a child ready to play.

OFFICER ARROWHEAD
Yes. He ran this way.

A RUSTLING NOISE from the alley near the theatre gets their
attention. The uniformed officers run toward the alley.

JAKE
Let's go.
(beat)
To our first flirt date night show.

AMY
No, Jake. Let's go get Clay.

JAKE
Yippee-Ki-Yay!

They both run after the officers. Jake stops for a kiss.

JAKE (CONT'D)
We will get back to our date.

EXT. OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Arrowhead stands before a display window holding his radio.
Amy and Jake arrive in front of the jewelry store.

OFFICER ARROWHEAD
The perp --

JAKE
Hans Gruber

OFFICER ARROWHEAD
-- went inside. We called for
backup. I have Russo on radio
around back. He's not going
anywhere. Back up in five.

AMY
Good job, guys. How about you go
around back with Russo? Peralta and
I will cover the front.

Amy paces and mumbles.

AMY (CONT'D)
I spent all day looking for this
guy. I'm not letting him get away
again. Not this time.

JAKE
You what?

AMY
Well. I uh --

JAKE
You were trying to catch him?

AMY
Look, let's just get this guy and
then get back to our date.

JAKE
A perp using the same name as Hans
Gruber is out all day, and you
didn't even call me.

AMY
Yeah, well, you never planned a
date. You probably don't even
remember my first flirt.

Jake pretends shock but remains distracted.

JAKE
What? Of course I do. You smiled.

He gets closer to Amy who watches the jewelry store.

AMY
Tell me more.

JAKE
Six and a half years ago --

AMY

Then it's not our anniversary.

JAKE

Six years ago.

A NOISE comes from above them. Amy pulls her badge and puts it on. They both look up.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Roof?

AMY

Roof.

JAKE

Hans Gruber is on the loose.

AMY

Bill Clay. Not Hans Gruber.

Arrowhead and Russo come out of the store. Officer Arrowhead holds his arm. Russo follows like he's on guard.

OFFICER ARROWHEAD

He was in there. He ran out the back. Knocked me down and ran.

Officer Russo looks up and mumbles into his radio.

AMY

He's on the roof.

JAKE

Let's go.

Jake and Amy take off to a fire escape ladder. Jake pulls it down. It falls off its hooks and CLATTERS to the ground.

The perp laughs from above.

AMY

Now what?

JAKE

There has to be another way up there.

(yelling upward)

I'm coming for you, Hans Gruber!

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. OUTSIDE JEWELRY STORE - LATER**

Amy stands on the sidewalk and looks up at the rooftops. Jake skirts around and checks out fire escape ladders.

AMY

I smiled? At you? That was my first flirt? A smile?

JAKE

Is there a pull down ladder on that side? I can't find one over here.

AMY

I get that you want to get this guy. We are still on a date, you know. Tell me about my first flirt.

Amy looks around at balconies above her.

JAKE

Smiled? Yeah. You smiled.

AMY

Over here.

She points up to an escape ladder just out of reach.

AMY (CONT'D)

Where was I?

JAKE

I need a pole. A hook. Something to pull that ladder down.

Amy stands firm and stares him down.

AMY

I found an escape ladder. Now, where was I when I first flirted?

Jake looks around the edge of the building then stops.

JAKE

Okay. Okay. I wanted to get out of Operation Inspection Preparation.

Shock spreads across Amy's face.

AMY

You lied!

JAKE

You did too.

Jake finds milk crates and carries them to the ladder. He stacks them, stands on them, then jumps and grabs the bottom rung and rides it down to a few feet above the ground.

AMY

I didn't lie. I just didn't tell you about Bill Clay.

JAKE

Look, I enjoy dates with you, but I want to get Bill Clay too.

AMY

I guess an almost dinner at a germ infested jungle and a climb up a dirty fire escape is more fun than preparing for an inspection.

Jake lets go of the bottom rung and stumbles to the ground.

AMY (CONT'D)

I came upstairs earlier to tell you, but you told everyone we had plans. A date sounded nice.

Someone YELLS from above. They both draw their weapons.

JAKE

Why is he up there?

AMY

This date is a bust.

JAKE

What is he doing up there?

Jake looks up then tests the ladder with a tug.

AMY

To call for help. In Die Hard. Hans Gruber goes to the roof --

JAKE

To signal for help!

AMY (CONT'D)

To signal for help!

AMY (CONT'D)

But this guy is not Hans Gruber.

Jake scrambles up the fire escape ladder. Amy follows.

INT. BULLPEN - KITCHEN - LATER

The kitchen, a disaster zone, is splattered in dried red sauce. Scully and Hitchcock stand in the middle of the room and shake their heads.

SCULLY

I can't do it.

HITCHCOCK

It stinks in here.

SCULLY

We gotta do something. Take it out.

Hitchcock opens the refrigerator and sets a heaping plate of pasta on the counter. He holds his nose.

HITCHCOCK

Whew! Step back.

Scully opens a cabinet and takes out a large gallon jug.

SCULLY

Baking soda.

He hold out his hand surgeon style. Hitchcock hands him baking soda from the counter but stands back with caution.

HITCHCOCK

(whispers)

Careful.

SCULLY

Shhhh!

INT. BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator DINGS and Boyle gets off with two fancy paper sacks and a huge smile. Terry jumps up from his desk excited.

Charles parades to Terry's desk and unpacks each ingredient one at a time showing each off like a well earned prize.

TERRY

Terry will be the god of husbands.

Scully and Hitchcock peek out from the kitchen like drooling Saint Bernards. Holt sits at Jake's desk arms crossed and glares toward the kitchen.

HOLT

You two better be cleaning that mess in the kitchen!

HITCHCOCK

Before we clean up our volcano?

They back up slowly. Rosa fakes busy but spies on Terry and Charles. Holt puts his head back and relaxes.

Terry's excitement falls to disillusionment as Charles unpacks fancy cheese, paper wrapped food, and glass bottles.

TERRY

Boyle, what is this?

CHARLES

To start, a side of nuts and Roquefort, aged seven months. Sharon will love this soft cheese.

Terry's shock turns to dismay and defeat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

After a starter of Roquefort and mild nuts, carefully warm this goat's cream over a short flame.

TERRY

Goat's -- Boyle!

Charles holds up a delicate glass wrapped in twine.

CHARLES

You'll get two meals out of this heavenly cream. The poulet de nugget requires just a tad of --

TERRY

Boyle!

Terry places items back into the bag as Charles takes more out of the second bag.

TERRY (CONT'D)

Simple meals, Boyle. I need simplicity in my life. Sharon needs sleep. She needs mac and cheese!

Charles holds a larger glass container up for Terry.

CHARLES

I have yogurt!

Terry stops and sits.

TERRY

Terry loves yogurt.

CHARLES

You'll just heat this to 180 degrees, add the fruit, then blend, add this starter, then let it incubate for --

Charles holds up additional ingredients. Terry gives up.

TERRY

I can't incubate my food, Boyle.

Charles sifts flour through his fingers.

CHARLES

Tomorrow night you and Sharon will dine on homemade ravioli. Don't worry. I got this trinket to help.

He holds up a ravioli cutter. Terry dismisses him.

TERRY

I just wanted to be the god of husbands who brings home easy meals. Mac and cheese, dammit!

Terry gets up, fists balled and storms off. Charles is left with a desk of ingredients.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - LATER

Jake and Amy stand together. Jake's shirt is torn. Amy's dress is dirty.

JAKE

I can't believe he got away!

EXT. ROOFTOPS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Jake runs across the roof. A young Alan Rickman look-a-like jumps from roof to roof. Jake grabs his jacket but misses. He stops and hesitates at the twelve inches between buildings.

Clay shimmies down a drain pipe. Jake gets on the pipe just as Clay jumps off at the ground. Jake inches down.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - BACK TO SCENE

Amy consoles Jake.

AMY

You did your best.

THREE OFFICERS show up with flashlights that cut the dark.

AMY (CONT'D)

The guys are here. Maybe we should get back to our date.

JAKE

There was no date. You know that.

AMY

I know we can make a date.

Jake's cell phone RINGS. Jake answers then gets back to Amy.

JAKE

That was Terry. He was sorry for interrupting our special date. Clay hit another store.

Jake points at a store nearby. The officers narrow in and surround it. Light reflects from the window and lights up bouquets in the store front window display.

AMY

Did you tell him you ruined our date by not planning a date?

Jake nods then double takes.

AMY (CONT'D)

Let's go.

JAKE

Yippee-Ki-Yay!

AMY

You said that earlier, McClane, and it didn't work.

JAKE

Yeah, but we're getting him now.

They run off toward the store.

EXT. OUTSIDE FLORIST - MOMENTS LATER

Jake and Amy sneak outside the dark store. Officers mingle quietly in pairs.

JAKE

This isn't a jewelry store.
Something isn't right.

AMY

(whispers)
I still want to know.

JAKE

Know what?

AMY

My first flirt. Do you remember it
or not? How did I flirt with you?

Clay, a hoodie covering his face, carries a bucket filled with flowers and skirts around near them. He mumbles a drunken tune. As he passes, he sloshes water on Jake.

Amy smiles awkwardly as he passes by.

AMY (CONT'D)

It sure would be sweet to get
flowers on our flirt-iversary.

The man eyes the uniformed officers as he walks by. Water sloshes out and onto Jake again. Jake shoes him away.

JAKE

Okay, mister. I got it. Move on.

The man continues to walk but eyes the uniformed officers. Amy watches him and turns her attention to him.

CLAY

(with German accent)
Roses for the lady? My wife. She is
sick. I raise money for her. Roses?

A NOISE from the store gets Jake's attention. He and the officers react, still on guard.

AMY

Your wife you say? Tell me, do you
all have traditions in your
country? Celebrations? Dates?

CLAY

Ahhh. Yes. Dates. We have dates in my country. Delicious, I must say.

The officers move into position and surround the store.

AMY

(louder)

My husband planned a date for us tonight. To celebrate our anniversary. Right, Jake?

Jake feigns attention and visually agrees. His attention remains on the storefront.

AMY (CONT'D)

Jake?

Jake thrusts cash at the man and yanks the flowers from him.

JAKE

For your wife. Now get outta here.

AMY

Jake!

Amy takes the flowers from Jake and slams them to the ground.

AMY (CONT'D)

Freeze, Bill Clay!

Jake turns and glares at Amy who holds Clay cuffed.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're nothing but a common thief!

JAKE

You quoted *Die Hard*!

AMY

I did.

JAKE

I love you.

AMY

Let the record show I got him.

JAKE

Happy trails, Hans!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. BULLPEN - LATER**

Rosa, Scully, and Hitchcock toss balls of paper into the trash can. The Bullpen looks no different than before.

Terry sits at his desk hiding his face in defeat. Charles sits at his desk smelling open jars of food he bought.

Holt comes out of his office. He looks tired.

HOLT

Operation Inspection Preparation is officially over. I've called maintenance about the kitchen.

Scully and Hitchcock high-five. Rosa groans.

HOLT (CONT'D)

I've been defeated at my own game.

SCULLY

Yes. Yes, you have.

HITCHCOCK

Don't mess with the best.

Jake and Amy walk in with Clay in handcuffs.

ROSA

I knew your date would end in handcuffs.

Jake nods and winks like a frat boy done well.

JAKE

We caught Bill Clay. Yes, before you ask. The Bill Clay.

ROSA

Who?

JAKE

Bill Clay. From *Die Hard*.

ROSA

No. Who caught him?

JAKE

(muttering)

Amy. Amy caught him.

Amy stands tall.

TERRY

Jewelry thief run amuck all day and into the night. Good job.

AMY

I let Jake bring him in.

Jake manhandles a disruptive Clay.

JAKE

How did the inspection go? This place looks no different.

Rosa scoffs. Scully and Hitchcock high-five.

SCULLY

Oh, don't worry about the inspection. We had it covered.

Rosa tosses all her balls of paper at Scully and Hitchcock.

ROSA

The inspection was a bust. We tried to get the idiots over there to clean up the remains of their volcano.

AMY

Eww. That's still in there?

SCULLY

It's even better now.

Holt plops into a chair exhausted.

HOLT

What is better now?

HITCHCOCK

The volcano. It's been decorated.

Something EXPLODES in the kitchen. Holt jumps in his seat.

SCULLY

Just add vinegar.

Clay cowers. The rest groan.

ROSA

How did your date go?

Amy takes balls of paper from Rosa's desk and tosses them at Jake. Clay ducks as paper hit him.

AMY

The date was a fake. Jake just wanted to get out of work here.

JAKE

I have plans for later. We still have time for a date.

AMY

You planned all of this around the first time I flirted with you, which you don't even remember.

Jake tries to hide as if he's being scolded.

AMY (CONT'D)

I remember the first time I flirted with you. And it was a big deal.

CHARLES

I remember that day too. You winked at him. Jake didn't notice.

Billy Clay struggles in Jake's grasp. Jake glares at him. Holt approaches Jake and Clay with a stern look.

HOLT

Good job, Santiago. We've been tracking this guy all day.

He turns to Scully and Hitchcock who are up to their usual antics at their desks.

HOLT (CONT'D)

(to Scully and Hitchcock)

I was going to share my funny prank with you two, but I see you have decided to pull your own pranks.

Scully and Hitchcock look like scolded children.

SCULLY

I feel abused.

HITCHCOCK

How did we do on the inspection?

Rosa groans. Holt turns from them and ignores the question. Terry stands from his desk with his book and a new list.

Charles winces and hides behind his groceries.

TERRY

Well, I've got to get to the grocery store for hot dogs. Jake, Amy. Why don't you two take all this food for your anniversary?

AMY

It's not really our anniversary, Terry, but thank you.

Jake piles the groceries into the bags.

JAKE

We haven't eaten all night.

AMY

Well, there was that jungle playpen you took us to. But, Bill Clay put a stop to that meal.

JAKE

Thank god! Who knows what diseases we could have consumed there.

Jake laughs a little too much.

ROSA

I'll process Clay. You two go do whatever it is you two do.

CLAY

My name is Finn Günter.

Jake hands him to Rosa who walks him to the holding cell. Charles, with a bounce in his step, takes the bags from Amy.

CHARLES

You know nothing about cooking. These bags hold the secrets to delicate tantalizing meals you are not prepared to handle.

Jake stifles a laugh.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Because a wink is a worthy celebration, I will cook you both some delicious meals.

JAKE

A worthy celebration indeed. Justice and food for all!

END OF SHOW